

St. Margaret's Magazine.

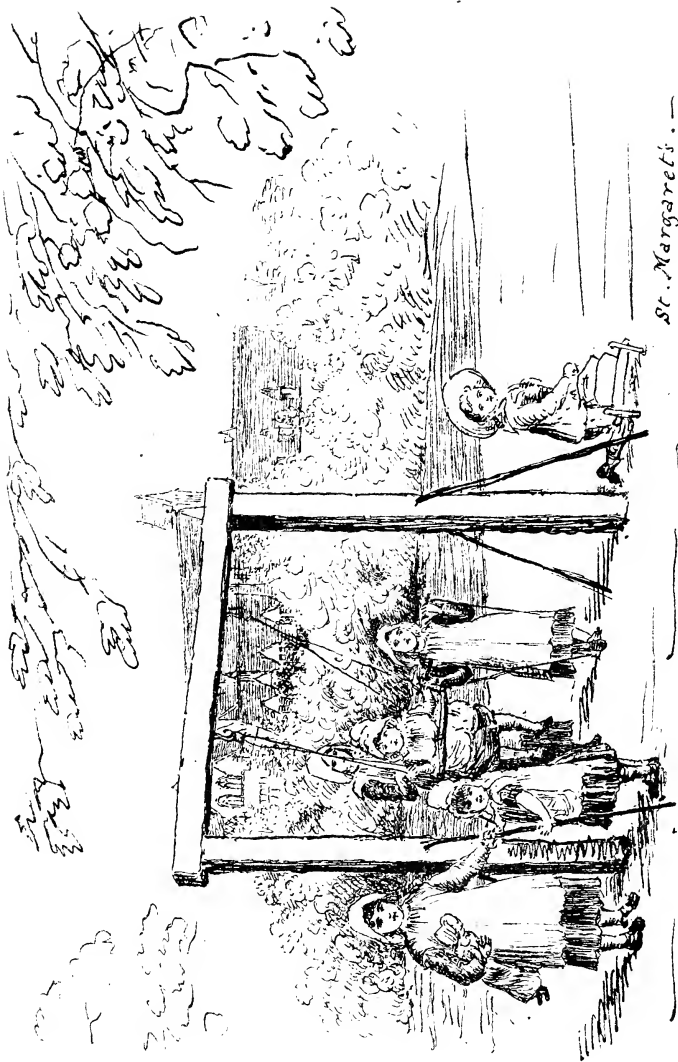


VOL. II.

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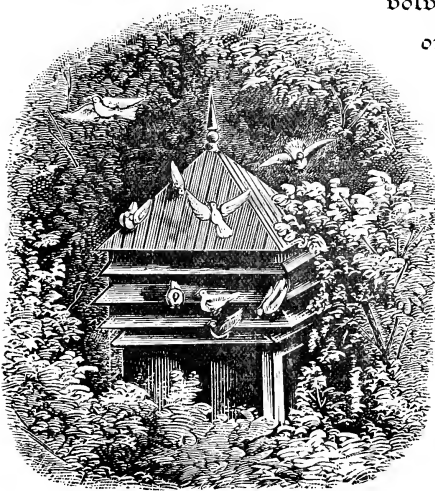


St. Margaret's. —
In the Orphanage Playground



St. Margaret's Magazine.

Stat crux domi
volvitur
orbis.



VOLUME II.

LONDON: SKEFFINGTON & SON, 163, PICCADILLY.

GRIFFITH, FARRAN & Co., NEWBURY HOUSE, CHARING CROSS ROAD.

1891.

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John Mason Neale.

A MEMOIR—(*Continued.*)

1843-4.

1843. JOURNAL: “*Feb. 11.*—This morning, called at half-past six; land in sight. Went up on deck; a most lovely scene: the two peaks of Madeira, covered with snow, and the mountain swelling up behind them into the clouds. Porto Santo in a squall behind, and the Desertas to the left. Gradually the island opened out upon us.”

It was the first sight of Madeira. Reluctant as Mr. and Mrs. Neale had been to turn their faces thitherwards, the island gradually endeared itself to them exceedingly. Its wonderful beauty was an unceasing delight, and among the English colony at Funcha they formed life-long and intimate friendships. The next three years were spent between Madeira and England, and it was not till 1845 that they ventured very doubtfully to try the experiment of wintering in England. Mr. Neale's health had, however, so far improved by that time that it was found practicable then, and for the rest of his life.

Extracts from his journals and letters of this time can only be meagre and unconnected, but it yet seems best to let him speak for himself, where possible; and we are happy in having found two beautiful Latin prayers, apparently written very soon after first reaching Madeira:—

“Gloria Tibi, Domine,
Qui me tam leniter corrigere dignatus es,
Alios amovens terrores,
Salutarem suspendens timorem;
priusquam humiliarer ego deliqui:
jam autem mandata Tua servem.

O Qui me
 antehac servare dignatus es,
 adhuc serva :
 Qui me non in medio peccati
 abstulisti
 morte subitaneâ
 propitius mihi esto :
 fuisti Adjutor meus :
 et in velamento alarum Tuarum
 sperabo.

Gloria Tibi Domine,
 Qui servare et liberare dignatus es,
 A tantis symptomatibus,
 Ab infirmitate animæ
 et corporis :
 non minimæ e miserationibus Tuis
 dignus sum :
 nec gratum habui animum :
 at Tu
 languorem pelle, symptomata sana,
 præveni me in benedictionibus dulcedinis,
 Quia Tu Deus es, et non homo :
 Quia Tu es Deus exaudiens orationem."

" O sustentatio insularum maris,
 benedic, quæso, insulam, quam petimus,
 nobis,
 illique nos :
 benedic mihi aquas, montes, auras, valles
 illius,
 O Deus, et collium & vallium :
 quoniam Tui est mare, et Tu fecisti illud,
 et aridam fundaverunt manus Tuæ.
 Da nobis
 de benedictione terra ejus,
 de pomis cœli, et rore, et abyssis subjacente,
 fructuum solis et lunæ,
 de thesauris æternorum montium,
 collium antiquorum :
 frugum terræ, & plenitudinis ejus.
 Veniat super caput nostrum,
 super capita divisorum a fratribus nostris.
 Hæc omnia
 salutem corporis animæque benedic,

et nos reduc in lætitia et salute,
in domum cognatorum
nostrorum.

Qui vota servorum Tuorum
exaudis,

etiamsi in miseria facta,
etiamsi cum occideres nos
tum demum ad Te revertemus,
etiamsi nihil aliud

nisi quod aliunde debuimus, pollicemur.

Qui Jacob vota audisti,
et ad domum patris ejus tulisti,
audi et mea :

ut, si salus iterum daretur,
vitam, bis a Te datam, bis Tuam existimans,
omni potestate Tibi serviam. *

Tibi soli, Tibi unicè,
templum nomini Tuo
quoad possim, condiam,
in nocturnis meditabor in Te
Domine, adjuva me.

Qui toties me a malis
protegesti, relevasti,

pro quo, pro remediisque in morbo isto misericordiis
gratias ago :

et cum nimis vehementer peccaverim,
jam, cum de Tua Bonitate
revertere coner

(quod tam tepide, tam negligenter
remitte, Domine)

numquid non audies me ?

numquid filius tantarum precum
potuit perire ?

numquid non perficies in me, quod
ut humillime spero
cæpisti ?

Hæc omnia, quæso, Domine,
mihi in salutem proficiabit,

Sin aliter,

ne mea, sed Tua fiat voluntas :
si non potest hic calix transire
nisi bibam illam,

* Cf. "Sermons for Children," p. 195.

fiat voluntas Tua.
 Unum petii a Domino, hoc requiram :
 ut, si longiorem vitam negas,
 saltem in brevi spatio opus magnum
 opereris :
 cor contritum
 veram penitentiam,
 veram fidem :
 tandemque, miserrimo peccatori
 finem, si ita videtur, dolens
 saltem peccati, expertem.
 per J. C. D. N. Amen."

1843. "*March 4.*—Not up early. I have determined again and again to amend this, and all well, I will with the new week set about it in earnest. One's days go, one knows not how; and and surely, in my state, that is not the account that should be given of them. Thought of, or rather thought out, two new books; one, a story which should embrace a view of the state, as regarded both ritual and doctrine, of the English Church at her best period since the Reformation—James I.; and the scene might, from my local knowledge, and from its proximity to London and Hampton Court, be laid at Shepperton; the other, a series of conversations on the necessary connection between Beauty and Catholicity, the scene of which might be laid here. At all events, while GOD gives me strength of body and mind such as He has hitherto continued to me, I will do what I can—little enough though it be—to help on the good cause; and then, if there be first a willing mind—."

During this first visit to Madeira he wrote "Ayton Priory," the "Mirror of Faith" (a book of ballads on historical subjects, now out of print), "Shepperton Manor" (the tale above referred to), a tract in explanation of the arrangement of the Prayer Book, besides other things. Leaving the island in May, he began to translate Bishop Andrewes' Devotions into Portuguese on the homeward voyage; and, having spent a few days in Spain, we find him returning thanks at Lisbon, May 28th, for "my great escape from being murdered," which seems to have taken place near Seville, though how we wot not.

"*June 2.* — *Godalming.* And now, I know not how to be thankful

enough to that GOD Who has brought me back almost beyond my hopes to this place, through so many changes and chances. *Qui nos liberabat, et liberat : in quo speramus quia adhuc liberabit !*"

"*July 25.*—A day much to be remembered." The meaning of this mysterious jotting was not discovered without some difficulty.

It has recently been asserted that in the early days of the Catholic revival no attention at all was paid to ritual, and that even the Cambridge Camden Society only investigated it from an antiquarian point of view, without any idea of its practical restoration. But surely those who so speak have forgotten, or have never known, that to these very persons we owe the restoration of numberless practices, now accepted as a matter of course, which, when first introduced, were hailed with intense delight and triumph on the one side, while on the other they were regarded as manifest approaches to Popery.

Dedication Festivals, for instance, had fallen entirely into disuse. The Rev. J. F. Russell, a Camdenian, was now Rector of St. James's, Enfield. And on St. James's Day, 1843, the Village Wake, or Dedication Festival, was held, after being in abeyance two full centuries. That seems to have been the first, or nearly the first, revival of this now so familiar festival. Some things, indeed, were omitted, or dealt with otherwise than would now be the case ; but the Church was hung with garlands, and decorated with banners ; the clergy walked in procession from the Parsonage ; they all wore surplices and stoles ; the elements were placed on a credence table ; all these things were novelties : but the most noted one seems to have been that the Rev. J. M. Neale, as Gospeller, "before beginning the Gospel, crossed the Altar to the north side, where a lectern had been placed for the purpose." "The sermon," we quote from a newspaper of the day, "unencumbered by collect, and the usual tiresome formalities, was preached by the Rev. B. Webb. . . . Service being ended, the children of the schools formed into rank in the churchyard carrying garlands, boys in surplices, bare-headed, carrying crosses and banners, followed by the clergy and a long line of laymen in orderly procession to the schoolroom, about a mile distant. As the procession moved slowly along the road, the Litany was

solemnly chanted by priests and people." Dinner, and prize-givings, and addresses, and games for old and young, filled up the long bright summer day, and it was on this occasion that the following lines by Mr. Neale were first sung. They became very popular.

"A SONG FOR THE TIMES.

I.

A song for the times when the sweet church chimes
 Called rich and poor to pray,
 As they opened their eyes by the bright sunrise,
 And when evening died away.
 The Squire came out from his rich old hall,
 And the peasants by two and by three,
 And the woodman let his hatchet fall,
 And the shepherd left his tree.

Then a song for the times, etc.

(*The first four lines repeated.*)

II.

Through the churchyard dew, by the churchyard yew,
 They went, both old and young ;
 And with one consent in prayer they bent,
 And with one consent they sung.
 They knelt on the floor till the prayers were o'er,
 To the priest they gave good heed ;
 Who would not bless the good old days
 When our Church was a Church indeed ?

Then a song for the times, etc.

III.

Christmas was merry Christmas then,
 And Easter-tide the same ;
 And they welcomed well, with merry bell,
 Each Saint's day as it came.
 They thought with love on the Saints above,
 In the pious days of old ;
 We toil and we slave till we drop in the grave,
 And all for the lust of gold.

Then a song for the times, etc.

IV.

But little we'll care what wicked men
 May say or may think of ill ;
 They kept the Saints' days holy then—
 We'll keep them holy still.
 We'll cherish them now, in times of strife,
 As a holy and peaceful thing ;
 They were bought by a faithful prelate's life,
 And the blood of a martyred king.*
 Then a song for the times, etc.

It was in the summer of 1843 that Dr. Neale conceived the idea of his greatest literary work—the History of the Eastern Church. A small octavo volume, “from the Great Schism to the present day: similar in size to Palmer's Church History,” was all he at first thought of writing; but the magnitude of the subject was far too great for such narrow proportions, and he soon bent himself to deal with it in a more sufficient and extensive manner.

“*August 1.*—Began the Greek History.

“*August 13.*—Talked with Benjamin Webb about joining me in the Greek History.

“*August 28.*—This Greek History almost terrifies me; the great possibility of my never finishing it; the difficulty and hugeness of the task. But I know not that one could, if called away, be employed in a more generally useful task; and as to the difficulty, I trust the great mountain may become a plain.

“*September 6.*—A letter from Dr. Mill, with a long list of works which are necessary for the Greek History.”

At this time he was also writing his “Hymns for the Sick,” in reference to which he remarks—

“*September 12.*—I hope this book may be of some service; I

* The reference is probably to Charles the First's Declaration, in 1633, of his “express will and pleasure that the feast of the dedication of the churches, with others, shall be observed; and that his justices of the peace shall look to it, both that all disorders there may be prevented and punished, and that all neighbourhood and freedom, with manlike and lawful exercises, be used.” The Puritans had forbidden these festivals with the plea of removing abuses, and the royal declaration was of little avail for the time being.

am sure that, to one who writes much controversially, it is necessary to have something of the sort in hand.

"*September 21.*—Wrote to Leslie about translating the latter half [of Bp. Andrewes' Devotions], as a match for Newman's.

"*September 26.*—Thought much of an edition of Spelman's History of Sacrilege. If it be for God's glory, I hope I shall be permitted to undertake something of the sort.

"*October 8.*—Began writing out my tract on private prayer for the third time, and putting it into the shape of a letter to Thorpe.

"*October 24.*—Reached Madeira.

"*October 26.*—Began in good earnest at the History of Alexandria, which I think might well make Vol. 1 of the Greek History.

1844. "*January 12.*—I have been delighted to find an excellent library here, just in the very line I wanted for the Greek History, of about two thousand volumes, very well chosen by Bishop Costa Torreo—works of the Fathers, Ecclesiastical Historians, &c., and very accessible. It will be of the greatest help, and belongs to the Seminary in connection with the Cathedral, the Rector of which, Padre Fà, is abundantly civil to me.

"*January 17.*—To the Library, proceeded with the Greek History, and began a Catena Symbolica.

"*January 24.*—My twenty-sixth birthday. So ends a year of many mercies, and alas, of much abuse of them—a year the conclusion of which I, at one time, never expected to see. In this year I have written Ayton Priory, * Shepperton Manor, † The Mirror of Faith, ‡ the greater part by far of Hymns for the Young, § Hymns for the Sick, || Private Prayer, ¶ the Translation of the Second Part of Bishop Andrewes, ** the third edition of Church Builders, †† and some three hundred pages of Greek History, besides many odds and ends.

"*March 12.*—Down to the Seminary. Greek History and a little Catena from St. Ives of Chartres. The Rector, I find, addresses me as Senhor Doutor: he offered to send up any book I might wish, which might, I thought, be a gentle hint that he did not wish my bodily appearance so often."

* Rivingtons. † Burns. ‡ Cleaver. § (Burns) Masters. || (Burns) Masters.
¶ Burns. ** Parker. †† Rivingtons.

This library was of great importance to Mr. Neale's studies. Hence he drew materials, not only for the History of the Eastern Church, but for a Commentary on the seven first Psalms, which was afterwards published in the *Churchman's Companion*, and was the germ of his great Commentary on the Psalms, which, left unfinished at the time of his death, was completed by his friend Dr. Littledale. But moreover, his retentive memory made him master of the books he studied here, to such an extent that he was ever after enabled to draw from that treasure-house accurate quotations. For instance, he never possessed the works of St. Bernard, but he constantly quoted them, with greater familiarity and readiness than some good scholars found themselves capable of, although their own shelves were enriched with that Saint's works. And it was in the Funchal Library that he took St. Bernard into his heart and head.

It was during this visit to Madeira that Count Montalembert, who had made Mr. Neale's acquaintance there the previous year, endeavoured to convince him of the errors of the English Church, and wrote him a letter "of four quarto sheets," afterwards sending a copy of it to the *Dublin Review* for publication. This has recently been reprinted under the title of "A Voice from the Dead."

Mr. Neale wrote an answer, which was not published. At this time, and at many other times, it was said and thought that he was likely to join the Roman Communion. Long after this period, the strongest doubts of his faithfulness to the English Church were abroad. The real truth was, perhaps, that he was in advance of his time, and that people were alarmed because they did not understand. But nothing is more certain than that no single passage exists in any of his most private writings which shows him to have felt at any moment of his life the slightest tendency towards Rome: while it is easy to find very much of a contrary character.

Sermon.

(Hitherto Unpublished.)

2 ESDRAS II. 44-47.

“So I asked the angel, and said, Sir, what are these? He answered and said unto me, These be they that have put off the mortal clothing, and have put on the immortal, and have confessed the Name of GOD: now are they crowned, and receive palms. Then said I unto the angel, What young person is it that crowneth them, and giveth them palms in their hands? So he answered, and said unto me, It is the Son of GOD, whom they have confessed in the world. Then began I greatly to commend them that stood so stilly for the name of the LORD.”

(Preached Dec. 3rd, 1856, when fever was prevalent among the Sisters.)

WHEN I look round, my dear Sisters, on our sadly thinned numbers, I feel how true it is that the very things—illness, trouble, trial of any kind—which GOD sends us to bring us nearer to Him, may, unless we take good heed to our ways, set us further off from Him. I feel myself that it is discouraging to see so many places vacant in this Oratory, to miss so many voices joining in our prayers, and to be literally reduced to the two or three, among whom our dear LORD has, nevertheless, promised to be present. And yet I ought to be thankful that they are absent either in GOD’S more active service, or at least in the immediate ordering of His Providence. For GOD forbid that I should ever see any Sister’s place empty here, and have to say, *They went out from us, but they were not of us; for if they had been of us, they would no doubt have continued with us.* Let us be dispersed, whenever and however it is GOD’S good will—either for work, or by sickness—which is, indeed, only a different kind of work. But not by any one’s laying their hand to the plough, and then turning back: not by that of which the Bride speaks in the Song of Solomon, *I have put off my clothes—that is, my worldly thoughts and wishes and cares—how shall I put them on? I have washed my feet; how shall I defile them?*

We partly see that, in this world, this service of GOD may be no easy service; and He has been pleased this Advent to speak to us Himself, and to tell us so. Now let us look at the other side of the picture: the earthly one, we see. Had it pleased GOD to

take our dear Sister to Himself, we know what the world would have said : *They fools counted her life madness, and her end to be without honour* ; now in the text you have heard how He, Who seeth not as man seeth, accepts and rewards services done to Him.

We have just passed the Festival of St. Andrew, the Apostle of the Cross, who might have been taken down therefrom, but would not ; who ceased not to preach CHRIST to the people while hanging on it. In a certain sense, what he did, we must do ; we must never cast away, or grow weary of, the Cross which GOD gives us : and we must never cease to preach JESUS CHRIST in our actions at least, if not in our words, while we are hanging on it. And here we have the reward of those that do.

And notice the force of one word in that verse. *These are they that have put off the mortal clothing, and have put on the immortal, and have confessed the Name of GOD : NOW are they crowned, and receive palms.* It is not merely, *now*, that their sufferings are over, now, that their race is run, now, that their good fight is fought, now, that they have kept the faith. It is much more than this. *Now* that their crown, once given, can never be taken away ; now that their place, once won, can never be lost ; now that there is no occasion of daily watchfulness, no fear of daily falls ; now that they are in the presence of the LORD Whom they loved ; now that they are with the glorious company of every righteous soul made perfect ; *NOW are they crowned, and receive palms.*

And notice this, too : how it pleased our LORD, before bestowing the crown and the palm on His servants, to sanctify them both by His own sufferings. Just as the great and glorious sign of the appearing of the SON of GOD at the end of the world will be no other than some marvellous appearance in the sky of that Cross on which the Son of Man suffered, so He has also ordained that the Crown and the Palm should both be tokens of suffering before they are signs of victory.

Concerning the Crown, we all know. For this was the helmet in which the Captain of our Salvation fought with the old dragon, and overcame him—a helmet that was indeed the *Hope of Salvation* : this was the mitre in which, as a good High Priest, He offered Himself up to GOD. Of this it is written in the Psalms :

Thou hast set a crown of pure gold upon His Head. For, thorns though they were, they became infinitely more precious than gold when once they had touched His most sacred Face; and they were a part of that ransom which was paid for the redemption of mankind. And notice what follows directly. *Thou hast set a crown of pure gold upon His Head: He asked life of Thee, and Thou gavest Him a long life, even for ever and ever. He asked life:* not for Himself, but for the multitudes of them that should believe on His Name; and He had indeed *a long life* given Him, *even for ever and ever*, because *This is Life Eternal: that they should know Thee, the only true GOD, and JESUS CHRIST, Whom Thou hast sent.*

And the Palm, too: was the emblem of suffering. For remember how on His last journey to Jerusalem, when *He was now ready to be offered, and the time of His departure was at hand*, the multitudes came out to meet Him with palms—that very multitude that so soon was about to cry, *Crucify Him! Crucify Him! not this Man, but Barabbas.* Those hands held palms that so soon were to bind Him, to drag Him to Herod, Pontius Pilate, Caiaphas; those hands held palms that were so soon to point at Him and ridicule Him as He hung on the Cross; those hands held palms which so soon, when the blood of the first Martyr Stephen was shed, were to send him to his glory by overwhelming him with stones. The palms, then, that our LORD gives His true and victorious Confessors were sanctified by His suffering before ministering to their glory: they began *His* Passion, they ended *their* triumph.

My dearest Sisters, this means that you can have no reward hereafter which is not marked with the stamp of suffering here, any more than you can possess gold which has not passed through the fire. You will be tried by different sufferings: but most surely, if you are His dear children, by some; and the more He means to avail Himself of your help, the more—make up your mind for it—He will thus purify you.

And now here is another thing worthy of notice. When the LORD entered, like a king and a conqueror, into the earthly Jerusalem, how did the crowds meet Him? Some cut down

branches from the palm, others strewed their own garments in His way. And here we find what that was a type of. *These*, the angel says in the text, *be they that have put off the mortal clothing, and have put on the immortal.* These are they who laid down the garments of their earthly bodies as willingly for our LORD'S sake as ever those Jewish multitudes strewed their garments in the way : they gave all they had, even their lives, for His sake ; He gives them all He has—His Crown, His Throne, His Beauty, His Holiness : *now are they crowned and receive palms.*

And then comes the further question : *Then said I unto the angel, What young Person is it that crowneth them, and giveth them palms in their hands?* That is the blessedness of all blessedness, to be crowned by Him, and none other, for Whom we have been working : to receive the reward from those dear hands which for us and our salvation were nailed to the Cross : to have the prize of victory from Him Who gave us strength for victory. And it may well be said *young*, for His *youth* was indeed *renewed like the eagle's*, when He burst the bars of death, because it was not possible that He should be holden of them ; when, taking again His Body, He took it, no more subject to corruption, no more subject to pain, misery and decay, but glorious and incorruptible, and never to suffer more ; and, in the very prime and best part of earthly life, when He had lived thirty-three years according to the flesh, ascended to His FATHER and our FATHER, to His GOD and our GOD. This was He Whose *visage was so marred more than any man, and His form more than the sons of men*, that the Jews thought Him to be nearly fifty years old ; but now, having done with all these sorrows for ever, has raised Himself up according to the flesh, and according to the flesh sitteth on the Right Hand of the FATHER, in the perfect beauty of eternal youth.

It is the SON of GOD, Whom they have confessed in the world. O happy confession, that ends in such glory ! O wonderful love that rewards the struggles of a few months or years with such an eternity of blessedness ! *Whom they have confessed in the world.* They that now have to confess no more : they that have trod the same path which we still tread, and have arrived at the goal : they

who have been in the same school in which we are now learning, and have been sent for Home. Oh, my dear Sisters, GOD grant that the same question and answer may one day be spoken of you—Who is He that *crowneth them, and giveth them palms?* *It is the SON of GOD, Whom they have confessed in the world.*

And now notice the most remarkable part of all. THEN *began I greatly to commend them that stood so stiffly for the Name of the LORD.* Then, when the victory was gained; then, when the reward was secured; then, when the *light affliction* had wrought the *far more exceeding and eternal weight of glory*—then he could commend. Prophet though he was, Esdras here speaks as the world does. While they were hard pressed, *fightings without, fears within*; while they were *passing through the vale of misery*; while they were *constrained to dwell with Mesech, and to have their habitation among the tents of Kedar*—not one word of commendation then. Commendation? So far as the world goes, we know how much the opposite of that. *Let us see if his words be true, and let us know what shall happen in the end of him. For if the just man be the son of GOD, He will help him and deliver him from the hand of his enemies. Let us examine him with despitefulness and torture, that we may know his meekness and prove his patience.* But then, when the SON of GOD, *Whom they have confessed in the world*, shall give them the crown and the palm, then we see how it is. THEN *began I to commend them that stood so stiffly for the Name of the LORD.—Then shall the righteous man stand in great boldness before the face of such as have afflicted him, and made no account of his labours.—Thomas, because thou hast seen Me, thou hast believed; blessed are they that have not seen, and yet have believed.*

And notice, too, that expression: *that stood so stiffly for the Name of the LORD.* That is exactly what we all have to do, but most of all in and with ourselves. Never to give up the least thing because it is little; never to suffer ourselves to be tempted to shrink from anything because it is so difficult; to be unbending for CHRIST'S sake, where need is; to stand *stiffly for the Name of the LORD.*

Yes, you must do this; yes, we must all do this, however it

may please GOD to order the changes and chances of this mortal world for us. Whether He scatters us, as now; whether He brings us together again; whether He gives us outward good success, or whether, as it was with our blessed LORD Himself, we are not permitted to see it—all that is in His hands, and need not much concern us. But this *does* concern us: that we should *stand stiffly for the Name of the LORD*; the Name dearer than any other name here, the Name exalted above every name there. This Advent calls us to it, does it not? This Advent calls you all to be stricter with yourselves, to be more wholly on the LORD's side, to offer anything you can do for Him more simply to Him, to accept everything He sends more gladly because He sends it; resolutely keeping down all other thoughts, resolutely denying yourselves everything which can be a snare to you, or hold you back from Him. Already we are half-way through the first week of Advent, and how little we have done! Now, surely, now if ever, now with the warning we have so lately had from GOD Himself, *now it is high time to awake out of sleep*: now it is high time to come to the *help of the LORD against the mighty*.

Now are they crowned, and receive palms. When will that be said, my dear Sisters, of us? or will it ever be said? The day will come when those words shall be addressed to the Church Triumphant that Esdras heard, *Take thy number, O Sion, and shut up those of thine that are clothed in white, which have fulfilled the law of the LORD. The number of thy children, whom thou longedst for, is fulfilled: beseech the power of the LORD that thy people, which have been called from the beginning, may be hallowed.*

GOD grant you all, my dearest Sisters, a lot among those children, a portion among that people, for JESUS CHRIST's sake: to Whom, with the FATHER and the HOLY GHOST, be all honour and glory, world without end. Amen.

REV. J. M. NEALE.

Hints for Meditations on the Litany of the Name of Jesus.

A. (*Titles setting forth His glorious attributes.*)

JESU, SON of the Living GOD : Wisd. vii. 26, *cf.* Heb. i. 3 ; St. John i. 18. Through Whom alone we can truly know GOD : St. John xiv. 7 ; 2 Cor. iv. 4 ; Col. i. 15.

Have mercy upon us, and pardon our neglect of Thee : fix our gaze upon Thee.

JESU, *most mighty*, Have mercy upon us, for our rebellion against Thee. Acts xxiv. 14 ; 1 Tim. i. 16.

JESU, *most powerful*, Have mercy upon us, and show forth Thy power in our transformation. 2 Cor. xii. 9 ; Isa. lv. 13.

JESU, *most perfect*, Have mercy upon us, for our unlikeness to Thee. St. Matt. v. 48.

JESU, *most glorious*, Have mercy upon us in our misery, and captivate us by Thy splendour. Ps. xlv. 3-8 ; 2 Cor. ii. 14 (“leadeth us in triumph,” as trophies of His victory).

JESU, *most wonderful*, Have mercy upon us, and pardon the listlessness of our minds in meditation. Make us eager to learn more of Thine exhaustless glory. Rev. xix. 12, 13.

JESU, *most dear*, Have mercy upon us, and pardon the coldness of our hearts. Zeph. iii. 17 ; Cant. v. 10.

JESU, <i>brighter than the sun,</i>	} and outshine all creatures,
Have mercy upon us,	
JESU, <i>fairer than the moon,</i>	
Have mercy upon us,	
JESU, <i>more shining than the stars,</i>	} and every earthly attraction in our hearts.
Have mercy upon us,	

Rev. i. 12-16.

- JESU, *most admirable*, Have mercy upon us, and make us to delight in contemplating Thy goodness, and ever to feed on Thy sweetness. Cant. ii. 3, 4; Rev. ii. 17.
- JESU, *most delectable*, Have mercy upon us, and grant us to choose Thee for our portion, and cleave to Thee faithfully for ever. Phil. iii. 8; Lam. iii. 24.
- JESU, *most honourable*, Have mercy upon us, and enable us to worship Thee with a worthy worship. Rev. v. 12; Ps. xcvi. 2; (not simply "come before," but "prevent" His Face.)

B. (*Titles setting forth His virtues, wherein we are to seek to imitate His example.*)

JESU, <i>most humble</i>	} Have mercy upon us.	St. Matt. xi. 29.
„ <i>most poor</i>		St. Luke ix. 58; 2 Cor. viii. 9.
„ <i>most gentle</i>		Eph. iv. 32; St. Matt. xii. 18-21.
„ <i>most patient</i>		Heb. xii. 1-3.
„ <i>most obedient</i>		Phil. ii. 8; Isa. l. 5.
„ <i>most chaste</i>		St. Mark ix. 3; Rev. xix. 14.
„ <i>Lover of chastity</i>		Eph. v. 5, 26, 27.
„ <i>Lover of peace</i>		Heb. vii. 2 (peace following on righteousness); Eph. ii. 14-18; 2 Thess. iii. 16; St. Matt. v. 9.
„ <i>Mirror of Life</i>		1 St. John iii. 1, 2; 2 Cor. iii. 18.
„ <i>Pattern of virtues</i>	1 St. John ii. 28; i. 6.	

C. (*Titles setting forth the different relations in which He stands to us.*)

JESU, <i>Lover of souls</i>	} Have mercy upon us.	St. Matt. xi. 28; S. John vi. 37; x. 10.
„ <i>our Refuge</i>		St. John v. 40; 1 St. John i. 9; Isa. xxvi. 1-5.
„ <i>Father of the poor</i>		St. Matt. xi. 25; St. Luke iv. 18.
„ <i>Consolation of the afflicted</i>		St. Matt. viii. 16, 17; Acts x. 38.
„ <i>Treasure of the faithful</i>		St. Matt. xiii. 44.

JESU, <i>Precious Gem</i>	} Have mercy upon us.	St. Matt. xiii. 45, 46.
„ <i>Shrine of Perfection</i>		Col. ii. 3.
„ <i>Star of the Sea</i>		Rev. xxii. 16. (The “root and offspring,” meaning the new sprout from the hewn-down stump of David’s line ; so, the morning star bringing hope to a ship-wrecked world.)
„ <i>Good Shepherd of the sheep</i>		St. John x. 14, 15 ; St. Luke xv. 3-7 ; Ezek. xxxiv. 11-16.
„ <i>True Light</i>		St. John viii. 12 (referring to the bright cloud that led Israel during their journeyings.) Num. ix. 15-23.
„ <i>Eternal Wisdom</i>		St. Matt. xi. 27 ; xvii. 5 ; 1 Cor. i. 30 ; ii. 16.
„ <i>Infinite Goodness</i>	Rev. xxii. 17 ; St. John vii. 37, 38 ; iv. 14.	

D. (*Titles setting forth His relation to the different ranks of the Saints.*)

JESU, <i>Joy of the Angels</i>	} Have mercy upon us.	Heb. i. 6 ; Rev. v. 11, 12 ; 2 St. Pet. i. 12.
„ <i>King of the Patriarchs</i>		St. John viii. 56 ; Gen. xxxii. 30 ; xlviii. 15, 16.
„ <i>Theme of the Prophets</i>		St. Luke i. 72 ; St. John xii. 41 ; Rev. xix. 10 ; Hag. ii. 17.
„ <i>Master of the Apostles</i>		St. Mark iii. 14 ; iv. 34 ; x. 32.
„ <i>Teacher of the Evangelists</i>		St. John xiv. 16 ; xvi. 15.
„ <i>Strength of the Martyrs</i>		Acts. vii. 55, 56 ; Rev. xii. 11 ; 2 Tim. ii. 11.
„ <i>Light of the Confessors</i>		St. Matt. x. 32 ; St. John xii. 46.
„ <i>Bridegroom of the Virgins</i>		St. Matt. xix. 29 ; Ps. xlv. 11, 12 ; Cant. i. 4.
„ <i>Crown of All Saints</i>	Rev. xix. 7 ; xxi. 3.	

E. (*Deprecations.*)

<i>From all evil</i>	} Deliver us, JESU.	St. John xvii. 12, 15; Rev. xxi. 3-5.
„ <i>all peril</i>		Isa. xliii. 1-3; Rev. ii. 13.
„ <i>Thy wrath</i>		Rev. vi. 16, 17; St. Luke xix. 27; xiii. 27.
„ <i>the snares of the devil</i>		1 St. John v. 18, 19. (“He that is begotten of GOD,” <i>i.e.</i> , the <i>Eternal SON</i> , “keepeth him,” <i>i.e.</i> , the adopted son.) St. John x. 28—(“no one,” neither man nor evil spirit.)
„ <i>plague, famine, and war</i>		Isa. xxxii. 2; Ps. cxliv. 1, 10; Rev. ii. 8-11.
„ <i>the transgression of Thy Commandments</i>		St. Luke xiii. 34; 1 St. John iii. 5-9; St. Matt. i. 21; Isa. xlvi. 17, 18.
„ <i>the attack of all evils</i>		Ps. xviii. 1-6; 16-19.

F. (*Obsecrations—pleading the Mysteries of His Life.*)

<i>By Thine Incarnation</i>	} Deliver us, JESU.	St. John i. 17.
„ <i>Thine Advent</i>		Isa. lxiv. 1; St. Luke i. 44.
„ <i>Thy Nativity</i>		St. Luke ii. 10, 11, 14.
„ <i>Thy Circumcision</i>		Col. ii. 11.
„ <i>Thy Woes</i>		Isa. lxiii. 1-6; Lam. i. 12.
„ <i>Thy Scourges</i>		1 St. Pet. ii. 24.
„ <i>Thy Death</i>		Gal. ii. 20; iii. 13; Rom. viii. 34.
„ <i>Thy Resurrection</i>		Rom. vi. 4; Eph. ii. 4-6; Rev. i. 17, 18.
„ <i>Thine Ascension</i>		St. John xiv. 1-3; Heb. ix. 24.
„ <i>Thy Joys</i>		Eph. iv. 8; St. John xvii. 13.
„ <i>Thy Glory</i>	St. John xvii. 24.	

REV. A. C. A. HALL, S.S.J.E.

Rachel.

A TALE OF EARLY CHRISTIANITY.

Translated by the Author of "Charles Lowder."

PART II.

OUR sorrows do not arrest the course of time ; it flows on, with change of circumstances, although a constant grief may make it appear to us changeless as eternity.

Two years had passed since Joel's death. Jabec had become the husband of Rachel, and Phanuel, worn out by old age and toil, after having hastened the union which he desired to bless, slept with his fathers. His daughter, as she tenderly closed his eyes, said to herself, "At least I have not been rebellious against his wishes. I am the wife of him whom he chose for me."

When we lose one to whom respect and submission were due, then we question ourselves strictly as to the obedience which we have rendered to him, and even if the commands laid upon us were mistaken, we rejoice that we yielded to his authority.

In becoming a wife after such bitter sorrow, Rachel had never hoped for the joys of a first affection. The charm of such youthful emotions were for ever broken, the storm of affliction had dried them up. But although the felicity once dreamed of had for ever faded away, Rachel saw before her the duties of a new life, and more than once she was herself astonished to find in the midst of the austere demands of duty, a quiet peace and serene calm which she had not expected.

But in every great duty which we fulfil, GOD hides some treasure of grace which imperceptibly consoles and soothes us. O, if we always trusted in His goodness, we should find in Him the help and strength which are so often needed to accomplish the duties of a mournful life.

Rachel was a faithful and active wife, forgetting herself in order that she might belong wholly to GOD and to those who needed her ; for she had often meditated upon that divine precept, which contains the whole law of love, "Thou shalt

love GOD with all thy heart, and thy neighbour as thyself." Our neighbour is each one with whom we have to do, all who live around us; and she returned Jabec's love with a sincere and quiet affection, the affection of a Christian woman, ready for any sacrifice and any duty. Her eternal sorrow, her profound sadness, were buried in her heart; they only made her compassionate and kind to all; for grief teaches sympathy.

She was calm like one whose hopes are in Heaven, and who is not surprised to suffer in a land of suffering.

O, the mercies of GOD are great! He sheds His peace, that peace which the world knoweth not, into the heart of those who love Him, and their sorrows become sweeter than the hollow joys of those who live apart from His love.

After a year and a half of marriage, Rachel found that she might hope soon to become a mother.

The thought of giving birth to a creature of GOD is a great thought, and Rachel felt a tender pride as she said to herself, "During all eternity there will be a creature who will owe its existence to me, and perhaps I may become the mother through it of a long line of immortal beings. Life upon earth is sad, none knows it better than I. But life in Heaven, that life during which we shall know and love GOD without measure and without end. Oh! for the sake of that life we may be well content to endure all the pain which abounds here below."

Even a feeling which resembled joy began to stir within her. She offered to GOD the innocent being who was soon to be born, and her days passed by in peace, and in the fulfilment of duty, mingled with happiness in the thought of the birth of her child.

Jabec appeared anxious and troubled, in spite of his happy lot. Neither the happiness he had so much desired, and at length obtained, of becoming Rachel's husband, nor the great riches which he had inherited at the death of Phanuel, nor the respect of his numerous servants, nor even the faithful devotion of the wife of his choice, had sufficed to give him that serenity which she exhibited in the midst of her suppressed tears and broken hopes. From day to day he became more gloomy, suffering from a depression which seemed to consume him. In

spite of his strength and pride, he seemed to be a prey to some wearing grief.

At the height of prosperity, what could be the cause of this dark depression? Everyone said, "What can ail him?" But no one could tell. Some said, "If he were kinder and more considerate for his servants, he would be happier." Rachel was anxious on his account; at times she questioned him, and said, "What is wanting to my lord? Do I not do all I can to please thee? Has sadness taken possession of thy soul because thou hast no longer anything to wish for?"

When thus questioned, Jabez did not reply, and if his young wife pressed him, he left her, and went away. She was surprised, and almost terrified, and his state, far from improving, only became worse.

One night—after a day when he had seemed more than commonly perturbed—the servants were startled about the third watch by a terrible cry which seemed to come from the chamber of Jabez and Rachel. Some of them rose in haste, and ran with lighted torches to the spot from whence the noise had come.

They found Rachel on her feet, deadly pale, and Jabez—the strong, fierce Jabez—trembling, colourless, and leaning for support against the wall.

"I see him always," he exclaimed in a smothered voice, while his hair stood on end with terror.

"I can take care of your master alone," said Rachel, resuming her self-possession. "The crisis is nearly past; light the lamp, and leave us. Only," she added, fear which she could not conquer returning, "keep within hearing in case of need."

And in spite of the terrible fear which her countenance betrayed, her courage supported her, and she dismissed those who had gathered around, fearing, as it seemed, lest Jabez should betray the secret of his terror.

For a long time the servants could hear muttered words, and the smothered accents of Jabez's voice; they kept on the watch in order to be of assistance if required. Gradually, however, all sounds ceased, and the silence was unbroken during the rest of the night.

Next morning, the household at Sibor was strangely moved. "What is the matter with this man?" they said to each other. "Why should his sleep be disturbed by frightful dreams? Is he pursued by some terrible remorse? Oh, what a different master his good brother would have been! His countenance was bright as a summer's day, while Jabec's is like a stormy night. May the LORD watch over our young mistress; how can she be happy?"

The aged Obed shook his head, and said, "Alas! my old master did not exercise his usual judgment when he chose such a guide for the young life of his beloved daughter. The wisest are often deceived."

In the morning Jabec went out into the fields, wandering gloomily about, without seeing or hearing the labourers who from afar looked at him with apprehension. No word fell from his lips, and his eyes seemed still, at times, to discern some form in vacant space. There was as it were a fatal seal upon his brow.

Rachel came amongst her maidens later than was her custom. A blue circle surrounded her eyelids, which bore the trace of many tears. Still she was calm, raising her heavy eyes to Heaven, and there was something holy and sublime about her, as though accepting nobly the greatest human suffering. Her women looked at her with astonishment, and said to each other, "She is like the angel of grief, she is both so sad and so serene."

"Her faith is beautiful, it is there that she finds so much fortitude," said an ancient Israelite.

But in spite of the calm sublimity of her mind and heart, the emotions of that terrible night had been too much for her; soon the symptoms of premature child-birth manifested themselves, and on the evening of the fifth day she gave birth to her first-born son.

Alas, the joys of maternity to which she had looked forward were gone; they must have been entirely blasted, for in the midst of those pangs which are quickly forgotten in the joy that a man is born into the world, the young mother gave him the name of Benoni, which signifies the son of my sorrow.

And yet the poor mother knew not yet, unless through a foreboding of her heart, how truly the name belonged to the unhappy child, born through the shock of terror.

“O misfortune, if thou comest alone, I salute thee,” said those of old. “If even thou bringest only one other sorrow with thee, let it be accepted in silence.” But when the door of calamity is once open, a hundred, a thousand sorrows pour in, and the soul becomes overcome with fear.

II.

Since that fatal night, Jabec had greatly changed. He had been only gloomy and taciturn; he now became passionate, violent, and unmanageable. He wished for something, and then would not have it; he gave contradictory orders, which were often impossible to execute, or else in the evening he ordered to be undone that which had been undertaken at great expense in the morning. He discharged good and faithful servants, who had been prized by Phaniel, and who had hoped to die beneath the roof which had sheltered their infancy. Every day one or another departed, weeping, to seek a new master in the decline of life, and soon the word madness began to be whispered amongst all associates with Jabec. “GOD has smitten him,” some said with terror. “What detestable action can he have committed in the sight of GOD, to be thus punished?”

His wife strove to soothe his troubled soul; she overcame her own anguish, and the fear with which he inspired her, and only showed him calmness, serenity, and often even an affectionate pity. She was like an angel of mercy at his side, to inspire him with confidence in the clemency of the LORD.

Where could this woman, once feeble and sensitive to pain, find such courage? She sought it daily from GOD, ceaselessly pouring out her petitions before Him; and she was also supported by maternal love, the strongest and most powerful of all earthly motives.

Rachel nursed her son herself; and the sight of that helpless, tender babe had, in spite of herself, brought new life to her poor heart. She no longer felt alone in the world, and the thought of

bringing him up to love and praise GOD, gave her strength before unfelt. But in this very mother's love, she was soon to suffer severely, for she was one of those elect souls whom GOD is pleased to mould and steep in suffering.

She was beginning to watch her infant's smiles, and Benoni, fair and bright, began to stretch out his arms towards her, with that innocent and playful tenderness which brings untold joy to a mother. Those first smiles and first caresses are like a memory of Heaven, and they were as balm to Rachel; her poor heart, so tried by suffering, found a solace in her babe.

He grew fairer each day, and whether it were reality or only a tender fancy, he recalled to her at times him who ever lived in her memory, and she hoped some day to see him grow up to be as good as Joel.

One evening she was sitting with Jabec beneath the fig-tree near the house; both were watching the fair child; one with a mother's tenderness, the other with an involuntary smile, which the charm of infancy had won even from him.

"How beautiful he is," said the young mother. "See, Jabec, what a gift GOD has bestowed upon us, and let these gentle pleasures of childhood soothe and calm thy soul."

"Peace can never more be mine, thou knowest it well, Rachel. Yet it is true that those pure eyes, that face, with no trace of knowledge of our sufferings, is refreshing as the morning breeze." And in truth his hard nature was softened; as storms sink with the morning dew, so Jabec, gazing on his son, felt something like peace steal over him.

Benoni was making his first attempts to walk; his mother held out her arms, drawing back a few steps, while he tottered on with the ringing laugh which is like an angel's joy. Suddenly his head fell backwards, his whole body gave way, and he fell senseless into his mother's arms, who had watched every movement. The servants gathered around, doing all they could to revive the child, rubbing his hands, and bathing his face with strong scents. During a time which seemed long, the infant seemed lifeless.

Jabec, leaning against the fig-tree, muttered, "It was a blossom

on which I had built some hopes ; it must needs be broken beneath my hand."

He watched his son with a face like death, and a sad and angry eye. Grief irritates those whom it does not purify.

The servants went to seek an ancient matron, renowned for her skill in the diseases of children. When she had arrived, and examined the boy, who was still pale and senseless, she said to Rachel, "How long has this faint lasted?"

"For two hours and more."

She felt his limbs, and raised his eyelids ; then she asked, "Before his birth, did you go through any violent fright?"

Rachel looked down, and grew pale. Jabez answered rudely:—

"And if it were so, what can a childish fear on the mother's part have to do with the illness of the child?"

"If what I fear has happened," replied the matron, "the evil is without remedy, for it has entered even into the marrow of the bones. He will languish until the autumn leaves begin to fall, and then another convulsion will carry him off."

Rachel sat down, and for a long time wept, holding in her arms the child who was beginning to show signs of life.

"Woe, woe!" she said, as bitter tears fell over the babe ; "the sword plunged into my bosom pierced my son, my poor child! Benoni, too well named, 'son of my sorrow,' may GOD have pity on thee!"

Alas, what strength does a mother need in order to accept without murmuring the misfortune of her child.

Jabez fled from the spot, far from the heartrending sight of her tears, and of his unhappy child slowly returning to consciousness, and bearing in his face the signs of bloom which was no longer to flourish.

During several days he wandered about the fields ; then one evening he returned, but soon went away again, saying, "This place drives me mad: farewell, Rachel. If I recover, I will one day return."

III.

Days and months passed by, but the master did not return to his sorrowful home at Sibor, and the care of Benoni absorbed

his mother. The child's condition became sadder than it had yet been. He was still beautiful, though pale, and so feeble that he could not walk; but as autumn and the following spring had passed, and yet he lived, Rachel nourished the hope that he might be preserved to her.

One day a woman, who had come to help the reapers, brought with her a child of the same age. He had been born in the very same hour as Benoni, and as the mother was poor, Rachel had given her some of her own infant's clothes. When the two children were together—one strong, robust, and active, his eyes full of intelligence, and talking merrily, the other pale, inert, speechless, and unable to stand on his enfeebled limbs—the poor mother felt that he was dying, and the sword of grief pierced deeper into her soul.

“My GOD, my GOD,” she exclaimed, “hast Thou then willed to deprive me of my last joy? O my GOD, I have still to place his dear soul in Thine arms, that Thou mayest receive it into Thy eternal mansions. It is pure, and innocent of any fault, but it needs to be washed from the original taint which still dims its beauty. Let us go and seek out the holy man who lives alone upon Mount Carmel. He will bestow the rite of Baptism upon my child, and will strengthen me with divine food, for I am worn out, and if I am much longer deprived of that celestial nourishment, how can I accomplish what yet remains of my sad pilgrimage?”

On the morrow she said to her servants, “I am going to Mount Carmel to have my child baptized. Let those who intend to worship the true GOD of Whom I have told them, come with me to receive the laver of regeneration, and profess their Christian faith.”

The harvest was over, and labour was suspended, for nearly all wished to accompany their young mistress, whose virtues made them love her faith. Two old servants alone were unconverted, and remained as guardians of the house.

Mount Carmel was two long days' journey off; Benoni was placed on a strong ass, in the arms of Zelpha. Rachel willed to make the pilgrimage on foot. She was followed by thirty men

and maidens, singing the hymns which she had taught them ; they said :

“ We are going to the holy mountain, where dwells the servant of the Most High ; never before did our souls thus rejoice.”

The road was rough, and more than once Rachel's delicate feet were hurt, but she also sang :

“ We are going towards the holy mountain where dwells the servant of the Most High ; my soul sings for joy in the midst of its anguish.”

In the evening they rested by the wells dug along the road, where the giant shadows of the mountain, sheltered them from the evening sun.

On the morning of the third day, after they had with difficulty accomplished half the ascent of the mountain, the road became impassable. They were obliged to lift Benoni from the ass ; steep steps, hewn roughly in the rock, were the only road by which they could reach the hermit's dwelling, which was built, like an eagle's nest, almost on the summit.

At the spot called Phaëum, Rachel for an instant felt ready to give way, the road was so steep and difficult, but a glance at Benoni revived her courage. His face had changed ; he was the colour of death. Rachel took him in her own arms, and began to climb the rugged rock by the rude steps covered with creeping plants. After a long ascent, made with the energy of despairing maternal love, the sound of a rivulet was heard, and she stopped ; she knew that it ran near the hermitage.

“ It is here,” she said, “ blessed be GOD.” She was breathless, and laid down the child upon a smooth and mossy turf, to which the rocky steps had led ; on the other side was seen a roof formed of branches.

“ Woman, what wilt thou ? ” said a sweet grave voice.

“ O my father,” exclaimed Rachel, bowing before an old man who was bent with age, and was slowly advancing towards her, “ I have come, I have brought you my child, to whom all earthly aid is vain, that you may bestow upon him heavenly blessings, I am a Christian, and I ask that he may be baptized.”

“ Poor babe,” said the holy man in a compassionate voice,

“he is near death ; let us not delay to bestow upon him the Sacrament ordained by the LORD. There is no time to lose,” he added, as the child became visibly weaker, “for the LORD is about to recall him to Himself.”

He took water from the neighbouring spring, and poured it over the infant's brow, saying, “Benoni, I baptize thee in the Name of the Thrice-Holy GOD, FATHER, SON, and HOLY GHOST.”

After a moment of silence he added, “Depart, happy soul, and take possession of thy place in Heaven.”

Benoni opened his eyes as the words of power were pronounced, an angelic smile at his mother passed over his face, and he expired.

“Happy mother,” said the old man, “thy son has exchanged the sorrows of life for the joys of Heaven.”

“Yes, yes, I am happy. Blessed be GOD!” murmured the poor mother, but her strength gave way ; she fell senseless on the mossy bank beside her child, and it was long before she revived. When she recovered, she was still able to join with her servants and maidens in singing the praises of GOD.

Three days were passed in prayer, after which the Christian mother, with grateful submission, was allowed to participate in the sacred mysteries, by which GOD becomes united to His creature, and she said within herself,

“I am but a poor sinner ; but I can do all things through Him Who strengthens me. May His Will be done upon earth, Who has taken my child to enjoy the felicity of Paradise. Blessed be He Who gave him to me, and Who has taken him from me to make him happy for ever.”

Prayer took the place of all her former joys ; she poured out before GOD all the love with which her heart was overflowing. O how great and how good is that GOD, Who permits His creatures during their exile upon earth to raise their thoughts to Him, and to unite their sorrows to those which He bore Who came on earth to redeem us !

After the body of her child had been laid in consecrated ground, Rachel returned to Sibor, and resumed the care of the house, of which she was both master and mistress during the prolonged absence of her husband.

IV.

Since Jabez's departure, peace and calm had returned to the ancient homestead, and all work was steadily carried on under Rachel's vigilant superintendence. If she had for long regarded all earthly possessions with indifference, yet she knew that they had been given to her, not for herself, but for the large family of devoted dependents, on account of whom she had received much, in order that she might bestow much, and she therefore fulfilled all household duties with a quiet and sustained energy. Her countenance was ever calm, in spite of inward wounds, and she longed to accomplish to the end the task which had been laid upon her.

"Zelpha," she said one morning, "and thou Anastasia, arise. Call the servants, the matrons, the children, and the old men; the dawn appears upon the horizon, and it is time to go forth and sing the praises of the LORD."

The maidens obeyed; they aroused the household, and soon herdsmen and labourers, children, women, old men, assembled upon the roof of the house, in order to usher in the new day with the morning hymn. Rachel conducted the choir, the men and maidens made response; she sang, "The heavens declare the glory and beauty of the Most High; and the firmament, in its glory, sheweth His handiwork." And her servants repeated the strain.

Often she added in a low voice, "Heal our souls in suffering, and give them Thy peace."

The servants responded to, and repeated the prayers, and then songs of praise arose while the sun slowly rose above the horizon, colouring the peaks of Carmel.

The birds awoke, raised their little heads from beneath their wings, and mingled their voices with those which were singing the praises of GOD. All was sweetness, harmony, and light during this first hour consecrated to GOD.

"How great is GOD," said Rachel, looking upwards with moistened eyes, "and how He shines forth in His works! How can we ever worship Him in the early morning without hearts running over with gratitude and love? He has permitted us to

love Him, and to offer to Him the sorrows of our hearts ; that alone is more happiness than we deserve, let us give Him thanks for His goodness. Let all created things sing His mercy. He has formed man to love and serve Him, in joy as in suffering ; blessed be His name, from the sunrising to the going down thereof. Let us love Him with all our heart, with all our soul, and all our strength, let us love our neighbour as ourselves ; we shall have fulfilled the law of love, and the LORD will pour out His grace upon us."

"And now, my children, go to your work ; for work is also a means of praising GOD. The master will doubtless return one day from his long journey ; let him find his house and fields in order and flourishing, that he may perceive that those who most honour the LORD are also those who best serve their earthly master."

Then all received their orders from Rachel, and devoted themselves to the work which she assigned to them. One led the docile oxen into the plain, and soon long furrows were traced with the sharp ploughshare, and the bosom of the ground was laid bare to receive seed for the next harvest. The ploughman sang to encourage the animals that he drove, and also to lighten his own hard labour.

Another betook himself to the winnowing floor, strewn before-hand with sheaves from the preceding harvest ; a dozen oxen, fastened one to another by the horns, trod out the grain, but they were without bridle, for it is written, "Thou shalt not muzzle the ox that treadeth out thy corn." And at that time, ancient customs were mingled with Christian law, which had but made clear and wider the former commandments.

Others brought the flocks from the folds, and led them to drink at the well. Young girls drew water in two-handled pitchers, which they carried on their heads, while others milked the sheep. The oldest women sat spinning under the fig-tree by the door ; some wove thick woollen stuff to be used for old men's garments ; even the children were occupied, they gathered tender herbs for the young lambs, or wove slight baskets for gathering

and storing up autumn fruits. All were occupied ; whilst Rachel, aided by her maidens, kneaded barley cakes, and prepared simple viands ; for it was then the highest function of woman to provide food for her household, including her servants.

In old times, Rebecca, the model of women of that age, had with her own hands prepared the kid of which the aged Isaac was to eat that his soul might be strengthened before he gave his son that supreme benediction, bestowed, without his knowing it, upon Jacob and his innumerable lineage.

The pastoral scene, lit up by the bright sun of Palestine, was full of sweetness and repose. Rachel presided over all with a serene and peaceful air. Obed looked at her with respectful emotion.

“Truly we have before us a living example of the virtuous woman,” he said half to himself. “What courage after such sufferings.”

“As to sufferings,” said Rachel, looking up at the blue vault of the firmament, “is it nothing to have a Father in Heaven to watch over, and smile upon his humble servant ?”

Thus, while she occupied herself in work, and the superintendence of the household, Rachel, hour by hour, raised her eyes, and also her heart, to GOD. Then, in the evening, when the labours of the day were ended, the family were again re-assembled for prayer. They sang the song of thanksgiving which every created thing raises to its Creator. From the insect hidden in the grass to the sparrow on the eaves of the roof, all after their fashion, sing the praises of GOD ; man only brings to Him the voluntary tribute of worship which lower beings pay without knowing it.

Then, after prayer, all assembled for the evening repast. Rachel presided as her father had formerly done ; she was at the upper end of the table, Zelpha next to her on one side, and the aged Obed on her right, honoured on account of his age and services ; then the men and maidens, down to the youngest herd-boy ; while each received from his mistress the portion required by his age, his work, or his constitution.

“This large piece of kid is for thee, Reuben,” she would say, “the labours of the day have been great, I saw that the oxen

became restive in the threshing-floor, and gave thee much trouble ; perchance it would have been better not to leave them, and then to press them unduly in order to regain lost time. And for thee, Anastasia, I have kept these refreshing pomegranates, they are less scarlet than thy cheeks burned by the sun ; I saw thee going to the fountain at mid-day ; the sun is now too fierce to be thus defied ; thou must go only in the evening with thy companions, and Reuben, thy betrothed, shall accompany thee in the presence of all."

The young people blushed, and said to each other, "She watches us like a careful mother."

"Zelpha and Obed, you must divide between you a cup of the wine which my father loved, may GOD bless his dear memory. He was wont to say that wine makes glad the heart of old age, may this cup gladden your heart."

The meal was gay, and yet not noisy. Rachel's eye was vigilant, and she saw everything. She knew how to revive the depression of some by a word, to calm the impetuous eagerness of others, and to keep all within the bounds of duty. The old confided their sorrows to her, and the young their hopes. She was occupied in preserving peace and concord amongst some, and in teaching wisdom to others. She instructed all in the fear of GOD, and the order which she established maintained contentment and happiness.

One evening, as they were finishing their genial repast, an unaccustomed footstep was heard, and Jabec suddenly appeared.

All rose as he entered, but there was an entire change of expression on every face ; gaiety gave place to constraint and fear. Rachel alone remained calm, and her countenance serene, only a still whiter hue stole over her pale face. But she rose, went to meet her husband, and greeted him as her lord.

"Welcome to thy dwelling," she said.

He was so fatigued that he seemed to drag himself along with difficulty. He sat down upon an empty seat without answering, and looked round slowly.

"What has happened during my absence ?" he said at length in a rough voice.

“Rest now, Jabec, thou needest rest ; to-morrow I will show thee all that has been finished and begun during thy long absence, and thou wilt only have to praise thy servants ; for they are all faithful and intelligent. But tell me, what ails thee. Hast thou found neither peace nor health during thy long journey ?”

“No, no ; for long I have looked neither for peace nor health. If I could only find a little rest ! And thou, Rachel, why are thy cheeks paler than when I departed ? and why do all faces gather gloom at my appearance ? Before I crossed this threshold, I heard bursts of merriment. Is it, then, my return which freezes my household ? Does trouble spring up wherever I place my foot ?”

“Forgive them ; surprise, respect, fear——”

“Yes, yes, fear. I can only inspire those who know me with fear. This is the way in which they receive me, and it is from thee that they learn to hate me.”

“I cannot teach them what I never knew myself,” said Rachel in a low voice ; and fearing that the fierce mood of Jabec might lead him to some violence, she said to the servants, “Leave us alone now.”

They hastened to depart, taking with them Zelpha, who was trembling all over at the mere voice of Jabec.

“So he has returned,” they said to each other, “that ill-omened man ; and there will no longer be either peace or happiness for any of us. What will become of our mistress ?”

Meanwhile, Jabec was looking uneasily around ; he seemed to be seeking one who was wanting.

“Then he is no longer here,” he said slowly.

“He has ceased to suffer ; he is among the blessed ones of God,” replied Rachel. Two tears which she could not restrain stole down her cheek.

“It is life, not death, for which we should mourn,” said Jabec.

His voice was rough and broken. Far from having been softened during his long absence, he seemed more farouche than ever.

“Why have I returned ?” he muttered. “I could find nothing but trouble here. Sorrow is everywhere.”

Still, as he watched Rachel caring for his comfort, loosing his sandals, washing his dusty feet, and bringing him food, of which he seemed in need, he became gradually a little calmer. Rachel knew the tempest that raged in his soul, and prayed for strength and courage, and above all for the gentleness which can console, and disarm violence.

“Thou sayest that thou dost not hate me, Rachel; can I believe it?”

“No, Jabec, I do not hate thee, and every day I fervently ask for thee peace of soul and mind.”

“I must forget before I can have peace. How can I forget?”

“No, to forget is not possible; it is necessary to bend one's pride before GOD; He forgives man on repentance, and the forgiveness of GOD is peace.”

“I cannot repent; my heart is still full of anger. For two years I have wandered over the earth to try and tire out my soul, seeking to extinguish thought by wild dissipation and noisy pleasures. If my sin had prospered—who knows? perhaps then my heart would have been melted. But of what profit was my crime? Thou turnest pale; but not for my sake. What do my sufferings matter to thee? Thou must needs hate me.”

“Jabec, I have pitied, and never hated thee. I have always been to thee a faithful and submissive wife; I have concealed thy sorrows; never have the secrets revealed on thy couch passed my lips even in moments of bitterest anguish. What more could I do?”

“O Rachel, hadst thou loved me, I would have forgotten all.”

“I gave thee all the affection remaining in my broken heart.”

“Sweet angel, I know too well that it was impossible for thee to love such a one as I. Yet the thought drives me mad.”

“GOD will hear our prayers; He will have pity upon thee! Twice each day prayer to implore His mercy upon thee rises from the roof of this house; He will hear them at length. O Jabec, in spite of thy terrible passions, the germs of some virtues were in thy heart. They may still receive life, and grow. The SON of GOD came to die upon the Cross in order to redeem the world. He, innocence itself, bore our iniquities, took upon Himself the huge load of sorrow which our sins have brought upon every soul

of man, and His heart was moved with that profound compassion for us in which all our hope consists. He came upon earth to seek sinners, not only those whose heart was the most inclined towards Him. Do not abandon hope; our Saviour became the Man of Sorrows, and He has known what it is to suffer; He knows our poor nature from having taken it upon Himself; His pity is endless; let us call upon Him from the abyss of our wretchedness—He will comfort us.”

“Thou believest in the GOD of the Christians, Rachel; I believe neither in Him, nor in any of those set up against Him. If there is a GOD, He is not the merciful Being of Whom thou speakest; no, He is cruel, and takes pleasure in our pain; He has created a world in mockery; as we in our turn bring forth beings upon this earth without thinking of their fate, He leaves us to our misery, our savage instincts, as we leave our children to their troubles. We enter upon life in order to suffer, die, and return to nothing. If the Creator is good, why has He made us so miserable?”

“Dost thou not feel, Jabec, that a soul lives within thee?”

“No, I do not feel it.”

“Then whence comes it that a terrible thought ceaselessly troubles thy soul? What would the past matter to thee, if there were no future? It is in this future that all will become clear, that our tears will be turned into joy, and deceitful joys into unspeakable suffering. All will be set right, all will be explained, when we have passed from shadows into the light.”

Jabec did not reply, he became pale. After a long silence he said, “If I received the Christian faith, or any other faith, I must hate and repent of my whole past life, and I tell thee that if there is anything like repentance in my heart, it is nothing except regret that I have not been able to annihilate a memory which ever lives in thy remembrance. Oh, leave me, thy tears will destroy my reason, which too often seems to totter. Leave me, leave me, I will see thee again when I am more master of myself.”

Rachel left him, but it was to spend her time in supplication for the soul so entirely given over to passion. “Who,” she thought, “can be separated from GOD, and yet at peace?”

V.

On the morrow, at break of day, the household assembled on the roof for their usual devotions. The sound of chants alone awoke the silent echoes, and rose to Heaven with full strong harmony. The angels hearkened to them, and bore them before the throne of God. Jabec arrived towards the end of the morning hymn ; he listened to it leaning against the wall, and looking around. All breathed a sweet and calm repose. Zelpha, with closed eyes, conducted the choir ; her face, lit up by the first rays of the sun, was infinitely peaceful. Rachel appeared absorbed in prayer ; her shining eyes were raised to Heaven, and she seemed lost in sublime ecstasy ; her hands were clasped, and her lips gently moved. She was like some celestial vision.

"Perhaps she is praying for me," thought Jabec, and this brought some comfort to his heart. Then, looking at her more closely, he was astonished at the change which scarcely two years had wrought in her.

Her fair face had grown thin, and the outlines were sharper ; she was still exquisitely beautiful, but it was no longer the same beauty. She seemed to have lost all that belonged to earth, and to be clothed with the ethereal loveliness of another sphere. When the prayer was ended, and that she arose, he thought he perceived a certain languid feebleness in her movements. But she came to him, welcomed his return to his home, enquired whether the night's rest had refreshed him, and offered to accompany him into the plain, and show him all that had been done during his absence.

Peace and order had brought back prosperity, the fields were covered with a rich harvest, the second since the master's departure ; the meadows were being cut, and the odour of new mown herbs embalmed the air, the haymakers were tossing the hay to dry it in the sun, and gathering it into heaps, while others cast it with strong forks into great waggons drawn by camels, that it might be taken to the grange across the meadow lands. The scene was enlivened by joyous songs ; further on fair flocks of sheep and goats grazed beneath the willows, or lay down to chew the cud, wearied by the heat. As they returned up the hill, Obed

came to meet Jabec, and to give an account of all under his charge—the barns were full, oil and wine had been gathered in abundantly, and provision for the household had, as in the days of Phanuel, been laid up for two years. The good steward made his report timidly, for he saw that Jabec's brow was still overclouded ; but Rachel reassured him, saying, "I have told my lord all that we owe to thy devotion, my faithful servant. He approves all, and thanks thee through me."

On the morrow Reuben came with his young betrothed, Anastasia (they were both in their gala dress), to greet Jabec, and request his consent to their union. Rachel had promised them a wedding gift in the name of the absent master ; he gave it to them, with permission for their marriage within a few days, and seeing them depart full of gladness, and with beaming faces, his heart was oppressed.

"There is happiness for all upon earth," he muttered. "I am the only outcast."

A sigh from Rachel was her only answer.

"Yes, yes, Rachel, I understand, thou thinkest thyself more to be pitied than I am."

"No, Jabec, I think thou art the most to be pitied, for my heart has found its rest. We have both suffered much ; GOD has permitted it, let us submit."

"Rachel, Rachel, never wilt thou know how thou hast been loved."

"Jabec, the eagerness of passion is often mistaken for tenderness. Perhaps true affection spares trouble to the beloved. Oh, do not be angry, I do not wish to hurt thee, for I forgave thee from the first day, and since then I have always pitied thee. If, as I think, I must soon die, do not grieve too much, Jabec, and think only that I bear no ill-will towards thee."

"Die ! die in the morning of life ! Is it, then, my return which is killing thee ?"

"No, Jabec, I have for long been growing weaker. I feel that my life is wearing out faster than I had thought ; it is exhausted by interior conflicts, and I feel very ill ; but Jabec, if my troubles have been too great for my bodily strength, they

have not been too great for my soul. I am at peace. And even—yes, I can say it—I am happy.” Her pale but serene face was lit up by a heavenly smile.

“How canst thou be happy, Rachel, since thy whole life has been made desolate?”

“GOD has restored all to me that I had lost. Listen to me, Jabec. When I lost him who was my heart’s choice, I felt like the turtle-dove who has lost her mate, alone upon earth. But the GOD of love and infinite mercy became Himself the Friend, Consoler, and Refuge of my poor desolate heart, and He filled it with an unhopèd for peace. When my father was taken to his rest, my soul felt another fearful void. GOD became the Father of the poor orphan, and from that time I never repeated the divine prayer, ‘Our FATHER, which art in Heaven,’ without tears of tenderness, without feeling with profound gratitude that, though I knew not how, His Fatherly hand was ever over me. And when at length He took from me the angel whom He had lent to me as a son—oh then, my inmost soul was crushed, for every earthly sentiment was centred in the only child who was taken from me. I felt that infinite mother’s love, which was left without an object. One must pass through such sorrows in order to comprehend them.

“But I knew that the Cause of all love, the Source of all tenderness, Who contains all, Who fills all, had the promises, and possessed treasures of love which through all eternity would compensate for pain endured during this short life. O immense Beauty, Source of Love, Sovereign Goodness, infinite Mercy, how can we comprehend what Thou art without dying of joy and of happiness! Before I was born Thou didst call me by my name, and at length I can answer, ‘Behold, here I am.’”

“O Rachel, if I were capable of worship, thou wouldst make me long to know the GOD Who is able to comfort the most inconsolable sorrows of earth, and to change them into sublime joy.”

“Jabec, if thou wouldst know Him, thou must become lowly, and humble thy proud heart, for He only reveals Himself to those who abase themselves. Say with the prophet David, ‘I have sinned before Thee, O LORD, pardon me.’”

Rachel was sitting opposite to the setting sun, and the western rays falling on her worn features, showed her increasing paleness, although they shone with serene light.

“Thou hast returned in time, for I feel that I am dying. O Jabec, thou who art the father of an angel in Heaven, thou for whom I have prayed during my long sufferings, wilt thou refuse me the only consolation which thou canst give me? Wilt thou not say, ‘I have sinned, O LORD; GOD be merciful to me a sinner?’”

“Rachel, O Rachel, thy words stir within my soul. What is this new feeling? My heart melts within me, my eyes are open to a new light, the LORD is with thee, and I knew it not. Thou hast conquered, die in peace; for in dust and ashes I confess my sin. Let all come near,” he said to the servants and to the maidens, who had remained at a distance lest they should interrupt the interview.

“Listen to me,” he continued; “yes, I have sinned against Heaven and before men; may GOD forgive me—I have shed my brother’s blood.”

A thrill of horror ran through all present, and Obed could not refrain from saying, “Yes, yes, he had upon his brow the mark of Cain.”

But Rachel answered, “I depart, bearing with me to Heaven these words of repentance. They will bring joy even to the angels, and GOD will shed His grace upon the head bowed in penitence.”

She closed her eyes; only her lips, which moved in prayer, showed that she still lived. Death was visible in every feature.

Her servants, her maidens, Obed, Zelpha, all stood around their dying mistress; they recalled her virtues, her holy patience in sorrow, and her kindness to all.

Towards evening there arrived from Mount Carmel the hermit to whom Rachel had gone at the time of her child’s death. Worn out by the infirmities of age, he had long lived far from men, praying and fasting in solitude. On the preceding evening he dreamed that an angel appeared to him, and said to him: “Thou hast left all, but thy heart has been lifted up within thee

on account of thy austerities and thy loneliness. Go to Sibor ; there behold the death of a simple woman, whose heavenly crown is brighter than thine."

The old man had accordingly set out ; and when he arrived Rachel opened her eyes, and recognising the servant of GOD, she entreated his blessing in her last hour, and the Food of Immortality before her last journey.

Before he blessed her, and gave her the last Sacrament, he asked her some questions, and in that interview heard of the earthly sufferings she had endured, and perceived that she had borne all with humility and gentleness, praising and blessing GOD in her sorest anguish.

As he blessed her for eternity, he said to himself, " There is not one of us who has so fulfilled the end of his being as this simple woman."

After her death Jabec opened his whole soul to the old solitary. He concealed nothing ; and when he had laid Rachel by her infant's side, he distributed all he possessed amongst his servants, and followed the man of GOD to his retreat in the mountains, where he lived till old age, and died in penitence and peace. Doubtless there was joy in the presence of the angels of GOD, since his soul had been granted to the prayers and tears of his saintly wife. Nor did the memory of her heroic virtues soon pass away in the country where she had lived and died.

If the joys of Heaven are freely given to the repentant sinner, what ineffable bliss must be reserved for those to whose prayers he owes his repentance !

O joy above all joys ! It is thine now, O Rachel ; thy sufferings have not been in vain ; having sown in tears thou art reaping in joy—a blessed harvest of eternal bliss.

Hymn for Festivals of Confessors.

Words from ST. MARGARET'S HYMNAL.

Music by ERNEST CLAIR FORD.

Mighty men are clothed in red,
 Swelling the Conqueror's train ;
 Virgins, who have learnt new wars,
 Echo the conquering strain.
 "Hast Thou not one blessing more ?
 FATHER, O say not nay :
 Martyr's crown hangs all too high,
 Yet turn not us away.



“Life-blood of ours Thou wilt not—

Wilt Thou not then our life?

FATHER, shield us for Thine own,

Teach us a life-long strife.”

Then the LORD from Heaven heard

How His Confessors prayed :

Sent them down His blessed grace :

In weakness strength was made.

Not by fire, and not by sword,

Went they unto their rest ;

No sharp passion, short and strong,

Numbered them with the blest.

Exile long, and weary cares,

Fashioned their radiant crown ;

Oft so heavy was the Cross,

They well-nigh laid it down.

GOD be praised, ye bare it still,

Brave Saints, and true of heart :

Labouring, and fainting not,

Till time came to depart.

We toil on in this our life,

Lifting our gaze on high ;

Streams down the glory ye have won

For bright eternity.

Thus we turn to labour on,

To suffer, and not to die ;

Our GOD is the Confessors' GOD,

Be theirs our victory.

LORD, accept our praise with theirs,

Offered at Thy high throne ;

FATHER, and SON, and HOLY GHOST,

Thrice blessed Three in One.

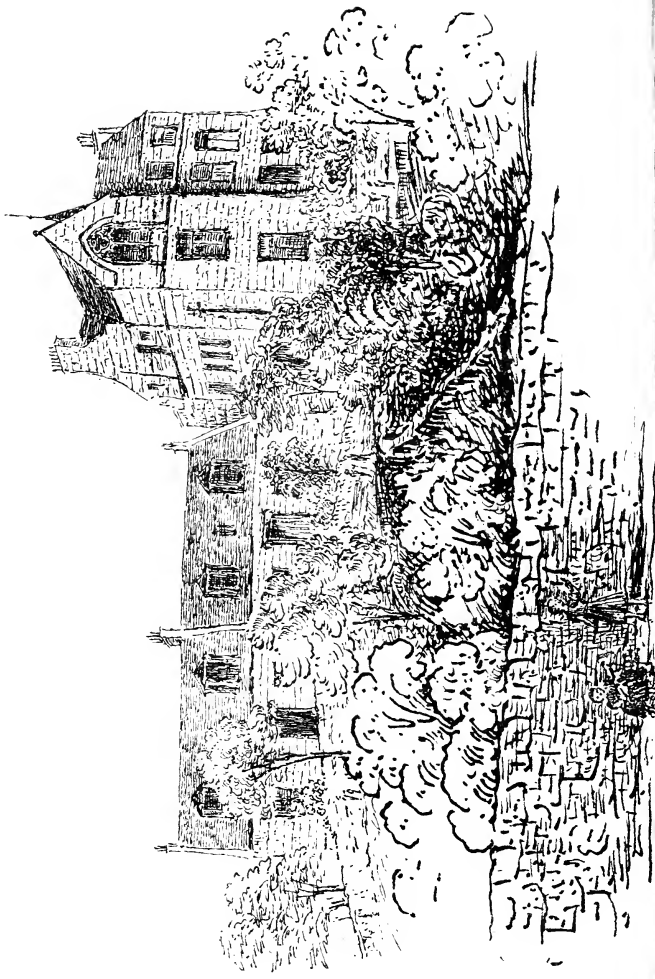
St. Margaret's of Scotland.

OUR "Pigs and Pilgrims" were so kindly welcomed two years ago by many friends far and near, that we venture to write a little more concerning them and others, gathered together under the patronage of the Sainted Queen of Caledonia, whose example is a strength and comfort to those who humbly try to follow her footsteps in their work among the sick, the sinful, and the ignorant.

St. Martha's Home for working girls is the work last begun. The need for it had been sorely felt for many years, but difficulties were so great, and means available so small, that not until 1887 was the way opened for the starting of a permanent Home. The varied experiences of those visiting in the courts and wynds of the Gallowgate led to the adoption of a basis different from that of other Homes already in existence. We cannot, however, in a magazine read by many who as yet know nothing of the dark side of life, touch more than lightly on the sad histories of those we most longed to help. We knew that many a one, who had lost the crowning gem of womanhood before knowing its priceless worth, had a dim, vague longing to live a better life for the sake of the child she had to toil for. We desired to bring them into the Church, and teach them that though too late to be planted as lilies in the garden of the LORD, yet there was room for them amongst those who, by life-long contrition and brave conflict with the evil within, would some day be numbered amongst those holy penitents who loved much, because much was forgiven them.

This made one long to gather them into a Home, filled with such an atmosphere of purity, love, and discipline that, aided by friendly counsel and gentle restraint, they would be encouraged to fight against old temptations, and escape from bad companions and evil surroundings. This has now been set on foot, and the inmates are also made to accept the cares and responsibilities of motherhood, as part of the burden brought on themselves, instead of getting rid of the poor infant as soon as possible by putting it out to be nursed by those who would keep it for a mere pittance, and let it pine away until the Angel of Death mercifully released it

St. Margaret's of Scotland & St. Martha's Home



from its misery, leaving the mother free-handed to pursue her careless life and sink deeper into the mire.

But our Home is intended not only for *Rescue*, but for *Preventive* Work also, and only those acquainted with the large manufacturing towns of Scotland know the utter need that exists for the training and protection of young girls, living independently in lodgings or crowded together at home, too often worse than motherless, growing up without any religious or moral training, knowing all that is evil, and yet so far mercifully preserved from degradation. These, too, are gathered in, and though outsiders, who do not understand the work, look grave, and think we make a mistake in mixing the two classes in the same Home, yet our experience is that often there is more purity of heart in those who have lost their good name than in those who in the eyes of the world have retained it. The two classes are kept separate at night; the mothers, having the charge of their infants, sleep in the nursery, under the supervision of the Matron (of course, only those cases are admitted whose *first* fall has been followed by repentance). The girls sleep on a separate floor, each having a cubicle to herself, with a Sister close at hand to enforce the dormitory rule of silence.

The House is built in the garden ground of the Sisters' Home, and visitors say nothing can be more charming than the large airy rooms, the fine windows, and the view from them of the sea, especially beautiful in the winter, when the waves come dashing over the pier in the distance. Once a week the girls are at liberty to invite their female friends, and the evening is spent in dancing and singing; those who do not join in these amusements form little groups over their knitting or fancy work. All are happy, and quite at their ease. Our difficulties are many, our failures not a few; but in spite of this, working on in the power of the unconquerable hope that never faints, we see much to be thankful for.

One who came in the early days brought her baby, a few months old, which she had put out in the country to be nursed soon after its birth, and, on visiting it, found nigh to death. She pleaded for admission, that she might tend the little one as long as life lasted. She did so, and when its sufferings ceased, it was

wonderful to see that wild, ungovernable woman, who had never known self-restraint, kneeling motionless for hours, by the side of that little coffin, in silent prayer for GOD'S help to enable her to live only for Him. After many battles, many reckless impulses to throw everything up, she so far persevered as to be prepared for Confirmation and admitted to Communion, and is now living at home, a steady, useful member of society.

Another, who was orphaned and friendless, came to us in her time of need, and she remained over two years, until one who had known and loved her from childhood came from America and took her back with him. Great was the excitement amongst the girls at the announcement that the bride would go to Church from the Home, and be given away by the Sister-in-Charge. An invitation had been given to the bride and bridegroom to come up for an hour to receive the congratulations of the girls, and great was the fun when, in the course of the evening, cab after cab came driving up, and the whole of the wedding party arrived. The room filled, and still they came, till at last the Sisters wondered when the stream of visitors would cease. Willing hands soon came to the rescue, and tea was provided, and speeches made to their hearts' content. But there was still something wanted to complete the happiness of the evening. At last, after much whispering, one was found bold enough to ask whether they might have one dance. Permission being granted, the room was soon cleared, and reels and country dances were executed with much vigour and such evident pleasure that the Sisters were consoled with by several old ladies of the party at not being able to take a turn with them. At last someone discovered that the cabs were in waiting, and with much clapping, hand-shaking, and hearty cheers, the party dispersed right happily. Two or three days after the young couple bade farewell to bonnie Aberdeen, and now and again we have good news of them in their distant home, where they are very happy and fairly prosperous.

At present there are twenty inmates. Three are being trained for service ; the others work in different mills, and pay five shillings a week for board and lodging : the rest of their wages they keep for clothes. The rules are simple, and as much freedom is allowed

as the girls can use properly. Classes are held for their religious instruction, and during the present year four have been confirmed and three adults baptized—one of these has already been confirmed; the others are preparing, with two others, for Confirmation at Christmas. One has emigrated to Queensland, and is in service there; another has joined her sisters in the United States, and made her home with them.

We must not forget that our friends like to hear of the children, and what is done for their recreation as well as for their spiritual advancement. The great feature of the year, apart from the Christmas treats, is the pic-nic in the summer. We need scarcely say how eagerly this is anticipated by the children weeks beforehand. The parents are busy saving up for new pinafores for the little ones. The boys are having perpetual committee meetings about the football arrangements, and many are the consultations with their Sister on the possibility of getting blue serge knickerbockers to match their striped-blue jerseys, with "Heatherbell" worked in silk across the breast. Money there is none, and the Sisters, not being clever at tailoring, feel rather helpless in this emergency. However, this year aid came from an unexpected quarter. A kindly woman, who had come from the North on a visit to one of our people, volunteered to shape them, and old bathing-gowns and every other left-off garment of the right colour were eagerly seized. The Sisters, with this friend in need, set to work, much to the satisfaction of the boys. Every evening the windows were darkened with anxious faces peering in to see how things were progressing. The class-room was converted into a dressing-room, and as each boy came out with a "splendid fit," the whole of them danced and cheered with delight.

At last the day arrived. Long before the hour fixed, groups of children were to be seen sitting about the grass in front of the Home, with faces full of sunshine and gladness. Then came the pinning on of the Pilgrims' badges, the marching in procession, headed by the pretty banners of the Christian Pilgrim Guild, down to St. Margaret's Church in the Gallowgate, where the other schools belonging to St. Margaret's and St. Clement's Missions are already assembled. It is a cheering sight to see the Church filled to over-

flowing with happy boys and girls, joining in a bright service of praise before starting off on their expedition. The numerous banners, too, give it a very festive appearance. Then comes one of the most important features of the day, the march down to the station. No slight task to convey them safely through the crowded streets, but with two of our friendly policemen as pioneers, and the band of the Juvenile Oddfellows in scarlet uniform (engaged by the kindness of a friend) heading the long procession, we start. The whole population of the Gallowgate is waiting, as we emerge through the narrow, covered entry from the Church, to welcome us; mothers dart in and out as they recognize their children, proud of their looking so clean and fresh. Everyone has a kind word in passing, and so we progress, stopping the traffic through the principal streets; but no one minds, for are not all hearts glad to see the joyous faces of these poor little children, who only once a year have a chance of running about in the green fields and seeing what the country is like? The railway journey, too, is a great pleasure, but less than an hour brings us to the field kindly lent us year after year, and then with wild hurrahs the children scamper about everywhere, rolling on the grass and showing their delight in every conceivable way. Very soon the flags are placed where each division is to sit at meals, and at the first sound of the bell all rapidly gather round their own banners. Grace is sung, and the buns and milk are quickly disposed of. Then the real business of the day begins; the football and cricket teams are away to their own ground. Dancing, and games, and a splendid swing occupy the girls until the afternoon, when scrambles for sweeties and prizes for the best runners are the favourite amusements.

At last a shouting and clapping announces the arrival of big barrels of tea, smoking hot, from Aberdeen, and piles of bags containing a goodly supply of cakes. The children assemble as before, and a bag is handed to each, securing the same supply to all, and allowing any to reserve what they like to take home without the possibility of unfairness. After this it is time to form into marching order again, and after a grand march round the field, and three ringing cheers for the generous friend who lent it and

had done so much to promote the success of the day, we get back to the station ; and, after another noisy, happy railway journey, Clergy and Sisters are only too thankful to see the children disperse quietly to their homes, congratulating each other on the happy day, which has not been marred by any wilfulness or bad behaviour.

You remember the account we gave two years ago of our Pilgrims. Through the kindness of some friends in Hong Kong, the Pilgrim Mission has been steadily carried on, and a weekly service, conducted by a lay reader, is well attended. The children are as quaint as ever, and diligently bring their scraps daily to feed the pigs, which are a source of revenue to the Sisters, and the sale of which has enabled them to build new rooms in the Home. Two of our little Pilgrims have found their way Home this year, both of whom have left a bright example of patience under suffering, and simple, loving faith in JESUS. The youngest one was a dear little fellow, who came to Sunday School hopping on crutches as long as he had strength to do so, but the last two years he was unable to rise from his bed ; he never forgot the hymns and teaching he had gained, and often, in his pathetic, weary little voice, spoke of the sufferings of the LORD JESUS and his longing to be away with Him in Heaven. Month after month he lingered, wasted and worn, often unable for days together to do more than smile when his favourite Sister ran in to wile away the time, his widowed mother being out at work from early morning till late at night, and only an elder brother, nearly blind, left at home to minister to his needs. At length one afternoon, on entering the room, the Sister saw the end was near, for soon after smiling his welcome to her a change passed over his face. She sent for his mother at once. Whilst waiting her arrival, the poor brother, fearing he knew not what, yet anxious as ever to amuse and cheer, sat down on the bed and began whistling a popular tune, beating time with his feet ; it had never failed to rouse his little pet brother before, but now there was no response. Presently a look of wonder and brightness came into the little dying face. Doubtless the angels were whispering to him of the Beautiful Land they had come to guide him to, waiting only for his mother to have

the sad comfort of seeing him pass away. He Who in His tender pity comforted the widow of Nain, without doubt guided the Sister's steps to the house that day, or else the little one would have departed without his mother's tender ministries, and her heart would have ached sorely and long that poverty had obliged her to leave her dying child in order to earn bread enough to keep the family from starving.

And so we go on, sowing beside all waters, little knowing how much grain will ripen and be gathered safely into the Master's Garner—doing the little we can to comfort and help others, content if only we may be acknowledged as faithful servants in that Great Day when He maketh up His sheaves.

[We append a sketch of some of our friendly "Pigs," as they call themselves, who toil untiringly up the brae to fill our pig-troughs with all the odd collections of food they can beg from their mothers and neighbours.]

ST. MARTHA'S HOME FOR YOUNG WOMEN.

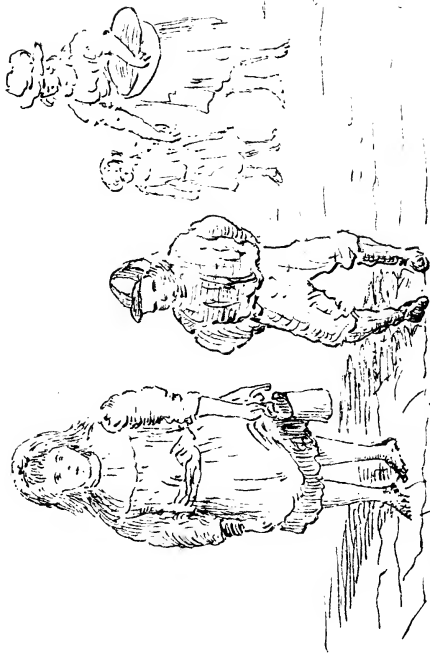
OPENING CEREMONY.

Abridged from the "Daily Free Press" (a Presbyterian paper), May 23rd, 1887.

ON Saturday afternoon the Bishop of Aberdeen and Orkney formally opened St. Martha's Home, Bay View, Spital, in presence of a large gathering of people. The Home will be under the management of the Sisters of St. Margaret of Scotland. This Sisterhood was introduced into Aberdeen by request of Rev. John Comper, then Incumbent of St. John's, and now Incumbent of St. Margaret's, in June, 1864. The works now in connection with the Sisterhood are—the nursing of sick in their homes, the relief of sickness and distress in the homes of the poor, the parish day and Sunday schools, and various night schools, classes, &c.

In 1884 a Home for factory girls was opened by the Sisters in a house in Jute Street. All the accommodation then provided was soon occupied, and with a view to extending operations which had proved so successful, it was resolved to build the new Home. It is intended for the accommodation and training young workwomen who have no homes of their own to reside in. They pay a certain sum weekly for the privilege of living in the Home and taking their meals there. They are at liberty to follow their various employments, and enjoy the advantages of a home, the Sisters of St. Margaret taking due charge of them.

Prior to the opening ceremony a short service was held in the private



"Christian Pigs"
St. Aberdeen

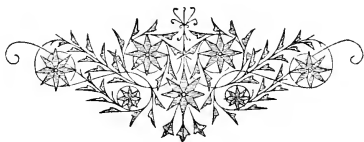
chapel at St. Margaret's Home. The Bishop, Clergy, Sisters, and visitors then formed in procession, and marched slowly into the new Home, singing the hymn "We march, we march to victory." The various rooms were entered, and dedicated by Bishop Douglas. At the close, a service was held in the common room, the chapel of the Home being too small for the occasion, and the Bishop presented a handsome Bible to the first girl who had been admitted to the old Home in Jute Street.

Bishop Douglas then said—"Brethren, Mother, and Sisters, I do most heartily rejoice with you in this work on which your hearts have been set now so earnestly for a long time. This day you see the accomplishment of that for which you have so earnestly been praying, and so zealously working. I congratulate you with all my heart, and most earnestly shall I, as long as I live, pray that GOD'S blessing may rest upon this work of yours, that you may have great happiness in this work, and that it may be a continued source of never-failing joy to you, as you see what a comfort and blessing and what a help and support it is to our poorer sisters in this place. This is a Home, my Lord Provost, provided for girls. Your lordship must be aware that there are very many who come into the city from the country, seeking work and employment, and who are often unable to obtain it; and necessarily, for lack of means, seeking lodgings wherever they can find them in the cheapest possible localities; and the result is, as none know better than the Sisters, who work and labour among the poor, most disastrous very often.

"Now the Sisters, headed by their Mother, have, under GOD'S blessing, been enabled to provide for all those who not only respect themselves, but are determined that others shall respect them, a bright, a happy, a comfortable, a cheerful, and a holy home. I verily believe that this work will not be merely a benefit to the limited numbers they are able to accommodate here, but to the whole town of Aberdeen, by raising the standard of life among the factory girls in this town; and if this, by GOD'S blessing, is the result, then I am quite sure that those who have laboured for it and prayed for it will have abundant reason to thank GOD for the blessing that He has bestowed upon their endeavours; and that it will be a work, not merely of the present generation, but one which will be a blessing to those not yet born. I rejoice in the presence here to-day of the Lord Provost, because in his presence I think we may recognize that the town of Aberdeen, represented by him, does rejoice with us to-day in this good work. We are most thankful to see you here, my Lord, and we earnestly pray that what we have done to-day may be a blessing to that portion of our fellow-citizens who require special protection and special care—the fatherless, the helpless, and the homeless, and the friendless girls. In helping to afford a home for these, we believe that we are rendering a very real and a very effectual assistance to the whole town of Aberdeen."

Lord Provost Henderson—"If I may be allowed to say a word in the name of the large company of ladies and gentlemen who have been invited here by the Mother and Sisters who are carrying on this Home, I am sure they will all join me in most heartily thanking the Mother and Sisters for their great kindness, along with yourself, my Lord Bishop, in asking us to be present at such an interesting ceremony as has been witnessed by us this afternoon. But further, I am quite satisfied that this Home will be a very great benefit to the inhabitants of Aberdeen. As an office-bearer of another Church, I know quite well that there are many girls of the class that will be received here who will thankfully come to this Home to be sheltered, and to be cared for both spiritually and temporally. I believe it will be of very great use indeed to many of the younger members of our sisterhood in the city of Aberdeen, who have no good homes to go to—perhaps very often unhappy homes of their own, if they belong to the city—and especially to those girls who come from the country, who will thankfully come here to find shelter and care. I do wish most heartily that you will find that this Home will be a source of blessing to those young people who will come here for shelter."

Tea was then served, and the proceedings terminated shortly afterwards.



Summer Breezes from America.

(A Contribution from St. Margaret's, Boston.)

It has been said that some account of our Summer Homes would be acceptable to our friends across the Atlantic, and though it may seem rather out of place at this season of the year, yet there is a certain pleasure in the midst of snow and ice and wintry winds to look back and recall the warm, balmy days and the lovely sea-breezes of the summer, and, with the mercury 20° or even 40° below zero, to fancy ourselves again sitting on the beach or under the shade of leafy trees.

Our oldest summer resort is the Convalescent Home at Wellesley for the children from the Children's Hospital at Boston. Besides those who are sent from the Hospital itself, there are always a certain number who come from the out-patient department, and also old patients who have left the Hospital improved in condition, if not cured. The house holds twenty children, and is a frame (Anglicé, wooden) house, with one dormitory below for the boys and one upstairs for the girls. They have also a barn in which they can play in wet weather, and where they also have their meals, but most of their time is spent under the shade of the trees. Of course, the greater part of them being crippled in some way, they cannot walk much, but those who are sufficiently well, even if they have crutches and splints, enjoy a walk to the woods, which are very near. There they gather any flowers they may find—lovely white spikes of clethra, and the aromatic winter green, or checkerberry, and anything else which can be called a flower. Sometimes the children have a drive in a long conveyance called in America "a barge," and sometimes two or three, with the Sister-in-Charge as charioteer, go in a smaller carriage, or "carry-all." The children come down with every variety of splint—Bradford frame, Cabot frame, and all the appliances skill and ingenuity can devise to make crooked legs and club feet straight, and to strengthen weak spines. You can almost see the improvement in some of the children from day to day, and they go back

to Boston with an increase of health and strength ; but, of course, there is little alleviation to the sufferings of some, though even these can find pleasure in the sweet, fresh air and the green grass.

Then next in order is the Sea Shore Home, and this is altogether a different work, and by no means so peaceful as the Children's Convalescent Home. Here there are babies of all ages—babies in arms, babies in long clothes, babies in short clothes, babies in rags ; children, too, of all ages—from the “run-about,” who can scarcely be considered more than babies, to children of eight and nine ; for if the baby is sick the mother must come with it, and if she comes she cannot leave the older children behind, so the end of it is, the whole family except the father (and he spends his Sunday there) comes down to the Sea Shore Home.

On certain days in the week they go down to the beach. A “barge” again is chartered for the occasion, and then mothers and children, if they are so inclined, disport themselves in the briny ocean. There are bathing houses belonging to the Home for their use, and bathing dresses, consisting often of a cotton dress or petticoat, or anything that can be found ; but they laugh, and splash, and make noise enough to show that they are thoroughly enjoying themselves. The babies are daily weighed, and their food is prepared according to the most approved methods. A bell rings, and they are all presented in a certain place, where the medicines ordered by the doctor are duly administered. Some of the children come down in a pitiable condition, in the last stage of cholera infantum—a terrible scourge during the hot summer months in Boston and the other large cities of America. Many of the children are those of German Jews, and the mortality seems greatest among these ; but there are children of various nations—Italians, Germans, Swedes, English, Americans, and a large proportion of the Irish who are found especially in the slums of Boston.

I have described the work as it is now, but it has gone through many changes. The first summer it was started in a place of fashionable resort near Boston, and was indicted as a nuisance. The next year it was “located” in a summer hotel at the historic region of Plymouth. This was some distance from the railway,

and necessitated the keeping of a horse and carriage to convey the mothers and their babies backwards and forwards, and however pleasant this might be on a fine day, it had its disadvantages in a storm, and it can storm in America with a will! So the next year the Home was moved again to a place which again was not very successful; and finally it settled down in its present situation at Winthrop. This was formerly a lovely secluded village on the shore of Massachusetts, with a real open sea between Boston Light on the right and the rocky promontory of Nahant on the left. Here our Home has gone on increasing in size, and, we hope, in usefulness, saving the life of many a drooping infant, and giving much enjoyment to the older children who, either with or without their mothers, find their way there during the summer. Four or five Sisters take charge of this work, and their hands are always full.

The work third on our list is different again, for here we only take children—ten boys and ten girls—for ten days or two weeks at a time. The Home, now situated on Humarock Beach, was built and endowed by a gentleman in memory of his wife, and though small, it is very convenient and well suited for the purpose. It stands, as so many houses in America do stand, with no fence, or paling, or enclosure of any kind around it—sand is everywhere.

At one time the coals were deposited behind the house on the sand, and very soon they were hidden beneath a heap of sand! On one side of the house is a river—of course, tidal—and on the other, two or three hundred yards off, is the sea. There is a splendid sandy beach eight miles long, ending on the left in the cruel, dangerous rocks near Scituate, where many a vessel with its poor sailors has been lost,—or rescued by the bravery of the men belonging to the Life-saving Station situated there. At the right the beach ends in swamps, which unite it with Plymouth,—the poetic description of “Breaking waves dashing high, on a stern and rock-bound coast,” being about as inapplicable to Plymouth as can well be. The bathing on Humarock Beach is beautiful, though there is a strong under-tow. No accident had taken place there till this year, when a young man, before leaving by the mid-day train, ventured out for a last swim, against the

entreaties of his friends, and the young lady to whom he was engaged ; he was drawn under by the strong current in their very sight, and they were unable to give any help. For some days his body was not recovered. Usually, however, the bathing is very calm and the sand smooth, so that the children go in fearlessly and enjoy themselves to their hearts' content. Besides the attraction of the beach there are lovely country walks, and plenty of berries to be had for the picking ; there is the river to paddle in, and sometimes to row upon, so the children have a very enjoyable time. Two Sisters take charge of this, with an occasional visitor and helper.

Then again, we have Lowell Island, or Children's Island, as they try to have it called, but it is hard to get rid of old names, and "Lowell Island" expresses its purpose perhaps as much as "Children's Island," for it is frequented by grown-up people as well as by children. It is a *bonâ fide island*, about half a mile long in the habitable part, and ending in jagged rocks, against which the waves dash in a storm, and where a beacon light is stationed to warn off vessels. The Island lies just outside Salem and Marblehead Harbour. It is reached only by boat. On a fine smooth day you can be rowed over in about twenty minutes, and a sail-boat will take you in even less ; but when the sea is rough, as it is after a New England storm, and the boat has to tack, it takes even two hours to cross. An old woman returning to Marblehead on such an occasion, expostulated, and said she wanted to go back to land, and not out to sea. She could not understand that "the longest way round was the shortest way home." When sometimes there is no wind, the sails hang, and boat rocks, "as idle as a painted ship upon a painted ocean." Then they have to use the oars, and a sad spectacle is presented when the boat arrives, full of sea-sick, wearied passengers ; but they soon brace up, and, once on land, forget all the perils of the sea, and the children are always delighted to go for a sail. Most of these children are convalescents of one kind or other, with or without splints or braces ; but, splints or no splints, they scramble over the rocks, and fish, and broil the fish then and there as energetically as if they were quite well. Sometimes they have a tea-party, and dress themselves up in all the old-fashioned fanciful

things they (or Sister Thecla, the grand mover on such occasions) can invent, and march about with drums and flags, crutches and splints—a grotesque sight it is—and then wind up with the tea in a large building, which was once a refreshment saloon on the Island, but is now given over to the children on wet days in summer. Here the tables are arranged, and all the flowers that can be begged in Marblehead are used to decorate them. The children are changed every two weeks, so that there are about two hundred there during the summer. Besides the children, there are also boarders, young women needing a rest, who cannot afford the high prices asked at most sea-side places. Of these there are sometimes fifty or more at a time. They bathe, and sit on the rocks. There are two large parlours, in one of which is an old piano, and here in the evening they dance, or play and sing, and amuse themselves immensely. The house was built and used for a summer hotel for many years, but one dry season the water gave out, and the expense of fetching it from the land ruined the poor proprietor; so it was abandoned as a hotel, and the owner kindly gave it for the purposes to which it is now adapted. It is a lovely spot; standing on the middle of the island, you might fancy yourself on the deck of some large steamer, without the smoke and the smell, and without the unpleasant sensation appertaining to crossing the ocean. All around is the sea, dotted on a fine day with white sails of the various fishing boats and yachts which crowd the Marblehead Harbour in the summer. Seaward, you see Baker Island, with its twin lights, off Gloucester Harbour. In the distance is another light revolving in the gloom, and round from Beverly to Marblehead the coast-line is indicated by brilliant electric lights. But this, of course, is at night, and we are speaking of the day, when the water is alive with vessels of all kinds. But at the slightest indication of a storm they all fly homeward, for a Marblehead boatman is by no means a reckless mariner, and the waters are bare and deserted save by the little angry white caps of the waves, precursors of the coming storm. The various rocks standing out of the sea and threatening vessels making for the Marblehead Harbour, are quaintly named “Smutty Nose,” “Satan,” “Cat Island.”

The one thing which the island lacks is trees. There is only one tree upon it, and from its appearance it does not encourage others in trying to grow. It is a poplar, bare and stunted, and altogether unfortunate.

Tenallytown is about five miles from Washington, and has been in our charge now for two summers. It is essentially a country Home. There is no sea within reach—only a small brook at the back of the house, which contributes a large share of the children's amusement. Boys and girls come in batches, and remain for two weeks. It was begun, before we undertook the charge, in a very dilapidated wooden house standing on a lovely hill, commanding a view of Washington with its beautiful capitol; but this year a more suitable house has been built by the exertions of the young ladies who collect the funds, and the children enjoy the pure air of the country after the heat of Washington, though this city is not built up so closely as Boston and New York, or the cities in the old world.

No more than a passing reference to a work which we had this year at Cape May, a favourite sea-side resort on the coast of New Jersey. In its purpose it was the same as the Home on Humarock Beach, only for children from Philadelphia instead of Boston, and except that the mosquitoes are larger and more numerous and that the surf is higher, there is not much difference. The sea is the same wherever it is to be seen—the same, and yet so different “The sea is His, and He made it, and His Hands prepared the dry land,” and so all His works have a likeness, and yet show differences, which prevent any sameness or monotony. Each of our Summer Homes has its different aspect and characteristics, but we hope all are carried on as far as possible to His glory, and, at least, the temporal good of His children.



Selections from "A Mirror of Faith."

LAYS AND LEGENDS OF THE CHURCH IN ENGLAND.

BY THE REV. J. M. NEALE.

[This little book, published by Burns in 1843, has long been out of print, and we gladly take this opportunity of reproducing the greater portion of its contents.]

KING EDWIN'S WITENAGEMOT.

King Edwin sat among his thanes ;
 and council sage held they,
 If they should cast to bats and owls
 their fathers' gods away :
 Strangers had gone throughout the land,
 in hovel and in hall
 Preaching one faith in GOD on high,
 the Father of us all :
 The King, by Wessex men assailed,
 to GOD had vowed a vow,
 If now his enemies should fail,—
 if he should vanquish now,
 And so return, in wealth and peace,
 to rule Northumbria's state,
 By water at the Holy Font
 to be illuminate.

Up riseth Saint Paulinus first ;
 "ye know how, day by day,
 With tears I have besought this land
 to ponder what I say ;
 How I have preached of One Great GOD,
 by all to be adored ;
 And of one Saviour, JESUS CHRIST,
 His only SON our LORD :
 And that He came with humbleness
 His blood for us to shed ;

But He shall come with majesty,
 to judge the quick and dead ;
 And of the HOLY GHOST on high,
 and of the last great Doom ;
 The Resurrection of the Dead,
 and of the Life to come."

Then out and spake old Coiffi,—
 Thor's priest renowned was he :
 " Long at the altars of our gods
 I've bowed my aged knee ;
 I never missed our fathers' rites ;
 I worshipp'd every day,
 When others came inconstantly,
 or turned with scorn away ;
 Yet these be they that thrive in power,
 and grow in riches still,
 While I, for all my services,
 have met with grief and ill ;
 Wherefore, my sentence, lords and thanes
 adviseth to forsake
 The gods that of their worshippers
 so ill observance make."

Then out and spake an ancient thane,
 sat at the king's right hand :
 " Full oft, O King, in winter night,
 when frost is o'er the land,
 And in thy hall, around the fire,
 we sit and make good cheer,
 A small bird seeks the light and heat,
 a moment tarrying here ;
 Out of the darkness it escapes,
 and into darkness darts ;
 But whence it cometh none can tell,
 nor whither it departs :
 So in the brightness of this life
 hath man a little share,

Coming—our wise men say not whence, —
to go—they know not where.

“Wherefore, if aught these strangers preach
can chase the doubt and fear
That hangeth o'er the future life,
in GOD'S Name, let us hear !”
Then up rose good Paulinus,
and blessing Him above
That gave them ears to hear that day,
he spake the words of love :
Of temperance, of righteousness,
and of the Crown on high,
That shall be won by actions done
in this life virtuously ;
And how the wicked, after death,
have heritage in hell,
In chains, and fire, and darkness, there
eternally to dwell.

Then out and spake old Coiffi,—
“a horse and arms !” he cried :
(Priest that before that day had touched
or horse or arms had died) :
He rideth forth, he turneth north ;
the crowd press on with speed ;
At Thor's old shrine, Godmundingham,
he reined his foaming steed :
Forthwith, with mighty force, he hurls
his javelin in the wall :
The crowd, aghast, stand back to see
the god's great vengeance fall.
“Down with the walls,” at length they cry,
“reared first for power and pelf,
Down with the temple of the god
that cannot help himself !”
They gave their idols to the wind ;
their vengeance they despised :

The Bretwald * of Northumbria
 believed and was baptized ;
 The priests were at the river-side
 from morning on till eve,
 Into the Ark of Holy Church
 fresh converts to receive ;
 And churches rose in hill and vale,
 and matin strains were sung,
 And woods, and caves, and desert moors,
 with hermits' vespers rung :
 And good Paulinus sat, renown'd
 for fasting and for prayer,
 First of a line of Blessed Saints,
 in York's Cathedral Chair. †

THE PILGRIMAGE OF ST. ETHELDREDA.

Her pilgrimage is rough and long,
 She lays her down to sleep :
 But angel guards, a bright-winged throng,
 Their vigils o'er her keep :
 Her pilgrim's scrip is near her spread ;
 Her oaken staff is at her head :
 Yet guards of such immortal sheen,
 Had never king nor prince, I ween.

Perchance she dreameth of the time,
 Her father filled the throne ;
 And she had beauty's pride and prime,
 And royalty her own :
 Those happy hours are passed away ;
 Her step is weak, her hair is grey ;
 An exile now, her life at stake,
 And all for Holy Church's sake.

* Bretwalda, that is, *Wielder of Britain*,—a title of honour given to certain of the most powerful Saxon princes.

† For King Edwin's seat was at York; and the Church in Britain, as elsewhere, generally followed in her divisions and territorial distinctions those of the State.

There is no leaf to shade her head,
 No breeze to fan the heat ;
 The fiercest rays that noon can shed,
 Upon the pilgrim beat :
 At once the staff in earth takes root ;
 Rises the sap, the branches shoot :
 And breezes, as they dance that way,
 Amidst a giant chestnut play.

Scorn ye the tale our fathers told ?
 Believe its moral still ;
 GOD never left His Saints of old,
 And us He never will !
 Is there a creature that we feel
 Can less than other work our weal ?
 The barren staff becomes a tree,*
 And blossometh abundantly.

THE BATTLE OF ESSENDUNE.

“ Go, call the priests, and bid the thanes,
 and let the Mass be said ;
 And then we meet the Paynim Danes,”
 quoth good King Ethelred.
 “ I see their Raven on the hill ;
 I know his fury well ;
 Needeth the more we put our trust
 in Him That harrowed hell.”
 Then out and spake young Alfred ;
 “ My liege, this scarce may be ;
 Our troops must out with battle shout,
 and that right instantly.”
 Made answer good King Ethelred ;
 “ To GOD I look for aid ;

* This is a favourite subject of representation in stained glass. The most perfect legend of Saint Etheldreda in this material with which I am acquainted, occurs in Eaton Socon Church, Bedfordshire.

He shield a Christian king should fight,
before his host have prayed !”

The Priests are at the Altar now,
the king and nobles kneel ;
The Sacrifice is offered up
for soul and body's weal ;
And nearer now, and nearer still
the Danish trumpets bray ;
Northumbrian wolves came never on
as they came on that day.

Four bow-shots are they from the host,
the Saxon is aware ;
Yet not a knee in England's ranks
but bendeth yet in prayer :
The five stout Jarls look'd each on each,
and one to other spake ;
“ By Woden, but these Christian fools
an easy prey will make !”

Young Alfred holds no longer ;
“ Let priests and women pray ;
But out to battle, lords and thanes,
or else we lose the day !”
Half with Prince Alfred grasp their arms,
and battle on the plain,
And half with godly Ethelred
at holy Mass remain.

Prince Alfred's men are on the hill ;
their shields are o'er their head ;
The Raven flies triumphant 'midst
the dying and the dead :
Frean and the Sidrocs thunder here,
there Harold's bloody crew ;
And for each man the Northmen miss,
the Saxon loseth two !

The Mass is said, the King is up :
 " Now, worthy liegemen, shew
 That they who go from prayer to fight
 can fear no mortal foe !"
 And on with sword and battle-axe
 the Wessex column roll'd :
 Both thane, and ceorl, and earldorman,*
 and heretoch and hold.

Then waxed the combat fierce and sharp ;
 yet ere the sun went down,
 The Raven spread his wings for flight
 as far as Reading town :
 And on the morrow, when they came
 the foemen's dead to count,
 Five mighty Jarls and one great King
 were writ in that amount.

In English song the king live long,
 that won a field by prayer ;
 The bloody day of Essendune
 long live recorded there !
 Short life was godly Ethelred's ;
 short life, but long renown :
 And for the Royal Diadem
 he hath the Martyr's Crown !

THE MARTYRDOM OF ST. ELPHEGE.

Paynim strains are swelling high
 'Midst the Danish revelry :
 Paynim flames are spreading wide
 Round the Minster's holy side ;
 High they eddy, fierce they pour
 In at window, roof, and door ;

* Ceorl, retained in our own language, under the form *churl*. *Heretoch* and *hold* were the names of officers in the Anglo-Saxon armies. Their functions are not accurately known.

Scarce escaped the Danish steel,
 Suppliants at the Altar kneel ;
 " Out ! the foe's revenge to court :
 Death is bitter, be it short ! "

Ready for the Faith to die,
 Holy Elphege standeth nigh ;
 For himself he knows no fear,
 For his flock he sheds a tear ;
 As he sees them sally out,
 As he hears the Danish shout ;
 Each commending, as they fall,
 To the GOD and LORD of all :
 Looking past the death-stain'd brands
 To a House not made with hands.

Wearily the seasons glide ;
 Draweth nigh the Easter tide :
 How, a prisoner, may he share
 Holy Church's praise and prayer ?
 In his dungeon can he be
 Fellow with the glad and free ?
 Yea, his mighty LORD ordain'd,
 As He suffer'd ere He reigned,
 So His servant now should rise,
 By his passion, to the skies.

Still he teaches, still he prays, *
 Still he leads to wisdom's ways ;
 Prelate with his latest breath ;
 God's True Martyr in his death : †
 Choose the noblest stage ye may,
 Deck the scene ! proclaim the day !

* It is said that the period of his captivity was passed by St. Elphege in labouring for the conversion of his captors.

† True Martyr. " Ye see," said St. Thomas of Canterbury, as he went to his passion, " ye see the shrine of the Prelate and truly Martyr, Elphege ; and in short space shall another Archbishop have attained unto the self-same crown."

As the stony shower ye pour *
 On the more than conqueror,
 Angels stand to bear him straight
 Home to Heav'n's eternal gate!

THE BATTLE OF HASTINGS.

“ O go not forth, my liege, to-day !
 let Leofwin lead the van, †
 For God is just, Lord Harold,
 to judge the perjured man :
 Think on the relics of the Saints ‡
 o'er whom thy oath was sworn :
 And dread their vengeance, if thyself
 conduct the host at morn ! ”

King Harold laughs the rede to scorn :
 “ And by my fay,” quoth he,
 “ The Bastard would deserve a land
 from whence the king could flee !
 Norweyan Jarls, at Stamford Bridge, §
 another welcome found,
 When, for the realm they came to win,
 they found six feet of ground.”

In dance, and feast, and revelry,
 the Saxons pass the night ;

* St. Elphege was stoned at Greenwich, on the spot where the old parish church, dedicated in his honour, now stands. Archbishop Lanfranc, who, notwithstanding his piety, was probably not free from Norman prejudices, had some scruples as to allowing the title of Martyr to St. Elphege. He was at length convinced of its justness by St. Anselm.

† Leofwin and Gurth were the brothers of Harold. They requested him to allow them to lead the army, since the guilt of perjury could not attach to them. They were both slain in the battle.

‡ William of Normandy is said to have made Harold swear fealty to him over a chest, of the contents of which the latter was ignorant. They proved to be the relics of the most famous saints, collected from the various churches of his duchy.

§ The battle of Stamford Bridge was fought fifteen days before that of Hastings. The Norwegians received in it a signal defeat.

The Normans cry to GOD on High
to aid them in the fight :
And either host, on chosen post,
was set in meet array,
All as it drew to hour of tierce,
on Saint Calixtus' day. *

Burgundian archers hold the van,
then Anjou's heavy mail,
And last the Norman men-at-arms,
when archery shall fail :
In Tristan's hands the banner stands,
all blessed beyond the seas :
Shine in the front of battle brunt
Saint Peter's golden keys.

The Saxons spread an iron line
before their crescent wood ;
Then rose the war-cries, " GOD with us ! "
" CHRIST'S Rood, the Holy Rood ! "
Fell fast the Norman arrow-sleet,
and right and left ye view
The volunteers of Burgundy,
and spearmen of Anjou.

The men of Picardy fell back :
Duke William gives the sign ;
And like a thunderbolt, his knights
are on King Harold's line :
The knights go down, the line stands firm,
sword shivers, corslet cracks,
And men-at-arms scarce curse in death
the Saxon battle-axe.

The Bastard rides along his lines,
for rumour held him slain :

* " Martyris in Christi Festo cecidere Calisti," said the inscription commemorating the event in Battle Abbey.

“ Here, by GOD'S Grace, I am,” quoth he,
 ‘ and by His Grace will reign ;”

Forthwith upon the foe again
 rolls on the Norman shock,
 Dash'd, in the very charge, away,
 like foam upon a rock.

Knight after knight, and man on man,
 swell up war's sad amount ;
 Soul after soul, the live-long day,
 gives in the last account :
 Till at the time the sun went down,
 and night was on the sea,
 There went a rumour through the host,
 “ King Harold,” where is he ?”

Thou, as thou stand'st in Waltham Nave,*
 think gently of the dead :
 The fault was heavy, so the doom ;
 oath broken, life-blood shed ;
 Prejudge not Him That in His Love
 full often striketh here,
 That so the soul, in Day of Doom,
 With glory may appear.

THE LAST HUNT OF WILLIAM RUFUS.

King William reign'd in England ;
 A bold bad king was he :
 He looked with grace on the ill man's face,
 And he bade the good man flee.

His servants, at his word, made search
 For the silver and the gold
 Her sons had given to Holy Church,
 In the pious days of old ;

* Waltham Abbey was founded by Harold : he was probably buried there. The only legend on his sepulchre is said to have been “*Harold Infelix.*”

There was never a night but he lay down *
 A worse man than he rose ;
 And never a morning but up he sprung
 Worse than at evening's close ;

 Yet seldom prince, before or since,
 Had wealth and power as he ;
 The words he said, the schemes he laid,
 Prosper'd exceedingly :

 He put his trust in things of dust,
 And sought for fear, not love ;
 And he said, as he followed his own heart's lust,
 " There is no GOD above ! "

He treasur'd up, by deeds of wrong,
 A fearful reckoning day ;
 For mercy, though it tarrieth long,
 It will not bide away.

In that same forest, which of old
 His father's lust had made,
 When church and cot he spar'd them not,
 But both in ruins laid ;
 In that same forest, by the son,
 Shall vengeance' debt be paid.

He rose at light from a reveller's night,
 And Mass he would not hear :
 They told him portent to affright ; †
 He laugh'd to scorn their fear :

 A deer sprung out at his very feet,
 And he thought to pierce it soon :
 And he spurred thro' the heat on his steed so fleet,
 But the chace held on till noon :

* These are the exact words of the contemporary annalist.

† One of his servants was forewarned, in a dream, on the preceding night, by an old man who appeared in the form of a Bishop, that his lord's end was approaching. The sleep of the King himself was disturbed, and he only dispelled his presentiments by indulging largely in the pleasures of the feast.

And not till then, in a shady glen,
 The good stag stood at bay :
 —What follow'd next, alone of men
 Can Walter Tyrrell say.

Oh, then too slow was the king's cross-bow,
 For the deer sprung past his aim ;
 "Shoot ! Walter Tyrrell ! shoot !" he cried—
 "Shoot ! in the devil's name ! " *—

Some say that the shaft Sir Walter aim'd
 Glanc'd off to King William's heart :
 Some say that the fiend the King had nam'd
 Directed himself the dart :

Of a fearful form in the greenwood bough,
 And of fearful sounds they tell ;
 Yet never was known, from then till now,
 How William Rufus fell.

His body lay in the same green glade,
 All in an August sun :
 The many friends his gold had made,
 They fail'd him every one ;

But peasants laid it in a cart,
 When their toil at Vespers ceas'd ;
 And the life-blood flowed along the road
 Like the blood of a slaughter'd beast ;

And at Compline-tide to Winchester
 The festering corpse they bring :
 And they laid him in the Cathedral church
 Because he had been a King.

But never a heart at his death was sore,
 And never an eye was dim :
 The church bells toll for mean and poor,
 But they never toll'd for him :

* "Trahas, trahas arcum *ex parte diaboli*," are the words which the annalist puts into the King's mouth.

No Psalms they said, no Prayers they made,
 No Holy Alms they gave :
 And his treasures at last to another past,
 Ere he was in his grave !

THE MARTYRDOM OF ST. THOMAS.

There came four knights into the hall,
 and knights unarmed were they :
 "Hear, Lord Archbishop, what the King
 commands by us to-day :
 Unloose the Prelates thou hast bound
 in Holy Church's band ;
 Give up thy hoards of gems and gold,
 and good broad hides of land ;
 Lay down the Mitre at his feet,
 and fly beyond the sea ;
 So will his royal anger cease,
 and 'twill be well with thee."

Then out and spake that holy man,
 "Right well the King I love ;
 Yet, judge ye, him should I obey,
 or One That is above ?
 How can the wealth of Holy Church
 be meet for monarch's use ?
 The Prelates have been bound by GOD,
 and how can mortals loose ?
 This is mine own Cathedral church,
 and here will I remain :
 GOD judge its wrong, if aught but death
 part it and me again !"

The four ill knights have left the hall ;
 they close the doors with speed :
 The good Archbishop prayeth now
 for strength in time of need ;

They muster in the court below ;
 their face is dark with hate ;
 They don their arms—they grasp their swords—
 they thunder at the gate ;
 And from within the wail of grief
 and terror riseth high ;
 The monks are bending on the knee :
 “ Fly, Lord Archbishop, fly ! ”

“ What mean ye by this outcry strange ?
 who listeth may depart ;
 What mean ye thus,” the Prelate said,
 “ to weep and break mine heart ?
 For Holy Church, Her rights and lands,
 and treasures, whoso dies,
 Is offered up to GOD on high
 a glorious sacrifice :
 Let be, let be, these vain laments ;
 or, since ye thither call,
 On to the Altar ! Where more fit
 the sacrifice should fall ? ”

By good St. Denys' Altar, straight *
 the Bishop takes his place ;
 A gleam of twilight softly falls
 upon his reverend face :
 And from the far-off Choir that now
 wears evening's solemn vest,
 The Vesper strains trill sweet and faint,
 like hymnings of the Blest ;
 He standeth there with claspèd hands ;
 each chapel groweth dim ;
 Night cometh fast o'er all the earth ;
 but never more on him !

* St. Thomas probably chose this position,—at the north-east end of the north transept, and since called the Martyrdom,—as wishing to fall at the shrine of one, who, like himself, was a Bishop and Martyr.

The four ill knights are entering in,
 the holy Vespers cease ;
 "Strike, if ye will, this hoary head,
 but let these go in peace !
 The Shepherd's flock, in time of need,
 may scatter and may fly :
 The Shepherd it beseemeth best
 for that same flock to die.
 To GOD in Heav'n, my Church, my soul,
 my body I commend ;
 Do as ye list ! and by His Grace
 I shall endure the end !"

The Prelate fell as Prelate should :
 his glory cannot die ;
 And for his meed he hath a House
 not made with hands, on high :
 And here on earth they rais'd him up *
 a shrine right fair to see,
 And great resort was at his tomb
 that died so valiantly.
 And thither pilgrims, year by year,
 in long procession came ;
 Till Christendom could tell the tale
 of good St. Thomas' fame !

THE BATTLE OF THE STANDARD.

"Halt ye, my children ! thus far forth
 your battles I have led :
 Now must I give you o'er to GOD,"
 Archbishop Thurstan said.

* The remains of the Martyr were translated with great pomp into *Becket's Crown*, July 7, 1207 : and that day was celebrated by the English Church to his memory with greater solemnity than that of his death, probably as falling at a more convenient period of the year.

"Ye know that wives beside the hearth,
 and maidens at the wheel,
 And Priests upon the Altar steps,
 have felt the Scottish steel :
 Ye know that he who falleth now,
 for Holy Church he dies ;
 Ye know that he who sleepeth here
 shall wake in Paradise ;
 Meet absolution have ye had
 for every sin confess'd :
 Go forth, then, sons of Holy Church,
 to victory, or to rest ! "

Then out and spake the noblest twain
 that followed at his beck,

Sir Oliver of Albemarle,
 Sir Walter de l'Espece :

"Perish the man that fears to die
 as the brave have died before ;
 Our knightly troth that we return
 or victors, or no more ! "

And straight a herald, shrill of voice,
 proclaim'd throughout the host,

"The Scots are at Northallerton !
 each captain to his post ! "

And high above the battle-field
 three pennons gleam'd afar,
 All three made fast to one ship's mast,
 and fixed upon one car.

Saint Wilfrid there for Ripon
 had his standard fair to see :
 For York, Saint Peter, Prince of Saints,
 Saint John for Beverley ;
 All in a silver Crucifix
 to console the dying eye,
 They hid the Blessed Sacrament,
 and set it up on high ;

Then up stood Orkney's Bishop,
 and blessed the kneeling host,
 In the Name of FATHER, bless'd he them,
 of SON, and HOLY GHOST.

Look on the army, and be sure
 each man will do his best :
 Look on the Bishop,—who can doubt
 that Heav'n will do the rest ?

Dashed on the men of Galloway,
 with Malise of Stratherne ;
 And Hexham tramples Galloway,
 as the wild ox tramples fern ;
 Dashed on the men of Teviotdale,
 all at Prince Henry's feet ;
 And Ripon winnows Teviotdale,
 as the barn-flail winnows wheat :
 Then Lothian and the Isles fell on,
 and few shall be their smiles
 Who welcome back the battle-rack
 of Lothian and the Isles :
 “ Look on your standard, lords and knights,
 think, yeomen, on your vow !
 Press on ! Press on ! for good Saint John !
 there is but Moray now ! ”

The Priests and Bishops weep and pray
 with mickle care and pain,
 The *Quare fremuerunt* ?
 was the burden of their strain.
 The Priests and Bishops look abroad,
 the Scottish Dragon flies ;
Te Deum and *Non Nobis*
 in notes of triumph rise.
 For warriors bold in days of old
 deem'd fields were won by prayer ;
 Their fond belief we laugh to scorn,
 who trusted in GOD'S care :

To Him their spoils were dedicate,
the day of battle o'er :
And we our " Gates of Somnauth "
to an idol-shrine restore.

THE BATTLE OF THE GALLIOTS.

We bore along for Palestine,
a gallant band were we ;
The wine-dark ocean stretched before,
and Cyprus on our lee :
And squires they burnish'd armour bright,
and knights were vowing high ;
Some for the love of lady fair,
and some for chivalry :
Eut most and best upon their breast
beheld the bloody Cross,
And they vow'd to win the Sepulchre
and count their lives as dross ;
And they longed for fight, as they paced the deck,
in the sultry hour of noon,
With them that serve Mahommed,
and call upon Mahoune.

But elder knights spake mournfully
of their comrades that were laid
In the burning, burning desert,
or beneath the palm-trees' shade ;
When their brethren's band pressed swifter on,
with trumpets sounding clear,
For the Arab of the wilderness
was hanging on their rear :
And how they cried for water,
till their voice wax'd low and weak,
And how the fiery pestilence
flush'd purple in their cheek :

And, one by one, their labour done,
with their last long sleep opprest,
They laid them down a little while ;
the Desert knows the rest !

They say that he who dies by thirst,
in his very death-pang dreams
Of his country's deep and shady woods,
her cool and splashing streams :
When round him is one sea of sand,
above one burning glare ;
And like the blast of furnace,
the Sirocco fires the air :
No ghostly comfort had they then,
as their spirit passed away ;
But they heard the jackall's long-drawn howl,
as it track'd its living prey.
Peace to their souls, and rest, and light,
if GOD'S good pleasure be !
Peace to the warriors of the Cross,
that died as die may we !

And others told of the river old,
that let GOD'S people pass :
How his nether waves to the ocean roll'd,
and his hither stood like brass :
And the deep, dark vale of Tophet,
that the sun ne'er shines upon ;
And the Old Man of the Mountain,
that dwells by Lebanon ;
And the Holy City, how 'twas won,
in spite of wall and fosse,
And the Crescent sunk from Omar's Mosque,
and Godfrey rais'd the Cross :
They put the sceptre in his hand,
and he ruled with great renown ;
But where his LORD had borne the Cross,
he would not wear the Crown !

They tell strange tales of the cursèd sea,
the sulphurous, the Dead ;
No fishes in its wave can swim,
no bird can fly o'er head :
There are fruits that grow upon its shore
right glorious to behold ;
But touch, and ashes crumble
beneath their rind of gold !
And in the summer evenings,
Engedi's herdsmen view
Far, far beneath the towns of old
GOD'S vengeance overthrew ;
And each wild tale brings wilder on,
as they gaze upon the deep :
And spirits of the former days
come down to haunt their sleep.

So on we bore for Palestine ;
and as we paced the deck,
" A sail a-head ! " the helmsman said,
ere we could see a speck.
Then out and spake King Richard,
" We make the distance less :
Lean on your oars, good oarmen, lean,
as ye fain would win largesse."
Then thrice the sweeps fell right and left,
where twice they fell before ;
Each heart beat high, sharp gazed each eye,
as on the squadron bore :
Three masts the monstrous vessel hath,
and canvas fully spread :
And a deck that gleams with scymitars,
and the Crescent at her head.

Saint George for merry England now !
our fleet is round her side ;
And three men's height above our heads,
their chief our arms defied :

“ALLAH IL ALLAH !” is their cry,
and then like death-rain fell
That thrice-accursèd fire, at first
devised by fiends of hell :
The fire that burns through chain and plate,—
the fire that nought can quench,
That for water flames the deadlier,
and hath poison in its stench :
Oh ! there were shrieks from knight and squire,
I hear them to this day,—
As 'twixt the armour and the bone
it burnt the flesh away !

King Richard eyed her lofty side,
“ As well might kids, I wis,
Encircle some old lion,
as we encounter this !
Back, steersman ! back, good oarsmen, back !
and give your vessel way !
Then shew what heads of steel can do
on sides of wood to-day : ”
Back bore the squadron north and south,
back bore it east and west :
Loud laugh'd the Paynim, deeming now
our weakness was confest :
And then his words of blasphemy
right plainly might we hear :
“ There is One GOD ! There is but One !
Mahommed is His Seer ! ”

Around him now, four bowshots off,
our gallant squadron lay,
Their prows towards the Infidel ;
he needs must stand at bay !
King Richard's pennon is on high,
and swift as lightning's flash,
On the doom'd vessel, one and all,
our ten brave galleys dash !

Then steel-head broke on heart of oak,
 With clash, and din, and jar ;
 And shattered clamp, and shivered cramp,
 and splintered plank and spar :
 Right through the ship's ribs drove our beaks
 a clothier's ell and more ;
 " Back, steersman, back, and to the deep
 give further conflict o'er ! "

Fast come the waters gurgling in !
 the ship is sinking fast !
 The crew is motionless on deck,
 the canvas on the mast ;
 No mourning base, no prayer for grace :
 one cry comes loud and clear,—
 " There is One GOD ! There is but One !
 Mahommed is His Seer ! "
 Without a shriek, with unblanched cheek,
 as calm as calm could be,
 They, teaching Christians how to die,
 went down into the sea.
 And long we thought upon the men
 that would not swim, nor strive,
 When of a thousand Infidels
 remained but thirty-five !

THE SIEGE OF JAFFA.

It was the Lord of Jaffa-town,
 and mournfully looked he,
 First on the bristling Paynim ranks,
 and then toward the sea ;
 " An if King Richard sends no help
 afore the sun go down,
 Then will I yield, for yield I must,
 to Saladin the town. "

It was the men of Jaffa,
 and all the live-long day,
 With straining eyes, and beating hearts,
 they gazed upon the bay ;
 The Priests say Tierce—the Priests say Sexts,—
 no sail upon the deep :
 The Priests say Nones ; and Christian knights
 they think no scorn to weep.

It was the Host borne forth to guard
 the circuit of the wall ;
 It was the Priests, that to their aid
 the LORD of Sabaoth call :
 “Think on Thine own Jerusalem,
 that Infidels assail :
 Think on the prayers of Christendom,
 and let the right prevail !

“Remember all Thy servants,
 that gave their lives for Thee :
 And let their Sacrifice of Death
 accept before Thee be :
 They shed their blood to win the land
 Thy Blessed Feet have trod ;
 For pilgrims' love, and CHRIST's dear sake
 they made the Truce of GOD !

“We put no trust in arm of dust,—
 we look to Thee on high :
 The sun is sinking to the sea,
 and no deliverance nigh :
 O send us one more day like that
 when Thine Arm the victory won,
 And the sun stood still on Gibeon,
 and the moon on Ajalon !”

It was King Richard hurrying on,
 with seven brave galleys fast ;

Crowding more rowers on the bench,
fresh canvas on the mast ;
Watching the sun as down it sunk,
the keel as on it flew,
And joining all that man can pray,
with all that man can do.

It was the watchman on the tower
that told the joyful tale ;
“Seven Pisan galleys round the Point,
all under press of sail !”
Then trumpets brayed, and drums were beat,
and convent bells were rung,
And in the fair Cathedral
the Priests *Non Nobis* sung.

It was a Priest for GOD's dear love
that vowed the town to save ;
It was a Priest by GOD's good help
that battled with the wave ;
King Richard hears amidst his peers :
“They hold it yet,” quoth he ;
“GOD's everlasting curse on him
that will not follow me !”

Then out and spake King Saladin,
that stood upon the strand :
“Sons of the Faithful, back a space,
and let the madmen land :
Six hundred thousand of them glut
the kites of Acre's shore ;
Bishops, and knights, and yeomen,
and these shall swell the score !”

Then out and spake King Richard :
“Now mark the words I say :
Down on one knee, good yeomen,
and keep the foe at bay !

The buckler in the left hand,
 the javelin in the right :
 Thus many may come on in charge,
 but few return in flight !”

It is the Paynim cavalry
 that on the Faithful drive ;
 And some go down, and more rear back,
 while most are stak'd alive ;
 Then steel met steel, and both lines reel,
 with hack, and stab, and gash,
 And scymitars of Cairo
 with spears of Sherwood clash.

Like meteors from the citadel
 the cursèd fire-rain fell ;
 And rocks came swinging thro' the air
 from the creaking mangonel : *
 With spears they push, with swords they hew,
 with dagger blades they thrust ;
 And one petraria poundeth
 twelve infidels to dust.

Serpents and fiery arrows fall
 on baron and on churl :
 Stone after stone, with jar and moan
 the good balistæ hurl :
 To shivers rock, to splinters steel,
 to powder stone they jam,
 As 'neath their penthouse on the wall
 they thunder with the ram.

Fierce and more fierce, as daylight ends,
 the war-cries rising be :
 SAINT GEORGE FOR MERRY ENGLAND ! here,—
 there, MONTJOYE SAINT DENYS !

* The mangonel discharges stones ; the balista, quarrels or arrows, and the petraria, rocks.

HA ! BEAUSEANT ! like a trumpet peal,
 drives each fierce Templar on,
 And there the Hospitallers call
 on the name of good Saint John !

The falling fall for Christendom :
 lament not thou the slain :
 Their blood is GOD'S own sacrifice ;
 it is not shed in vain :
 For all that man holds holiest
 they died that died that day,
 And to the Holy Sepulchre
 their blood hath won a way.

KING JOHN CROSSES THE WASH.

“ His steed had needs be fleet, my liege,
 his heart had needs be brave,
 That ventures o'er the strait to-day,—
 Saint Nicholas him save !
 Not for all gold above the earth,
 or precious gems below,
 Would I be half-way o'er the Deeps,
 when the tide begins to flow.”

“ Let yeomen tremble, if them list !
 a King must have his way ;
 Firm is the sand, and nigh the land,
 and I will cross to-day.”

“ Who faceth peril such as this,
 of conscience pure needs be ;
 Grant that a man may meet it well,—
 Sir King, thou art not he !”

“ When I return again in peace,
 thy words thou shalt aby :
 The LORD'S Anointed thou hast curs'd,
 and thou shalt surely die.”

“If thou return at all in peace,”
 said then the hermit bold,
 “God’s Name will be blasphem’d of men :
 King John, thy days are told.”

King John’s good steed is on the beach :
 the beach is rough and steep ;
 But all his foot, and all his horse
 went down into the deep !
 And wearily and painfully
 they plough’d their sandy way,
 And gallantly and knightfully
 they toil’d the live-long day.

The King spake out to all his host :
 “’Tis yet the ebb of tide :
 One little hour of labour more,
 and we gain the further side.”
 The LORD spake out to all His waves,
 the waves His voice obey’d :
 And in their might, both left and right,
 came on in foam array’d.

At hour of Prime, the host went in,
 for all the sand was bare ;
 At Vespers it was deep blue sea,
 and yet the host was there :
 Thus in old times did GOD o’erthrow
 the tyrants of His Fold ;
 And still can do as valiantly
 as in the days of old.

THE FUNERAL OF QUEEN ELEANOR.

She cometh in pomp and pride ;
 And yet no baron, with knightly mien,
 Heralds the progress of England’s Queen :
 No pages stand waiting the royal beck,
 By the palfrey that arches his milk-white neck :

No flowers are strew'd in the throng'd highway,
 No village is out on its holiday,
 As the horsemen onward ride.

Do ye think on her glories past ?
 How she came to our country the Royal Bride,
 The lov'd of Guienne, to be England's pride ;
 And pleasures waited to tend her hours,
 Her seasons all spring, and her paths all flowers :
 How we welcomed her next to Edward's throne,
 Who had saved his life, and had risk'd her own ?
 Then ye well may wait the last.

Aye ! turn not aside ! though now
 She is passing forth with her mournful train,
 The journey she shall not return again :
 Though the hands that love so oft had pressed
 Are folded in prayer on her quiet breast :
 Who held her dearest would now least dare
 To gaze on the face that was late so fair,
 Or to kiss his loved one's brow.

Yes ! look, and do not fear !
 The eye may be dim, and the heart be sore :
 But the silver Cross goes on before ;
 And Holy Church hath Her banners high,
 To emblem Her SAVIOUR'S Victory :
 He hath the Keys of Death and Hell ;
 And She in His Might, hath powers as well,
 To dry the mourner's tear !

She goes not from life to death !
 Nay, rather she passeth from death to life,
 To a region of peace from a land of strife :
 And the Priests, as they tune the strong bataunt,
 The EXPECTANS EXPECTAVI chaunt :
 And they say the Mass, and they give the dole,
 For the light, and the rest, and the health of the soul,
 That breatheth Celestial breath.

What mattereth now to the dead
 The sceptres she held, and the crowns she ware,
 And the jewels that cluster'd amid her hair?
 But the widows she cloth'd, and the orphans she fed,
 And the poor that blessed her for daily bread,
 The secret sigh, and the holy prayer,—
 These be the jewels whose virtues rare
 A lustre around her shed!

Passeth the train away :
 They shall mark the spots in future years,
 That were wet each night with the mourner's tears :
 Where Death had his court, they shall raise the Cross,
 Where the Prince of Life redeem'd Death's loss ;
 Meanwhile, as the strains in distance die,
 With humble knee, and upraised eye,
Orate pro anima !

THE DISSOLUTION OF THE RELIGIOUS HOUSES.

The Abbey Church is dedicate !
 'tis glorious to behold
 Tall arch, slim shaft, and goodly pier,
 and shrine that flames with gold.
 The rich, deep hue of storied glass,
 the vaulting groin on high,
 The Rood-screen, with its serges seven,
 and carved imagery :
 Pier behind pier, and arch o'er arch,
 that lead both heart and view
 Where the High Altar stands to close
 that matchless avenue :
 But goodlier far it is to mark
 the worship of the crowd ;
 The lords, and knights, and mighty earls,
 that reverently are bowed :

And clad in gorgeous vests the Priests,
that raise the Holy Prayer ;
And incense-clouds and taper bright,
and Indian jewels rare :
And, as they dedicate the House
in Faith and Holy Hope,
The glistening of the silver Cross
'twixt chasuble and cope :
And, goodly more than all to hear
the dread Tersanctus rise,
As in the Choir they offer up
the Mystic Sacrifice ;
And antiphonal voices chant
in cadence soft and sweet,
And the Celestial Choir's response
the Organ notes complete.

The Holy Bishop steppeth forth ;
his hairs are white as snow,
The Deacon holds a tome writ full
of bitterness and woe ;
" Accursed," saith the Prelate then,
" be he in future years
that layeth hands upon the house
the pious founder rears ;
Accursed in the city street,
accursed in the field ;
Earth give him nevermore her fruit,
nor heav'n its blessing yield ;
Accursed be his going out,
accursed his coming in :
Fly him all hope, and let his prayer
be turned into sin :
In his last hour, when most his need,
all mercy fail him then !"
And all the people, as one man,
answer'd and said, " Amen."

" Let sentence at the judgment-seat
 be given against his right :
 Let Satan stand at his right hand,
 and let his day be night !
 All ills of earth, all woes of hell,
 his head and heart oppress :
 And be his wife a widow,
 and his children fatherless :
 Let them be wanderers, seeking still
 their bread as best they may :
 And in few years his name and fame
 from earth be put away !
 He hated blessing ; wherefore ne'er
 let blessing come him nigh :
 He loved cursing ; let it then
 be done accordingly !
 Thus let it happen to that man ! "

And solemnly again
 The multitude with one man's voice
 answered and said, " Amen ! "

The Abbey Church is desolate !
 The Abbot's faithless hand
 Surrender'd up to tyrant sway
 both revenues and land ;
 No more the Matin-songs of Praise,
 nor Holy Vespers rise ;
 Hush'd is the voice of Compline, ceas'd
 the Daily Sacrifice :
 They break the glass, they melt the brass,
 they strip the massy lead :
 They rifle for their lucre
 the cerecloths of the dead :
 They laugh to scorn the humble prayer
 writ o'er the senseless clay,
 That asketh, " Of your charite
 a Paternoster say : "

They overthrow the Altar tomb,
 with effigy and lore,
 " For JESU'S tender love, in peace
 repose they evermore : "
 For windows rich in imag'd Saints
 the pink May blossom glows ;
 For frescoed roof and gilded shrine,
 the nightshade and the rose :
 And for the organ-note that swell'd
 so mellow and so deep,
 The summer gale, and winter storm,
 that o'er the ivy sweep :
 And for the House that once dispens'd
 both words and means of grace,
 Remains a spot the peasant dreads,
 an ill and haunted place !
 And oftimes, on the holiest ground
 of all the holy fane,
 You meet the rude, loud laugh, and jest,
 the viands and champagne :
 Or from the heartless connoisseur,
 in studied phrase you hear
 Of light and shade, of breadth and warmth,
 of capital and pier :
 Or, the philosopher will teach
 how superstitious rite
 And ancient mummary, have fled
 before Religion's light.

The Abbey Church is well revenged !
 its spoilers, where are they ?
 Where are the wealthy that have thriv'd
 on fruit of its decay ?
 The curse hath brooded o'er them still,
 with dry and tearless eyes ;
 Hath hovered o'er them as they sleep,
 hath met them as they rise ;

Hath hunted them from land to land,
 to darkness turn'd their light ;
 From age to age hath followed on,
 a mildew and a blight :
 Their every spring of earthly joy
 in bitterness hath steep'd ;
 They planted vines, and others drank ;
 they sow'd, and other reap'd ;
 Their argosies came back from sea,
 to perish in the port ;
 Their brides were faithless to their troth,
 or death their love cut short ;
 " Would GOD," at close of even-tide,
 they said, " that it were light !"
 At peep of morning twilight,
 " Would GOD that it were night !"
 Each sight hath wrought them bitterness,
 each sound hath rung a knell ;
 Consumption, fever, pestilence,
 have done their business well ;
 Unnatural hate, and violent end,
 on mountain, or in fen ;
 Strange ills, and fearful signs and deaths,
 unlike the death of men :

For godless hands have Abbey lands
 such fate decreed in store :
 Such is the heritage that waits
 Church robbers evermore !

BISHOP WREN IN THE TOWER.

This is the lot Thy Will ordains :
 This is the lot I gladly take :
 Only, O LORD, where Satan reigns,
 One humble prayer to Thee I make :

O give me yet, before I die,
To see Thy Church's victory !

I think of those with whom I shar'd
Unfear'd defeat, unhop'd success :
Of all we did, of all we dar'd,
Of all that GOD vouchsaf'd to bless :
O give me yet once more, say I,
To join my brethren ere I die !

The same sweet counsel did we take,
In the same House of Prayer we knelt,
And lips with one another spake,
And hearts with one another felt :
Oh ! be it joy, or be it care,
Be mine, say I, my brethren's share !

I know each stands to guard his post :
For Holy Church each plays the man :
And I alone, of all the host,
Aid in the strife no longer can :
That once to victory, or to rout,
Went with the foremost in and out.

Yet have we all one end in view ;
Beneath one LORD of Hosts all fight ;
To me to bear, to them to do,
He giveth, Whose award is right :
Their hope more fair, my light more dim ;
But each with each, and all for Him.

THE MARTYRDOM OF ARCHBISHOP LAUD.

The season is past of his sufferings at last,
And his end is drawing nigh :
And now the good Archbishop stood
By the place where he must die.

He had guarded the Church from wicked men,
In troublesome times of strife :
All they could take he had lost for Her sake,
And now he must lose his life.

But as he pass'd up Tower Hill,
'Twas a marvellous sight to see
How door, and roof, and window-sill,
Were as throng'd as throng'd could be ;

How down to the Thames from the Tower wall
A troop of horsemen ran ;
And soldiers were drawn in array, and all
To guard one weak old man !

But as he went, there were hands stretched out,
If they might but touch his side ;
And strong men turned their heads about,
And like little children cried.

So stedfastly the scaffold steps
That good Archbishop trod,
As one that journey'd to his home,
And hasten'd to his God.

And there the great axe, in the winter sun
Was glittering like to gold ;
And the block was there, and the men in masks,
Right fearful to behold.

The Archbishop knew why each was there ;
Yet manfully all he eyed :
For he that feareth ALMIGHTY GOD
Hath nothing to fear beside.

“ I have been long,” he said, “ in my race,
And suffer'd much pain and loss ;
Now to its end I am coming apace,
And here I find the Cross ;

“ And in sight of men, and of Angels too,
In sorrow and shame I stand :
But the shame must be despis'd : or else
No coming to GOD'S Right Hand.

“ I have the weakness of nature still,
And have prayed both night and day,
If it stood with my Heavenly FATHER'S will,
That the cup might pass away.

“ He is as able to rescue me
Now from ungodly men,
As He was to deliver the Children Three
From the fiery furnace then.

“ His hand was with them to bring them through,
And a glorious victory won ;
So He can do once more ; if not,
His will, not mine, be done.

“ And if He bids me to cross the sea
That I have full in view,
I shall enter its waves right willingly,
Yea, and pass through them too !

“ I would not leave my fathers' Church,
And before Dissenters bow ;
For that I have borne both shame and scorn
And for that I must suffer now.”

Then he prayed in silence a little space,
For the King, and himself, and his fold ;
And when he arose again, his face
Was glorious to behold.

Then he knelt by the block, and he gave the sign
That should carry him home to his rest ;
And that same moment the great axe fell,
And his spirit was with the blest.

THE DEATH OF LORD DERBY.

The headsman's at his post :
The Earl is on his knees :
There's a murmur through the host
Like the wind on forest trees ;
" In battle-field his heart beat high ;
But can he like a traitor die ? "

The Earl's last prayer is said :
The sorrowing Priests retire !
But, as he turn'd his head,
He saw a distant spire :
Tipp'd with the yellow light, afar
It shineth like some peaceful star.

" I pray, Sirs, turn the block :
All for the Church's name
I've faced the battle-shock,
I die this death of shame :
And I would fain that church might be
The last of earth mine eyes shall see."

They would not hear his prayer :
" Well ! be it as ye will !
My soul will soon be there
Where ye can do no ill.
Lead on, Sirs ! " Long his fame endure,
The Martyr-chief of Bolton Moor !



The Half-Yearly Chronicle

FOR OUR ASSOCIATES.

AGAIN, dear and good friends, we have the pleasure of wishing a happy Christmas to you who do so much to increase the happiness of those under our care. We thank you very heartily for all you have done, and are doing, and, as usual, tell you boldly that our wants are on the increase; for so they must be, as our work itself increases. Therefore, we pray you, slacken not your energy, but help on, and draw others to help us too.

Now, what have we to chronicle?

Our House at East Grinstead has, as you well know, been gradually built by means of subscriptions and donations in memory of our Founder. On St. Margaret's Day this year was laid the first stone of the Guest-house, the only portion necessary to complete the whole building, as originally planned. The first stone of all was laid in 1865, about a year before Dr. Neale's death. Then, after the Service had been said, and the stone duly laid, he, whose whole heart was in the reunion of Christendom, invited an Archimandrite of the Eastern Church, then present, to bless the newly-laid stone: and this he did, impressively.

This year, the stone-laying was to have taken place immediately after the High Celebration, but a violent torrent of rain stopped the procession midway. Soon after this, the Archbishop of Cyprus arrived. Through an interpreter he took his part in the speeches after luncheon, and afterwards, (by help of a Greek translation kindly prepared by Dr. Littledale), in the Vespers sung at four o'clock. He had vested for this Service in his Archæpiscopal robes, strange to our eyes; and, so vested, and carrying the ancient jewelled sceptre, borne instead of crozier by the Archbishops of his See, he joined the procession, which (the weather permitting) re-formed after Vespers. And after the stone was laid by our visitor, Mr. Barchard, who had laid the first stone of all twenty-four years ago, and after the usual Service was completed, this Eastern Prelate gave his solemn blessing, carrying our hearts back to that now distant time when, besides Dr. Neale, many

stood amongst us who have since been called away one by one : and we thought that they were perhaps very near indeed to us now.

After the stone-laying followed the usual happy social ramble about the house and grounds. The threatening weather had not prevented our visitors from assembling to the number of several hundreds. Our kind Cypriote friend wished to see everything, and showed great interest in all. When in the infirmary, he learned that a lay novice of ours was lying in the last stage of consumption, contracted in nursing (she was taken to her rest on the 17th of September following), so he immediately offered to visit her, and, on being led to her room, gave her his special blessing.

It was an interesting day altogether. Soon after that ensued the Associates' Retreat, conducted by the Rev. G. M. Custance. Those who were happy enough to take part in it will, we believe, condole with those who were unavoidably absent, for it was a Retreat not to be forgotten.

Our Sisters have been occupied as usual in nursing. All we need say about it at present is, that we want many more hands to help us in that work, as well as in many others which are pressed upon us, and which we cannot undertake for lack of Sisters.

Ceylon sends us no tidings at all this time. May we hope that the saying here holds true, "Happy is the people that has no history?"

"Only a few words from Manchester, as the Sisters are very much taken up with special cases of sickness and distress just now, when the damp and cold seem almost to pierce through the window panes, and you feel what must it be with those who cannot afford good fires, bedding, and food! The Gas Strike, too, makes Manchester more chilly, dark, and dreary. However, there are bright spots peeping out, and kind hearts and kind hands do not forget their poorer neighbours. The Sisters have received their first box of clothing from the S.E. Lancashire Needlework Guild, through the kind instrumentality of one of the Presidents, the wife of the Bishop of Manchester. A Home for the Aged Poor calls for special help. The gentlemen of the Committee for the Sisters' Maintenance Fund have put out an earnest appeal for help, which is now becoming a serious question. The grateful

thanks of the Sisters are due to these gentlemen for giving their valuable time and kindly assistance in order to relieve the Sisters from pecuniary anxiety."

St. Margaret's Mission, Cardiff, says : " We wish the members of St. Margaret's Needlework Society could know the delight with which their large bundle of nice garments is received by the Sisters, and the very welcome addition they are to our Christmas gifts, and also what a want would *now* be felt should the garments fall short in future years ! We have very large districts and very large Sunday Schools, and fathers and mothers and boys and girls for whom to find something warm at Christmas, so the St. Margaret's Needlework Society can guess how eagerly we shall always look out for their bundle. We send many grateful thanks to all the members of the Society, and wish them a very happy New Year."

Our Sisters at St. Katherine's, Queen Square, W.C., send us a little account of their work :—" At the School of Embroidery, belonging to St. Margaret's, in Queen Square, Bloomsbury, young girls are taught and trained, and in a few years are able to produce the beautiful work that may be seen in most parts of the country, even in many small out-of-the-way village Churches, as well as in many Cathedrals. The Sisters have supplied over twenty Altar-cloths this year, amongst which may be named a very beautiful one for Edinburgh Cathedral, and another for All Saints', Margaret Street ; and also much delicate linen embroidery and many chasubles, stoles, and maniples, the principal of which were a set embroidered with figures for the Duke of Newcastle. Various beautiful banners must not be forgotten, especially one for India, set with precious stones, and one for Lichfield Cathedral. Wafer bread has been largely supplied, the demand increasing very much each year. The Sisters also provide dinners twice a week during the winter months for twenty-five children from three neighbouring parishes. The substantial meat dinners seem to be thoroughly appreciated by the hungry little mortals, who also are entitled to come to the annual tea and Christmas Tree, it being looked forward to for a very long time beforehand. Some beautiful pictures have lately been presented to the Chapel by a

kind Associate—Miss Noyes. They were designed by Mr. Melland, and painted by Mr. Rich.”

The St. Margaret's Knitting Club was started eighteen months ago by one of our Associates, and has since then sent over one hundred articles, knitted and crocheted, to St. Margaret's. “We should be very glad if more kind friends would come forward to help us, as up to now the whole of the work has been carried on by some half-dozen members. The Rules of the Club are extremely simple, and are given below. The Hon. Sec. begs to thank those ladies who have so kindly helped the Knitting Club up to this time :—Mrs. Riley, Mrs. Frederick, Mrs. Cureton, Mrs. Holland, Mrs. Hudson, Mrs. Trist, Mrs. Knight, the Misses Langmore, and Miss Vavasour. All communications should be addressed to the Hon. Sec.

RULES.

1. Each Member to subscribe 5s. yearly, payable in advance, to the Hon. Secretary. Members can join at any time; but, once having joined by paying the subscription, they are requested afterwards to pay on or before November 15th. Wool provided out of the Club funds. Anything useful or warm may be knitted or crocheted.

2. Each Member is asked to give as much time as is convenient, and, if possible, not less than two hours' work a week (twenty minutes a day) but this is not obligatory.

3. The work is forwarded to St. Margaret's, where it is disposed of for the poor in various ways. Parcels made up principally during September and October.

4. Those who would be glad to aid the Club, but who feel themselves unable to send work, can become *Honorary* Members by paying 5s. annual subscription.

The following list of articles may prove suggestive to those who are anxious to help, but who do not know exactly what to make: Stockings, socks, cuffs, slippers, hoods, shawls, vests, comforters, bed socks, jackets, petticoats, &c., in all sizes and colours are of the greatest use, and will be thankfully received by the Hon. Secretary, Miss F. LANGMORE, 43, Pevensey Road, St. Leonards-on-Sea, to whom Money Orders may be made payable. Donations in money and wool thankfully received.”

The Pinafore Society has sent us a kind and very acceptable collection of little garments.

Within the last six months the Sisters have begun Mission work at St. German's, Splotland, Cardiff, under the Revs. J. Ives and J.

E. Dawson, in the two parishes of St. Saviour's and St. German's ;— and, by invitation of the Rev. Ravenscroft Stewart, at All Saints', Ennismore Gardens. (The Mission House is at 36, Trevor Square, S.W.)

We have been requested by the translator to mention that "*Felix Novus Annus*," which appeared in these pages last Christmas, has since been published by Messrs. Masters and Co. in book form, under the title of "Joyful Years." Many persons may be glad to know of this, and also to hear that the Rev. J. W. Doran has brought out a very interesting little volume of Harmonies to the Psalter, which will be acceptable likewise to many. We may add that the "Hints for Meditations on the Litany of the Name of JESUS" is about to be brought out in small book form, price 4d., and may be obtained at St. Margaret's, or from Messrs. Skeffington and Son.

With the beginning of a new volume we issue a new cover, and you may ask what it represents. Nothing more or less than our dovecote at St. Margaret's. You who sometimes join in our Services know how daily, in praying for our absent Sisters, that antiphon recurs, "Who are these that fly as a cloud, and as the doves to their windows?" The mystical teaching of that dear verse is not far to seek ; and we trust that you will pray for us, as we for you, that we may all, as clouds, be directed by the wafting of the HOLY SPIRIT, and, as doves, fly ever to our true Refuge, the glorious and unconquerable of our most dear and Blessed LORD. And so we wish you heartily farewell.

*St. Margaret's, East Grinstead,
Christmas, 1889.*

REPORT OF ST. MARGARET'S NEEDLEWORK SOCIETY.

The Secretary is happy to state that this Society is gradually and steadily increasing. Its great usefulness becomes more and more evident, and is warmly acknowledged by the Mother and Sisters. The articles of clothing were sent last month to East Grinstead. Reserving a share for the many needs of that place, and for the benefit of the Ceylon work, the remainder was divided between the very large mission at Cardiff, with its three offshoots ; the Home at Manchester, with three districts ; and other smaller works. The reception of these welcome bundles at their various destinations gave great delight to the Mission Sisters, and the distribution

of their contents will afford almost equal delight to them and to their poor friends at Christmas. All the clothes seem to have been acceptable, but those for men and boys especially so; and it is a great improvement this year to have so much larger a proportion of clothes for grown-up persons.

The money remaining in hand, after the trifling working expenses are paid, will be spent on blankets.

The appended list of garments is imperfect, as lists were not in all cases forwarded by members with their parcels.

The Secretary would suggest, as especially useful: sheets, maternity bags, and bundles of old linen, and she trusts that the measure of success already granted to this little Society, and the happy bestowal of its gifts, will encourage the present members to continue, and many new members to join, in a work, which though small and unobtrusive, is so truly valuable.

Miss F. Vesey Fitzgerald, whose kindness and energy started this Society, now finds it necessary to withdraw from the post of Secretary, though still holding that of President. The Secretary's duties will henceforth be kindly undertaken by Miss Ruth Young, 4, Manor Park, London, S.E.

ST. MARGARET'S NEEDLEWORK SOCIETY, 1889.

				Garments.	Total.
<i>President</i> ,	Marchioness of Downshire	3	
<i>Vice</i> ..	Mrs. Willett, 10 members	45	
<i>Vice</i> ..	Miss Otter, 4 members	17	
				—	65
<i>President</i> ,	Lady Abergavenny, <i>not yet sent</i>		
<i>Vice</i> ..	Miss Mabel Herbert		
<i>President</i> ,	Lady Ellen Lambart		
<i>Vice</i> ..	Mrs. Brooke, 2 members	9	
				—	9
<i>President</i> ,	Mrs. Frampton May	6	
<i>Vice</i> ..	Mrs. Bouverie Deedes, 10 members	30	
<i>Vice</i> ..	Mrs. Satterthwaite, 10 members	31	
				—	67
<i>President</i> ,	Mrs. Meryon, 22 members	94	
<i>Vice</i> ..	Miss Royds, 10 members	27	
<i>Vice</i> ..	Miss Hanwell, 6 members	20	
<i>Vice</i> ..	Miss Darnell, 9 members	34	
	Mrs. Meryon also	10	
	“ “ Old clothes	44	
				—	229
<i>President</i> ,	Mrs. Percy Brown		
<i>Vice</i> ..	Mrs. Dendy, 10 members	43	
<i>Vice</i> ..	Miss Kate Seaward, 10 members	38	
<i>Vice</i> ..	Miss B. Newall, 11 members	51	
<i>Vice</i> ..	Mrs. Ed. Howell	5	
<i>Vice</i> ..	Mrs. Cecil Blaker, <i>no list</i>	41	
				—	178
					<hr/>
				Carried forward	548

	Brought forward	Garments.	Total.
<i>President</i> , Miss L. Vesey Fitzgerald, 36 members 144	
<i>Vice</i> .. Mrs. Cruikshank, 6 members 14	
<i>Vice</i> .. Mrs. Penley, 10 members 40	
<i>Vice</i> .. Miss H. Vesey Fitzgerald, 10 members 33	
<i>Vice</i> .. Miss Moreton, 7 members 27	
		—	258
Sent by Miss R. Young 100	
Sent in later 7	
		—	107
Gross number sent in			913

Monies collected this year:—Mrs. Meryon, 17s. 6d.; Lady Ellen Lambert, 10s.; Miss H. V. F. G., 7s. 6d.; Mrs. Bouverie Deedes, 7s. 6d.; Miss Courts, 7s. 6d.; Mrs. Parker, 7s. 6d.; also Mrs. Du Vernet Parker, 10s.; total, £3 7s. 6d. *Last year*:—Garments, 535; monies, £1 17s. 6d.

List of Garments sent in for St. Margaret's Needlework Society in 1889.

Pinafores	51	Knitted cuffs and boa	6
Socks and stockings, knitted ..	63	Drawers	6
Bodices	5	Men's shirts	42
Warm petticoats, various ..	67	Cape	1
Crochet and knitted petticoats	26	Babies' flannel wrappers	9
Flannel and other jackets ..	17	Babies' shirts	7
Flannel petticoats	41	Babies' gowns	2
Comforters	19	Women's dresses	3
Chemises	77	Night cap	1
Aprons, linen, etc.	30	Quilts	3
Babies' boots, knitted & crochet	13	Blanket	1
Gloves and mittens	10	Sheets	2
Shawls, various	20	Men's boots	several
Cross-over shawls, woollen ..	23		
Men's coats	4	<i>Collected by Miss Young.</i>	
Children's and girls' dresses ..	72	Frocks	8
Men's Cardigan jackets	2	Petticoats	16
Men's waistcoats	6	Babies' vests	3
Men's trousers	4	Hoods	8
Stays, children's	12	Pairs of stays	12
Caps	8	Babies' caps	8
Hoods	13	Pillow cases	6
Pillow cases	6	Pairs of cuffs	4
Night shirts and night gowns	22	Pair of mittens	1
Vests, various kinds	18	Neckties	14
Jerseys	2	Chemises	2
Costumes	3	Bags	12
Knitted knee caps	2	Iron holders	4
		Pairs of stockings	2



St. Margaret's Refectory.

Christmas Tree Night, 1889.

John Mason Neale.

A MEMOIR—(*Continued.*)

1843-1845.

SOME time ago, further details were promised concerning "Hierologus," and though it involves a little turning backwards with regard to dates (for the first published copies were placed in Mr. Neale's hands just as he was starting for Madeira the second time), the promise shall now be kept which circumstances have previously prevented. The author's preface thus describes the book.

"The following work makes not the least pretence to be considered a treatise on Ecclesiology. Its aim is to set forth those collateral sources whence so much beauty accrues to our ancient Churches, such as situation, association and legend, and this more particularly with regard to English buildings. I trust that the following pages may, in some small degree, by aiding in the revival of a love for the outward beauties of a Church, lead the mind to dwell on the beauties of that spiritual Church which is builded as a city that is at unity in itself."—(*Preface*, pp. vi.-viii.)

The book, dedicated to the Rev. Benjamin Webb, professes to record "for the most part, the incidents and impressions of Church Tours taken in his company, and is cast into the form of conversations, chiefly between 'Catholicus' and 'Palæophilus.'"

It has long been out of print, and a few selections from it will therefore be the more interesting.

"It is granted, that in themselves those 'ornaments of the Church and the ministers thereof' which it is now wished to re-introduce—copes, tapers, jewelled plate, rood-screens, deep chancels, sedilia, and the like—can conduce nothing to holiness, and in so far as they do not, cannot please God. But, in their effects, they may, with His blessing, do both. Those poor to whom the Gospel is preached, are much influenced by these outward and visible signs. Is it not of the highest importance to lead

them to look on the Holy Eucharist as *the* rite to which all the other ministrations of the Church are subservient, and towards which all point? Is there anything in the manner in which that Mystery is usually celebrated which could lead them to think so? They see—alas! too often—the same Priest who would speak the words of St. Ambrose or St. Augustine on that holy Sacrament, after re-vesting for the sermon, as if to give that due prominence, enter the altar-rails for the Holy Communion in the same surplice in which he performed all the inferior offices of the Church. They may be taught the real Presence of their Saviour in that ordinance: but how are they to believe it when they see the Altar itself and its furniture such as no man would presume to set before an earthly superior; when month after month they behold the miserable deal table (loaded, except on Sunday, with hassocks), the ragged linen cloth, the battered pewter vessels, and the black bottle? How is it possible to contradict words by deeds, if this be not doing so?"—(*Preface*, pp. ix. x.)

"If it be said that, in the time immediately preceding the Reformation, our Church, while retaining far more glorious external rites than any for which we can now hope, was daily becoming more and more corrupt; that her forms were observed as forms, while the spirit was gone; her ceremonial looked on as a charm profitable in itself: we answer, How much or how little truth soever there be in this statement, the difference between setting up and keeping up a form is very great. The first cannot be done without feeling the esoteric meaning of that form, and owning its importance; the second may, and too often is. Ceremonies have been turned, as the Preface to our Prayer Book speaks, 'to vanity and superstition,' which nevertheless, 'at the first, were of godly intent and purpose devised.' If it may be then, we would gladly procure the advantages arising from so godly an intent and purpose, by re-establishing those ceremonies which our Church, if she does not command, allows, and re-introducing that beauty which she recommends. And we may be well content to leave it to future generations to provide against the danger arising from the abuse of, or formality in, such ceremonial."—(*Preface*, pp. xiii. xiv.)

"*Catholicus*.—I think the account Marston gives of what it is to be a poet, may in some degree be applied to a true Ecclesiologist:—

'It is to have a deeper sense than most
Of what should be; and deeper pain than most
To see what is!'

—(p. 116.)

"*Palæophilus*.—Ecclesiology is a different thing from mere Church Architecture, as embracing both it and all its collateral branches of information as to Church history and antiquities.

"Cicero, you know, says that it is next to impossible that a perfect orator should arise, because one that is so must have some knowledge of all arts and sciences whatever. And so it is with the Ecclesiologist. First, he must be well versed in history, especially Church history; antiquities are, of course, a part of his study; of masonry and carpentry he should have some idea; music, so far as Ecclesiastical compositions are concerned, comes within what he requires; he must be able to draw; mechanics are also necessary; something of geology he should know, to supply information respecting building stones; the glazier's art is by no means below him; with embroidery, tapestry, and the like, he has much to do; of the goldsmith's craft he should know something, for the precious metals used in a Church; of the potter's, for the encaustic tiles; some knowledge of the value of labour and the price of materials is very proper; some acquaintance with sculpture is desirable; mathematics are, to a certain degree, necessary, for the computation of the calendar; and after all, these things will be of little avail by themselves. As Cicero says that none but a good man can be a good orator, much more may I say of the Ecclesiologist; for who else can enter into the feeling which animated the designs of our ancestors, and the absence of which makes the most correctly wrought details of modern times too often little more than a dead letter?"—(pp. 189, 190.)

"*Palæophilus*.—We must ever look on this study, viewed with reference to the service and the need of our Church, and the communion it gives us with the great and good of past ages, and the power it yields us of ministering to the wants of future generations—as that wherein the happiest, perhaps some of the best, hours of our lives have been spent. When I think of the bright Summer mornings that have seemed too short for our work—of the calm afternoons that have glided away in it; of the cold clear Winter nights when, our brief tale of Churches told, we have turned with light hearts homeward; of the chancels, rich in the borrowed hues of their stained glass, wherein we have stood; of the grey old rugged towers we have mounted, when a single spot of gold found its way into the complicated wood-work of the spire, revealing the forest of oak that helped to rear it to Heaven; when I think of the warm welcome and the hospitable fireside, the path in the Spring meadow, the stroll through the Autumn grove, the buffeting of the Winter storm, the hopes and fears we have shared in common, the bright visions we have formed of 'the glory of the latter house,' the studies we have carried on together in the brazen-clasped tomes of the ages of faith, the elation of spirits with which in the fresh morning coolness we have set forth to a long blue day, and to a fine and unexplored tract of Churches, how can I but love the study? how can I but feel the most devoted affection to so noble a cause as that of Church Restoration? Trees and hills, blue lakes and mountain streams, castles and

churches and abbeys, calm and storm, day and night, the sweet influences of twilight and the brightness of the Summer evening, all that is beautiful in nature and art, the past, the present, and the future, all—to my mind—are remembrancers of the pursuit I love. As Wither said of a far inferior object, so may I of this—

'Though they as a trifle leave thee,
Whose dull hearts cannot conceive thee,
Though to them thou be a scorn,
Who to nought but earth are born—
May my life no longer be,
Than I am in love with thee.'"

—(pp. 302, 303.)

"*Pal.*—You will always find a love of flowers co-existent with a Catholic state of feeling in a nation. And, truly, flowers are almost the only offering which the poor man can bring to God's house. How lovely is the contrast of the hard grey stone and the fresh green leaf, the panelled tracery and the smooth verdant gloss! Nay, as if determined to have such as should never fade, the dark and quaintly wrought stalls are carved in oak leaves and lilies of the valley; grey niches bloom with fern and roses; mighty capitals are wreathed with acanthus, laurel, and the rich foliage of the chestnut. Indeed, how strikingly the vista of an avenue of forest trees resembles a long-drawn nave! in the massy trunks, not wrought by the carver's art, but gnarled by the ruder influence of weather; in the interlacing and inter-weaving boughs overhead; in the rich golden sunlight which deluges the green leaves and is the stained glass of the woods; and in the airy melody which duly celebrates matins and vespers in its living shrine. Ay, and run the parallel further; look at one of our Cathedrals, glowing in roof, sides, floor, and windows, with tints of unearthly brightness, in its former state; and look at it as it has been left now, enveloped in one cold stone-coloured hue! Does not this resemble the change from the Autumn tints of a fair avenue to the grey bark and twigs of the same when stripped by the touch of Winter?

"*Cath.*—One might well wish that the decking of our Churches were not confined to Christmas. When shall we see snowdrops on Candlemas Day, and palms on Palm Sunday, and passion flower at Easter, and peonies and roses on the Festivals of Martyrs, and guelder and white roses at the Commemoration of Confessors, and lilies for Ecclesiastics?"—(pp. 174-176.)

"*Pal.*—The situations chosen for village Churches seem to me to prove the care bestowed to 'find out a place for the LORD, an habitation for the Mighty GOD of Jacob,' in the loveliest spot which the surrounding scenery could furnish. Here, for example, the low square tower is almost hidden in an old wood of oaks, a mossy forest path being cleared to its southern porch; its grey walls are covered with many a lichen, and the churchyard

wall is soft with its mossy cushion. Very pleasant in a Summer's evening is the soft green light, which, as the branches wave to and fro, quivers within the still chancel; lovely in Autumn the forest tints which flush to the sun, as they hang over the dewy churchyard. Here, at the foot of a steep hill, the steep-pitched chancel throws up its roof, and the eastern triplet glitters to the eye of the distant beholder like lancets of gold. Here, the swift waters of some ancient river glide by the churchyard, and the vesper bell and the rippling stream make sweet music for the traveller on the Spring evening. Here, again, perched on the summit of a sea-beaten cliff, of rudely squared blocks of granite, and partaking, as it were, the nature of the crags with which it is surrounded, the massy old tower sends out its peal to the conflicting elements, as if in accordance with the beautiful belief of the Church, that the spirits of the air and the powers of darkness are awed by the sound of the bell, and cease from vexing the winds and the sea. There, in the midst of a marshy tract of country, is one little oasis of limes and elms; and in that green and quiet sanctuary, through the flickering of the sunny leaves, gleam the intricacies and flower-knops of a Decorated east window. There, again, between two mountain ridges, and at the head of a quiet lake, on a low green knoll, the humble chapel, with its simple bell-gable and slightly projecting rood-turret, catches on its walls the bright flashing thrown off from the laughing waters.

"*Cath.*—So it is with Religious Houses. And one thing has remarkably struck me in the ruins of those which I have visited. Many of the religious orders seem to have consulted, in fixing on the site of their future foundations, various motives, such as convenience or retirement. The Cistercians alone sought devotedly and abstractedly the loveliest spots, as believing that in the shrines which their Creator had, as it were, marked for Himself, and in which He had bidden Nature to offer to Him her richest gifts—the jewels of her Autumn tints, the living fanwork of her greenwood vaulting, the tracery of her interlacing branches, the incense of her breathing flowers, the music of her gentlest gales, her whispering foliage, her sweetest birds, her gliding waters—they also could most suitably worship Him. Quiet nooks, belted by some ancient river, as Kirkstall; rocky banks, encircled with verdant foliage, as Fountains; woody and sequestered sea-coasts, as Netley; green plots of sward by some rocky and romantic stream, as Tintern; shady and silent valleys, as Furness; lovely shores, where the swift brook joins the sea, as Beaulieu—such were the homes the Cistercians loved. And they have had their reward. While the prouder foundations of Reading, and St. Edmundsbury, and Hyde have vanished like a dream, the houses of Cistercian devotion are still 'familiar in our mouths as household words.' Still we visit their ruins, still we mourn over their departed glories—

'And still they live in fame, though not in life.'"

—(pp. 177-179.)

"*Cath.*—I wonder that no one has written a history of brasses. I look on those of knights and civilians as of little interest, save to the antiquary; but those of ecclesiastics are deeply interesting to every Churchman, as presenting the fairest and goodliest specimens of those vests which our clergy ought to wear—ay, and which, before very long, they will wear. I am sure that when once Churches are built or restored so as to be equal to those of olden times—and we are making, in one or two instances, near approaches to that—when we have gilded and frescoed roofs and walls, rood-screens burning with gold, rich, deeply-tinted windows and encaustic tiles, the poverty of our present vestments will become intolerable."—(pp. 71, 72.)

"*Pal.*—Let us pass to Sussex, with its downs, and cliffs, and woods—that perfect storehouse of Early English. No one county exhibits such a preponderance of, nor so much similarity of detail in, any style. Early English everywhere; small Churches, frequently with one aisle only, frequently with nave alone; plain Eastern triplets and Western couplets; towers with low pyramidal heads, or pretty bell gables; but there is hardly to be found in the whole county a specimen of toothed moulding. I could point to one or two, but not more. But its charm is the lovely situation of its village Churches. Hour after hour have I rambled among them, and they come back on me now like lovely visions in the quiet night. Poynings, in its belt of trees, crouching down below the soft yet vast range of the Dyke; Clapham, hidden in its wooded hills; Bosham, conspicuous among the watery environs of Chichester harbour; Buxted, gleaming through the gnarled oaks and chestnuts of its park; Bramber, with its thick, short tower, perched on the side of a shady hill, under the solitary pile, the only remains of its Castle; Graffham, nestling in a crescent of wooded downs; Houghton, on its bleak waste of barren hills; Westmeston, seen like a fairy Church from Ditchelling Boss; Supton, with its tower of shapeless massiness hidden in a glossy grove of ivy; Horsted Keynes, Leighton's burying-place, with its shapely spire pointing from its forest tract; Ardingley and its wild scenery of ravines, red crags, and quarries, where birches hang down and underwood clothes the rocks; Newhaven, on its sea-beaten hill. I have but to think of my own Sussex when I wish for a whole gallery of pictures."—(pp. 242, 243.)

"*Cath.*—The time that I felt most strongly the beauty of our Burial Service—and it was the same with Palæophilus—was when we were on a Church tour in Hertfordshire. It was an Autumn evening, and our only direction to Stanstead Church, which stands at the distance of a mile from the village, was the slow procession of a funeral before us. On we went through Autumn lanes, and one little gem of colouring in them I remember now. It was where two lanes, enclosing a little copse, joined at right angles. The copse itself was tinted of the most sober colours—dark brown

or dark green, but in the point where the lanes met stood out in glorious contrast with the dark background a noble birch tree, flaming with gold. When we reached the churchyard it was dusk; thick, heavy clouds swept rapidly through the air, for it had been a rainy and stormy day. The view before us was into the misty flats of Essex, then gathering darkness rapidly. The heavy, deep toll ceased; the coffin entered the Church, whence issued the faint glimmer of a single light. The wind that moaned round the eaves and hunted the rustling leaves over the damp graves, and the throwing out of fresh earth from the newly-made grave, that might occasionally be heard, alone disturbed the silence. And in that gloomy day, and place, and hour, with the spot, the trees, the sky, the building, all telling of decay and mortality, inexpressibly sublime were the words, as we caught them from the open door, 'For this corruptible must put on incorruption, and this mortal must put on immortality!'

"*Pal.*—Still more striking, perhaps, than even such a scene is a funeral at sea—such an one, at least, as I have now present to my mind. It was that of one who, after vainly seeking in a more genial climate for health, was returning to England in the hope of lying among her own people. But we yet wanted three days of making our own land, when it pleased God to call her to Himself. It was on a still, Summer evening that I committed her to the deep. The sea was calm and peaceful; the sun almost rested his broad, red disc upon the waters, forming a path of glory to himself upon the face of the ocean, like a road for happy spirits to a better world; the soft hills of Portugal were blue in the distance; the air was mild and balmy—it was just the scene that seemed as if the world had never known and could never know grief. And there, while the vessel was held on and off, were the mourners clustering round the gangway; there were the weather-beaten sailors, with some feeling even in their iron countenances; there was the coffin, covered with the Union Jack, the only token of respect we could give. Then came the solemn service, and, at the sad words, '*We therefore commit her body to the deep,*' the splash in the waters and the gurgling of the waves over that which was committed to their trust—not given to their possession. For who could but feel that to be Christian burial, when the waves had been stilled and trodden by our REDEEMER, when the bodies of so many of His Saints have been committed to them, and when one day they must of necessity give up their dead?"—(pp. 230-233.)

Here follow some of the verses which are scattered through the book. To the first extract we may give the name

A VIRGIN'S MARTYRDOM.

"We watched, as she lingered all the day
 Beneath the torturer's skill;
 And we prayed that the spirit might pass away,
 And the weary frame be still.

'Twas a long sharp struggle from darkness to light,
 And the pain was fierce and sore ;
 But she, we knew, in her latest fight
 Must be more than conqueror !

Oh, what a change had the prison wrought
 Since we gazed upon her last !
 And mournful the lessons her thin frame taught
 Of the sufferings she had passed !
 Of pain and sickness—not of fear !
 There was courage in her eye :
 And she entered the amphitheatre
 As to triumph, and not to die !

And once, when we could not bear to see
 Her sufferings, and turned the head,
 'His rod and His staff they comfort me,'
 The virgin martyr said ;
 It was near the setting of the sun,
 And her voice waxed faint and low ;
 And we knew that her race was well-nigh run,
 And her time drew near to go.

We could almost deem the clouds that rolled
 In the ruddy sun's decline
 To be chariots of fire and horses of gold
 On the steep of Mount Aventine ;
 Yea, guardian angels bent their way
 From their own skies' cloudless blue,
 And a triumph more glorious was thine to-day
 Than ever the Cæsar knew !

We lay thee here in the narrow cell
 Where thy friends and brethren sleep ;
 And we carve the palm of thy lot to tell
 And we do not dare to weep.
 Hopefully wait we God's holy time
 That shall call us to share thy rest ;
 Till then we must dwell in an alien clime,
 While thou art in Abraham's breast !"

HERE'S TO THE CAUSE!*

" Here's to the Cause! to that good Cause
 For which we'll struggle constantly ;
 And to the few, the good and true,
 Who battle for it trustfully ;
 And may it prosper more and more,
 And win and thrive perpetually !

Here's to the Cause! the good old Cause
 The brave have died for fearlessly :
 Whose blood is mightier than a host
 To fight for it resistlessly :
 Whose spirits hover o'er us now
 To guide and guard it conqueringly !

Here's to the Cause! the holy Cause
 For which we'll suffer joyfully :
 And little reck the scorner's jeer,
 His taunt and gibe and calumny :
 And count loss gain and labour rest,
 So it may thrive continually !

Here's to the Cause! the Church's Cause!
 We'll battle for her ceaselessly !
 And when we fall, may others rise
 To love her as devotedly,
 Until she wake and burst her chains,
 And triumph everlastingly !"—(p. 197.)

SONNET WRITTEN AT UNSTED WOOD, NEAR GODALMING, IN SURREY.

" 'Tis Nature's own Cathedral! Wood-birds pour,
 Like vesper choristers, rich melodies
 From hawthorn bush and thicket : shapely trees,
 Its pillars, to their leafy vaulting soar
 Fretted and intricate, which Autumn's store
 With gold and crimson tinges ; and the breeze
 Maketh sweet music as it plays with these,
 Like a deep organ, louder now, now lower.
 The year's last flowers breathe incense all around ;
 And scarlet leaves and sun-gleams here and there,
 Like curious pavement, tessellate the ground.
 Thus Nature culleth all things rich and rare,
 When she a temple to her GOD would found ;
 Shall man alone his choicest treasures spare ?'

* Set to Music by A. H. BROWN : Masters.

"*Catholicus*.—Soon may the day come that every heart will respond to the last line! And redoubled be the efforts of all those who are working to that end!

"*Pal.*—That by their words and writings and deeds, they may be, as Daniel exquisitely says, 'A happy convoy to a happy land!'

"Not that we or any one else look on Church restoration as the great end of our lives. An end, and a noble end too, it is; but it is also the means to a higher and a nobler; it is to lead, by visible loveliness, to invisible beauty; it is a journey from Sion, as old authors speak, which is 'expectation', to Jerusalem, which is the 'City of Peace'; it unites the true and the beautiful here, that it may with the more intensity long for them hereafter; it builds earthly temples, that it may attain to that Home where there is no temple; it presses forward from the fabrics of mortal builders to a House not made with hands, eternal in the Heavens!"—(pp. 291, 292.)

In 1843 was also published "The Symbolism of Churches and Church Ornaments, a translation of the first book of the *Rationale Divinorum Officiorum*, written by William Durandus, sometime Bishop of Mende. With an introductory essay, notes and illustrations, by the Rev. John Mason Neale, B.A., and the Rev. Benjamin Webb, B.A., of Trinity College, Cambridge."*

This was an important and learned work, which was of great avail in spreading abroad those ideas of symbolism in Christian architecture which had long been forgotten. Copies of the book are rarely to be met with now, and fetch a high price. We therefore append some copious extracts.

It is a curious circumstance that this translation of a French Bishop's Latin work was re-translated into the French language.

We now return to Madeira. This familiar letter shews the daily life there.

REV. J. M. NEALE TO REV. W. RUSSELL.

"My very dear friend, Sa. Luzia, *Nov. 28th*, 1843.

"I did not forget that Sunday was your birthday, for which you had all my best wishes, although at so great a distance. As we are writing home, I shall take this opportunity of sending you a few lines. You have heard, I dare say, of our arrival here, and of all other particulars, such as the earthquake, &c. You cannot think how comfortable we are in our little quinta, nor how much

* Leeds: T. W. Green. London: F. G. F. and J. Rivington.

more we are surrounded by English luxuries than last year. It stands about 500 feet above the sea, embracing a view—below, of the City and the Roads—above, of the mountains, with the Church of our Lady of the Mount, towering up to the height of 3,000 feet, or about that of Skiddaw. Our house is about 100 yards from the Mount road, approached through a long narrow garden shaded with orange trees, and with a vine corridor at the top of a terrace in front, for the whole mountain is terraced out from top to bottom. We have two servants, a woman and a boy, who neither of them speak a word of English together—they have £1 os. 10d. a month. We have two sitting rooms on the ground floor, one of which I take for my study, and in it I am now writing at my standing-desk; and a drawing-room, with three bedrooms upstairs. We get up about seven or a little before; the days of course are now longer here than in England. The feeling in coming down is that it is a pleasant Spring morning, for we are several degrees cooler than the town; the thermometer with us seldom gets above 67° in the shade. Before breakfast we have prayers, to the edification of our servants; afterwards, I write all the morning at the Greek History till half-past one, when we dine. Then, when the heat has a little subsided, the horses come up and we sally forth, either to call or for a good ride. By sunset we come in, have tea about half-past five, and then I write again at one thing or another—principally at my Portuguese Translation of Bishop Andrewes—till prayers. We have supper at nine, and to bed by eleven. We have lately had stormy weather; in one gale we lost 700 oranges, yet our trees still bend with their fruit. We have now as good as you have for the first six weeks after you get them, but we do not consider them good till Christmas. The scent of the green orange I take to be the most delicious of any; I think superior to the lime tree in July. To-day is a thoroughly Madeira day; a bright sun and small pointed rain. The rainbows in the island are superb. In going to the Curral the other day, the immense crater was filled with clouds boiling up, but across it from peak to peak sat two rainbows, the most lovely thing I ever saw . . . Did you remember the day that made it 20 years since we came to Shepperton?" . . .

From a later letter—

“It is only wonderful to think, if earth is so transcendently and ravishingly lovely, what Heaven must be! There is something in a mountainous country which seems to call forth all one’s powers. Wilberforce, I think, says somewhere that he never loved his friends so well as amongst mountains. And it is very true.”

In the summer of 1844, during a visit to Brighton, Mr. Neale’s eldest child was born. His affectionate heart expanded with an exceeding great love towards little Agnes—a love which overflowed on all other children. From this point we note an increase of maturity in his character, arising, perhaps, from the sense of responsibility which fatherhood laid upon it. Now he must work for his family, as well as for the Church, and ill-health precluded him from doing that, otherwise than with his pen. But at this particular time such pens as his were especially needed, and had great influence in rendering the Catholic movement acceptable to the educated laity.

We admit, once for all, that the necessity for earning money obliged him at times to occupy himself in work more immediately remunerative and less important than the great books on the Eastern Church and the Psalms, which his death left unfinished; but we are also bold to say that in everything he wrote he was animated by the same spirit and guided by the same principles.

And how do those who knew him describe his spirit and his principles? Somewhat thus:—

He was faithfully devoted to the service of GOD in His Church, and his lot was cast in times which, as he often said, were “worth living in.”

The object of his life was to labour and strive for the truth. Incapable of fear, and no ways averse to a “good fight,” he would dash, well-armed and prepared, into the arena, encouraging weaker hearts by his example, and inspiring them with a strength beyond their own. Cooler and less enthusiastic persons might point to indiscretion here, or to inaccuracy there: the errors, as it were, of a strong, flowing river, which, in its purifying, fertilizing course, does occasionally overstep its bounds.

Yet he was of an exceedingly nervous temperament—shy,

abrupt, and reserved with strangers ; impulsive and excitable, but thorough to the backbone ; freehanded in giving, careless in keeping ; acutely sensitive to opinion, but when once resolved on a line of duty, maintaining it, come what might ; chivalrous and generous almost to a fault, accepting persons too frequently at their own valuation, yet endowed with foresight almost amounting to prophecy, and detesting all sham, most especially when of a religious kind ; warmly affectionate in all relations of life ; a steadfast friend and an ardent partisan ; utterly devoid of affectation, always ready to give hearty and genuine praise to the work of others, and evidently unconscious of any superiority on his own part.

He had a wonderfully retentive memory, great facility in acquiring languages (he became acquainted with twenty), an insatiable and omnivorous appetite for books, great love of music, and keen delight in the beauties of natural scenery. Active in mind and body, though never strong in health, he was exceedingly fond of travelling, but, when abroad, was always longing to be at home again, craving companionship and friendship to an unusual degree, but never allowing affection to be weighed in the balance with principle.

“ TO AGNES.

ONE tiny hand so softly thrown
 Across that peaceful face, mine own,
 The other laid in perfect rest
 Of sleep across thy little breast,
 Thou seem'st to shadow out repose
 More beautiful than this world knows,
 Quiet of heart, that has its rise
 Amongst the hills of Paradise,
 And only com'st amongst us now
 In shape of infants such as thou.

From morning break till sun's decline
 A life right wonderful is thine !
 Thy opening sense may widely range
 Through much of fair, through more of strange,
 From light, and shade, and flower to store
 Treasures of undiscovered lore,

Surveying regions yet untried,
 Exploring far on every side ;
 Discovering more, by one short look,
 Than Gama old, or modern Cook.

So deem we—knowing, we confess,
 Much that thy wit could never guess ;
 But what if thou hast entrance free
 To realms unknown by such as we ?
 Lands, where the eagle never soared,
 Lands, by opticians unexplored,
 Of fairer form, and brighter smile,
 And lovelier than this lovely Isle !*
 Our grosser, earthlier sight he shuns,
 The Angel of the little ones,
 But well,—so whispers faith—may be
 The guide of all thy ways and thee :
 Familiar to thy sight, as thine
 To those that tend thee or to mine.

We, that in guilt so largely share,
 His visitations could not bear :
 His earliest word to us must be,
 If he would cheer us,—Fear not ye ;
 But thou, as yet more pure than snow,
 No such alarms hast cause to know.
 And hear'st, perchance, from him strange things,
 Beyond our poor imaginings,
 Of the bright Home wherein he stands,
 The mansions there not made with hands,
 And all their beautiful array
 Who once, like thee, wore vest of clay.
 If such thy dreams, I will not break
 That heavenly rest, and bid thee wake :
 Would that, by day or night, we, too,
 But now and then, their half might view."

December 15th, 1844.

* Madeira.



SEAL OF THE CAMBRIDGE CAMDEN SOCIETY.

The Winter of 1844-5 was the last spent by Mr. Neale in Madeira. He left the island finally in May, 1845.

About this time the Cambridge Camden Society was in a very unsettled state. Many members had seceded on account of the supposed Romanism involved in its principles. The Rev. F. Close, of Cheltenham, a much admired Evangelical preacher, published a Sermon directed against the Society, full of quotations and misquotations from their organ, the *Ecclesiologist*, and especially indignant about the Seal,* of which he gave an elaborate description. The accompanying engraving hardly justifies the fear and anger with which that Seal was viewed. Mr. Close's Sermon was entitled "The Restoration of Churches is the Restoration of Popery;" and his name was powerful enough to give weight to his assertions.

The entire dissolution of the Society was proposed, but Mr. Neale and others held that it had not yet done its work, and the result of the tempest was that the local institution was broken up, only to form again on a more extended basis. Under its new style, the "Ecclesiological (late Cambridge Camden) Society" held its meetings henceforth in London; Mr. Neale was appointed Secretary; and the Seal was dropped.

He was now editor of the *Ecclesiologist*, and a great deal of trouble that post gave him.

"September 9th, 1845.—Annoying letters from S. and P. about the *Ecclesiologist*. Really an editor ought to have nerves of iron."

* "In 1844, the C.S.S. cemented its corporate existence by the adoption of a Seal designed by Pugin. It is formed in the proper ecclesiastical shape of the *Vesica Piscis*. It contains Saints in niches of Tabernacle work. In the middle is seen the Incarnate GOD, through Whom all the offerings of the Church are made, holding the Orb and Cross in His hand, and seated in the lap of His Blessed Mother. Right and left stand St. George, the Patron Saint of England, and St. Etheldreda, that of the Diocese of Ely. On the right of St. George is St. John the Evangelist, with the Eagle at his feet, holding a chart of the New Jerusalem. He is sometimes considered the Patron of Architecture. On the left of St. Etheldreda is St. Luke, with the Ox, holding in his hand a picture. He is the Patron of Painting and the Fine Arts in general. On the extreme right is a Ruin, which on the left is transformed into a Church with a lofty spire. Below the middle figure is a representation of the restored Round (or St. Sepulchre's) Church. The Seal is completed by the figure of an Angel bearing a Scroll with *Quam dilecta* (Ps. lxxxiv.) The circumscribed Legend is "SIGILLUM SOCIETATIS CAMDENICÆ CANTABRIGIENSIS A. S. MDCCCXXXIX."—*Memorial of C.C.S.*, by REV. E. J. BOYCE.

"*September 10th.*—A most annoying letter from H. He is offended that I did not allow him to be a proprietor of the *Ecclesiologist*, and drew a distinction between him and those that were; and finally, begs to decline having anything to do with the November number. Wrote to him that his being or not being a proprietor was no doing of mine. To P., that if they pleased, or rather thought it best, I would give up the Editorship, helping them nevertheless to the utmost of my power."

It may be thought that we have given too much space to the history and the works of the Cambridge Camden Society, and it is certainly true that the whole subject is now nearly forgotten. But why forgotten? Because the edifice has advanced so far towards completion that the foundations are covered over, out of sight and out of mind. But the part played by Cambridge in the Catholic Revival has been well described by an abler pen than ours, in an obituary notice of the late Mr. Beresford Hope.

"The religious revival had stirred Cambridge, but it touched different points from Oxford, and worked in a different way. There is no trace at Cambridge, as far as we know, of the perilous speculations and the fierce repression that went on at Oxford. Mr. Hope was one of a set of men who welcomed with interest and sympathy the new religious movement, but who accepted it among themselves on its practical side. The questions which sent the Oxford men to Rome certainly did not disturb University life at Cambridge. The Cambridge men, accepting the great idea of the Catholic Church, set themselves to work out how the outward aspects of English public worship might be made most reasonably and intelligently to correspond to the ideals and the best traditions of the ancient and historic Church. They founded the Camden Society and the *Ecclesiologist* to carry on this study with characteristic breadth and thoroughness. And they took a great and eventful step; for it was the condition, the indispensable condition, of bringing the ideas which had been worked out at Oxford into touch with the popular mind. The work begun by those Cambridge men has changed the whole face of public worship in England."

—(*The Guardian*, October 26th, 1887.)

With reference to the list of works given in an extract from Mr. Neale's journal in our last number, the following memorandum may have interest for some readers. It shows, at any rate, the untiring diligence of a man in very bad health, and much occupied in other matters:—

" Began ' Herbert Tresham ' "	Monday, March 5, 1842.		
Finished " "	Thursday, June 2, "	89 days.	
Began ' Hierologus ' ...	Dec. 7, 1842.		
Finished " ...	Jan. 31, 1843.		
Began ' Agnes de Tracy ' ...	Dec. 24, 1842.		
Finished " ...	Jan. 10, 1843.		
Began ' Ayton Priory ' ...	Feb. 13, 1843.		
Finished " ...	Mar. 7, "	22 days.	
Began ' Shepperton Manor ' ...	Mar. 10, 1843.		
Finished " ...	May 4, "	56 days.	
Began ' Hymns for the Sick ' ...	Aug. 20, 1843.		
Finished " "	Sept. 25, "		
Began ' Translation of Bp. Andrewes ' ...	Oct. 24, 1843.		
Finished " "	Dec. 10, "	47 days.	
Began ' History of Alexandria ' ...	Oct. 28, 1843.		
Finished " "	Sept. 21, 1844.	328 days.	
Began ' History of England ' ...	July 11, 1844.		
Finished " ...	Dec. 16, "		
Began ' Triumphs of the Cross ' ...	July 21, 1844.		
Finished " "	Aug. 25, "	35 days.	
Began ' Poynings ' ...	Aug. 26, 1844.		
Finished " ...	Jan. 9, 1845.		
Began ' Virgin Saints ' ...	Sept. 1, 1844.		
Finished " ...	Nov. 2, 1845.	427 days.	
Began ' The Crusades ' ...	Jan. 13, 1845.		
Finished " ...	Feb. 12, "		
Began ' History of Portugal ' ...	Feb. 14, 1845.		
Finished " ...	Mar. 15, "		
Began ' Tales ' (2nd Series) ...	Mar. 10, 1845.		
Finished " ...	July 2, "		
Began ' History of Greece ' ...	July 3, 1845.		
Finished " ...			
Began ' Spelman ' ...	Circ. July 7, 1845.		
Finished " ...	April 6, 1846."		

Sermon.

(Hitherto Unpublished.)

PSALM LXXXIV. 7.

“They will go from strength to strength : and unto the GOD of gods appeareth every one of them in Sion.”

(Friday, December 5th, 1856.)

AND this day, if I may thus use our LORD’S own words, is this Scripture fulfilled in our ears. We all of us draw nigh to the GOD of gods: to Him Who, though He was with the FATHER before all worlds, though all things were made by Him, and without Him was not anything made that was made, yet did not, in the greatness of His love, of old time abhor the Virgin’s womb—and, in the exceeding mercy of the same love, vouchsafes, not once only, but again and again, to come down among us now, only under the form of Bread and Wine. And notice how it is written, *Unto the GOD of gods appeareth every one of them in Sion.* Sion, as I have so often said, which, by interpretation, is expectation, sets forth the Church Militant ; it is Jerusalem, the Vision of Peace, which sets forth the more glorious Church in Heaven. And so, though appearing before the GOD of gods, as we do at this time, we nevertheless see Him, as St. Paul says, through a glass darkly ; we nevertheless come before Him here in the expectation of coming before Him more blessedly and more enduringly hereafter. We come before Him with great weakness and pollution here, that we may come before Him in perfect strength and entire holiness there.

And notice how it is written, *They will go from strength to strength.* Strength we had to begin with—even the strength of the HOLY GHOST, given to us at the Font. But from one degree of strength we must go on to another, and this is what every Christian life ought to be : and this, my dear Sisters, your life, above all, must be. A perpetual struggling upwards, never to be satisfied while—and that will always be while you are in the flesh—you are conscious to yourselves of any besetting weakness, any fault in which every now and then you indulge yourselves. See

what is the order of things. First, by degrees, to find out that what you have hitherto allowed yourselves in without any scruple is not fitted for those who desire to give themselves wholly up to GOD—to be tempted, it may be for a long time, to think that so little a thing cannot much matter—to find out gradually that it does matter—that it is deadening your prayers, laying you open to all sorts of temptations, checking and hindering your whole Christian course. Next, to resolve as earnestly against it as you would against any great and known sin, and to gird yourselves up to battle with it ; then the long struggle, in which you are often beaten, but in which, on the whole, you conquer ; and then, last of all, a victory over it—it may be quite perfect, it may be all but perfect, but a victory still. This is going from strength to strength. This, dearest Sisters, if you are doing—and I hope most earnestly that there is not one of you, here or absent, that is not—then you have a right to take that blessing to yourselves which is pronounced on all such : *Blessed is the man whose strength is in Thee, in whose heart are Thy ways.*

But this verse seems to apply most of all to those who, like you, are constantly receiving the greatest of all strength, the Body and Blood of Him That is the mighty GOD. Kneeling here, again and again, to receive that—then going forth to the different cares, and trials, and employments of the day—you should go forth every day with more force, you should follow in the steps of Him That went forth conquering and to conquer. Those Communion of yours are recorded where they can never be forgotten. When we all stand together before the Great White Throne, they will be remembered : so many pledges on your parts that you were your LORD'S and His alone, so many pledges on His part of—*Be thou faithful unto death, and I Who now give thee the Bread of Life will hereafter give thee the Crown of Life.* No one but those who were resolved to be CHRIST'S utterly should dare—or must be allowed—to receive so often. Yet you all come—yet you all are grieved to be forbidden—and what else then is this but a distinct renewal, in each several Communion, of any resolutions of serving God you have ever made, either to yourselves or to me ? So surely as I give the Bread of Life into your hands, so surely do you again

dedicate those hands to do GOD'S work, and none else ; so surely as I give you the Wine of Immortality, and you raise it to your lips, you pledge those lips to speak your LORD'S words, to do your LORD'S errands, to be wholly sanctified to Him. I know that this is true to a certain extent of every Christian, but it is not true of them as it is of you ; just as I know that every Christian must be the soldier and the servant of CHRIST, but he is not the soldier and servant of CHRIST in the same way as a Priest is.

All this you know, but you never can hear it too often. You, my dearest Sisters, must be all, or you can be nothing. By so frequent, by so almost daily Communion, you pledge yourselves, in His strength, to be all ; and I am glad and thankful at heart that you do. But still, looking at it in this light only, it is a very solemn thing. Every morning, while thus receiving to yourselves your LORD and your GOD, to pledge yourselves that for that day and every day you will be His ; to offer to Him the vow that every action, word, and thought, shall be for Him. Again to enlist yourselves for that day and every day, to fight His battles. Dearest Sisters, who is sufficient for these things ?

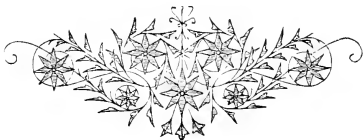
And then, to look at the other sense ; for we may also take Sion to mean that City which is the rest of all our labours, the goal of all our hopes, the harbour after all our storms : as it is written : *I looked, and lo, a Lamb stood on the Mount Sion.* And oh that this text may be said of every one of you ! You need different degrees of strength, some of you have stronger temptations than others ; you need different kinds of strength, for you are all attacked in different ways ; but you all need to advance in that strength, whatever it be. *They WILL go from strength to strength.* They will, however much their own infirmities may distress them. They *will*, however much their spiritual enemies may oppose them. They *will*, however often they may show some sad weakness. And then it follows, *Unto the God of gods appeareth every one of them in Sion.* If that may but be said of you all ! If you all, whose struggles and trials here I know, whose faults I know, whose temptations I know, yes, and whose victories I know also ; if you all, whom I have so often tried to comfort, whom I have so often blamed, with and for whom I have so often prayed, whom I have

so dearly loved, may have that fulfilled—*Unto the GOD of gods appeareth EVERY ONE of them in Sion!* Not one missing of all that ever have pledged, or ever shall pledge themselves, to GOD's service with us! Not one to mourn for of all that have ever prayed in this Oratory! The whole flock in the Heavenly Fold, and not one wanting! The whole company past over Jordan, and not one lacking on the other side!

Pray for this, my dearest Sisters, for yourselves and for each other: and if that prayer be granted in that world, it matters little enough what happens to us in this. Trial and conflict as GOD wills here, if only there: *Unto the GOD of gods appeareth every one of them in Sion.*

And now, &c.

REV. J. M. NEALE.



Selections from “The Symbolism of Churches and Church Ornaments.”

A TRANSLATION OF THE FIRST BOOK OF THE RATIONALE OF
DURANDUS, WITH INTRODUCTORY ESSAY, NOTES, AND ILLUS-
TRATIONS BY THE REVS. J. M. NEALE AND B. WEBB.

p. xiv. ANALYSIS OF THE INTRODUCTORY ESSAY ON
SACRAMENTALITY: A PRINCIPLE OF ECCLESIASTICAL DESIGN.

INTRODUCTION.

1. Spread of the study of Church Architecture.
2. Obvious, but indefinable, difference between old and new Churches.
Wherein this consists :
Not in Association,
Nor in correctness of Details,
Nor in the Picturesque,
Nor in Mechanical Advantages,
But in Reality,
considered, in an enlarged view, as Sacramentality.
3. This probable,
from Examples, and
Promises in Holy Scripture,
Catholic consent,
Example to the contrary,
Philosophical reasons.
4. Enunciation of the subject.
5. Writers on the subject,
Pugin, Poole, Lewis, Coddington, the writers of the
Cambridge Camden Society.

A. ARGUMENTS FOR SYMBOLISM.

I. A PRIORI.

Symbolizing spirit of Catholic Antiquity in

- (a) Interpretation of Holy Scripture,
- (b) Analogy of the Jewish Ceremonies,
- (c) Private Manners,
- (d) Emblems in Catacombs, &c.,
- (e) Symbolical interpretation of Heathen writers.

II. ANALOGICAL.

I. Examples of other nations.

- (a) Jews.
 - (1) Temple rites.
 - (2) Legal observances.
 - (3) Sacred books.
- (b) Turks.
- (c) Infidels.
 - (1) Hindu and Egyptian Mythology.
 - (2) Persian Poetry.
- (d) Heretics.

II. From Nature.

- (a) Trinity.
- (b) Resurrection.
- (c) Self-sacrifice.

III. From Art.

- (a) Sculpture.
- (b) Painting.
- (c) Music.
- (d) Language of Flowers.

IV. Parabolical teaching.

III. PHILOSOPHICAL.

Objective answering to Subjective.

All effect Sacramental of the efficient.

Sacramentality of all Religion.

Ritualism peculiarly and necessarily Sacramental.

Church Architecture a condition of Ritualism.

Necessities induce accidents, and these material expressions.

Example :

Necessities of Ritualism, and their expressions in earlier and later ages.

Hence Symbolism,

Essential,

Intended,

Conventional, which again becomes intended.

IV. ANALYTICAL.

1. Cruciformity.
2. Ascent to Altar.
3. Orientation.
4. Verticality.

V. INDUCTIVE.

Express and continuous testimony.

(a) Apostolical Constitutions.

(b) Eusebius.

(c) Symbolical writers.

Actual examples.

VI. RECAPITULATION.

B. EXAMPLES OF SYMBOLISM.

I. DOCTRINES.

(a) The Holy Trinity, set forth in—

- I. Nave and Two Aisles.
- II. Chancel, Nave, and Apse.
- III. Clerestory, Triforium, and Pier Arches.
- IV. Triple Windows.
- V. Altar steps.
- VI. Triplicity of Mouldings.
- VII. Minor details.

- (b) Regeneration.
 - I. The octagonal form of Fonts.
 - II. " " Piers.
 - III. Fishes.
- (c) Atonement.
 - I. Cruciformity.
 - II. Derivation of Orientation.
 - III. Double Cross.
 - IV. The great Rood.
 - V. Details.
- (d) Communion of Saints.

II. DETAILS.

- (a) Windows : a series of examples.
- (b) Doors.
 - I. Norman tympana.
 - II. Double doors in Early English.
- (a) These explained in two ways—
 - (1) Christ's entrance into the world.
 - (2) Our entrance into the Kingdom of Heaven.
- (b) Difference between Mouldings of Chancels, Arches, and Doors.
- (c) Porches.
- (d) Chancel arch and Rood screen.
- (e) Monuments.
 - (a) Differences of ancient and modern symbolism in these.
 - (1) Sceptical character of the present age.
 - (2) Paganism of modern design.
 - (3) Reality of ancient design.
 - (b) Historical details of Monuments.
- (f) Gurgoyles and Poppyheads.
- (g) Flowers used in architecture.

C. OBJECTIONS ANSWERED.

1. Inequality of type and antitype.
2. Difference of symbolism in the same arrangement.
3. Mechanical origin.

D. HISTORY OF SYMBOLISM.

1. Norman ; as symbolizing facts.
2. Early English ; as symbolizing doctrines.
3. Decorated ; as symbolizing the connexion of doctrines.
4. Perpendicular ; as symbolizing the progress of Erastianism.
5. Flamboyant, &c.
6. Post-Reformation Symbolism.

E. CONCLUSION.

Contrast between a modern and ancient Church.

LAUS DEO.

p. cxxx. INTRODUCTORY ESSAY: CONCLUSION.

Far away, and long ere we catch our first view of the city itself, the three spires of its Cathedral, rising high above its din and turmoil, preach to us of the Most Holy and Undivided Trinity. As we approach, the Transepts, striking out cross-wise, tell of the Atonement ; the Communion of Saints is set forth by the Chapels clustering round Choir and Nave ; the mystical weathercock bids us to watch and pray and endure hardness ; the hideous forms that seem hurrying from the eaves speak the misery of those who are cast out of the Church ; spire, pinnacle, and finial, the upward curl of the sculptured foliage, the upward spring of the flying buttress, the sharp rise of the window arch, the high-thrown pitch of the roof—all these, overpowering the horizontal tendency of string course and parapet, teach us, that vanquishing earthly desires, we also should ascend in heart and mind. Lessons of holy wisdom are written in the delicate tracery of the windows ; the unity of many members is shadowed forth by the multiplex arcade ; the duty of letting our light shine before men, by the pierced and flowered parapet that crowns the whole. We enter. The triple breadth of Nave and Aisles, the triple height of Pier Arch, Triforium, and Clerestory, the triple length of Choir, Transepts and Nave, again set forth the Holy Trinity. And what besides is there that does not tell of our Blessed Saviour ? that does not point out " Him First," in the two-fold Western door ;

“Him Last,” in the distant Altar; “Him Midst,” in the great Rood; “Him Without End,” in the monogram carved on boss and corbel, in the Holy Lamb, in the Lion of the Tribe of Judah, in the Mystic Fish? Close by us is the Font, for by Regeneration we enter the Church—it is deep and capacious, for we are buried in Baptism with CHRIST—it is of stone, for He is the Rock; and its spiry cover teaches us, if we be indeed risen from its waters with Him, to seek those things that are above. Before us, in long-drawn vista, are the massy Piers, which are the Apostles and Prophets; they are each of many members, for many are the graces in every Saint; there is delicate foliage round the head of all, for all were plentiful in good works. Beneath our feet are the badges of worldly pomp and glory; the charges of Kings, and Nobles, and Knights: all in the Presence of GOD as dross and worthlessness. Over us swells the vast “valley” of the high-pitched roof; from the crossing and interlacing of its curious rafters hang fadeless flowers and fruits which are not of earth; from its hammer-beams project wreaths and stars, such as adorn heavenly beings; in its centre stands the Lamb as It had been slain; from around Him the Celestial Host, Cherubim and Seraphim, Thrones, Principalities, and Powers, look down peacefully on the worshippers below. Harpers there are among them harping with their harps, for one is the song of the Church in earth and in Heaven. Through the walls wind the narrow cloister galleries, emblems of the path by which holy hermits and anchorites, whose conflicts were known only to their GOD, have reached their home. And we are compassed about with a mighty cloud of witnesses: the rich, deep glass of the windows teems with saintly forms, each in its own fair niche, all invested with the same holy repose; there is the glorious company of the Apostles, the goodly fellowship of the Prophets, the noble army of Martyrs, the shining band of the Confessors, the jubilant chorus of the Virgins; there are Kings, who have long since changed an earthly for an heavenly crown; and Bishops, who have given in a glad account to the Shepherd and Bishop of souls. But on none of these things do we rest; piers, arch behind arch, windows, light behind light, arcades, shaft behind shaft, the roof, bay behind bay, the Saints

around us, the Heavenly Hierarchy above with dignity of pre-eminence still increasing Eastward—each and all lead on, eye, and soul, and thought, to the Image of the Crucified Saviour as displayed in the great East window. Gazing steadfastly on that, we pass up the Nave, that is, through the Church Militant, till we reach the Rood Screen, the barrier between it and the Church Triumphant, and therein shadowing forth the death of the Faithful. High above it hangs, on His Triumphal Cross, the image of Him Who by His Death hath overcome death; on it are portrayed Saints and Martyrs, His Warriors, who, fighting under their LORD, have entered into rest and inherit a tearless eternity. They are to be our examples, and the seven lamps above them typify those graces of the SPIRIT, by Whom alone we can tread in their steps. The screen itself glows with gold and crimson: with gold, for they have on their heads golden crowns; with crimson, for they passed the Red Sea of Martyrdom to obtain them. And through the delicate net-work, and the unfolding Holy Doors, we catch faint glimpses of the Chancel beyond. There are the massy stalls, for in Heaven is everlasting rest; there are the Sedilia, emblems of the seats of the Elders round the Throne; there is the Piscina, for they have washed their robes and made them white; and there—heart, and soul, and life of all—the Altar, with its unquenched lights, and golden carvings, and mystic steps, and sparkling jewels; even CHRIST Himself, by Whose only Merits we find admission to our Heavenly Inheritance. Verily, as we think on the oneness of its design, we may say: *Jerusalem edificatur ut civitas cujus participatio ejus in idipsum.*

p. 1. *Here beginneth the First Book of Gulielmus Durandus, his Rationale of the Divine Offices.*

THE PROEME.

All things, as many as pertain to offices and matters ecclesiastical, be full of divine significations and mysteries, and overflow with a celestial sweetness: if so be that a man be diligent in his study of them, and know how to draw *honey from the rock, and oil from*

*the hardest stone.*¹ But who *knoweth the ordinances of Heaven, or can fix the reasons thereof upon the earth?*² For he that prieth into their majesty, is overwhelmed by the glory of them. Of a truth *the well is deep, and I have nothing to draw with,*³ unless He giveth it unto me *Who giveth to all men liberally, and upbraideth not:*⁴ so that while *I journey through the mountains*⁵ I may *draw water with joy out of the wells of salvation.*⁶ Wherefore, albeit of the things handed down from our forefathers, capable we are not to explain all, yet if among them there be any thing which is done without reason, it should forthwith be put away. Wherefore I, William, by the alone tender mercy of GOD, Bishop of the Holy Church which is in Mende, will knock diligently at the door, if so be that *the key of David*⁷ will open unto me: that the King may bring me *in to His Treasury,*⁸ and shew unto me the heavenly pattern which was shewed unto Moses in the mount: so that I may learn those things which pertain to Rites Ecclesiastical, whereof they teach, and what they signify; and that I may be able plainly to reveal and make manifest the reasons of them, by His help, *Who hath ordained strength out of the mouth of babes and sucklings:*⁹ Whose SPIRIT *bloweth where It listeth,*¹⁰ dividing to *each severally as It will*¹¹ to the praise and glory of the TRINITY.

p. 22. The material Church, wherein the people assemble to set forth GOD's holy praise, symbolizeth that Holy Church which is built in Heaven of living stones.

This is that House of the LORD, built with all strength, *upon the foundations of the Apostles and Prophets, JESUS CHRIST Himself being the Chief Corner Stone.*¹² Her¹³ *foundations are in the holy mountains.*¹⁴ The walls built upon these are the Jews and Gentiles; who come from the four parts of the world unto CHRIST, and who have believed, believe, or shall believe on Him.

The Faithful predestinated to eternal life, are the stones in the structure of this wall which shall continually be built up unto the world's end. And one stone is added to another, when masters

¹ Deut. xxxii. 13. ² Job xxxviii. 13. ³ St. John iv. 11. ⁴ St. James i. 5.

⁵ Psalm ciii. Vulgate. ⁶ Isaiah xii. 3. ⁷ Apocalypse iii. 7. ⁸ Cant. ii. 4.

⁹ Psalm viii. 2.

¹⁰ St. John iii. 8.

¹¹ 1 Cor. xii. 11.

¹² Eph. ii. 20.

¹³ Psalm lxxxvii. 1.

¹⁴ Ex. xxv. 2.

in the Church teach and confirm and strengthen those who are put under them ; and whosoever in Holy Church undertaketh painful labours from brotherly love, he as it were beareth up the weight of stones which have been placed above him. Those stones which are of larger size, and polished, or squared, and placed on the outside and at the angles of the building, are men of holier life than others, who by their merits and prayers retain weaker brethren in Holy Church.

The cement, without which there can be no stability of the walls, is made of lime, sand, and water. The lime is fervent charity, which joineth to itself the sand, that is, undertakings for the temporal welfare of our brethren : because true charity taketh care of the widow and the aged, and the infant and the infirm : and they who have it study to work with their hands, that they may possess wherewith to benefit them. Now the lime and the sand are bound together in the wall by an admixture of water. But water is an emblem of the SPIRIT. And as without cement the stones cannot cohere, so neither can men be built up in the Heavenly Jerusalem without charity, which the HOLY GHOST worketh in them. All the stones are polished and squared—that is, holy and pure, and are built by the hands of the Great Workman into an abiding place in the Church ; whereof some are borne, and bear nothing, as the weaker members ; some are both borne and bear, as those of moderate strength ; and some bear, and are borne of none save CHRIST, the Corner Stone, as they that are perfect. All are bound together by one spirit of charity, as though fastened with cement ; and those living stones are knit together in the bond of peace. CHRIST was our wall in His conversation, and our outer wall in His Passion.

p. 24. The arrangement of a material Church resembleth that of the human body : the Chancel, or place where the Altar is, representeth the head ; the Transepts the hands and arms, and the remainder—towards the west—the rest of the body. The sacrifice of the Altar denoteth the vows of the heart. . . .

Furthermore, the Church consisteth of four walls, that is, built on the doctrine of the four Evangelists ; and hath length, breadth,

and height ; the height representeth courage ; the length fortitude, which patiently endureth till it attaineth its Heavenly Home ; the breadth is charity, which, with long-suffering, loveth its friends in GOD, and its foes for GOD ; and again, its height is the hope of future retribution, which despiseth prosperity and adversity, hoping to see *the goodness of the LORD in the land of the living*.¹⁵ Again, in the Temple of GOD, the foundation is Faith, which is conversant with unseen things : the roof, Charity, which *covereth a multitude of sins*.¹⁶ The door, Obedience, of which the LORD saith, *If thou wilt enter into life, keep the Commandments*.¹⁷ The pavement, humility, of which the Psalmist saith, *My soul cleaveth to the pavement*.¹⁸

The four side walls, the four cardinal virtues, justice, fortitude, temperance, prudence. Hence the Apocalypse saith, *The city lieth four square*.¹⁹ The windows are hospitality with cheerfulness, and tenderness with charity. Concerning this house saith the LORD, *We will come unto him, and make Our abode with him*.²⁰ But some Churches are built in the shape of a Cross, to signify, that we are crucified to the world, and should tread in the steps of the Crucified, according to that saying, *If any man will come after Me, let him deny himself, and take up his cross, and follow Me*.²¹ Some also are built in the form of a circle : to signify that the Church hath been extended throughout the circle of the world, as saith the Psalmist, *And their words into the ends of the world*.²² Or because from the circle of this world we reach forth to that crown of eternity which shall encircle our brows.

p. 27. The cock at the summit of the Church is a type of preachers. For the cock, ever watchful even in the depth of night, giveth notice how the hours pass, wakeneth the sleepers, predicteth the approach of day, but first exciteth himself to crow by striking his sides with his wings. There is a mystery conveyed in each of these particulars. The night is this world, the sleepers are the children of this world who are asleep in their sins. The cock is

¹⁵ Ps. xxvii. 13.¹⁶ 1 St. Peter iv. 8.¹⁷ St. Matthew xix. 17.¹⁸ Ps. cxix. 25 (*Adhæsit ad pavimento.*)¹⁹ Rev. xxi. 16. ²⁰ St. John xiv. 23.²¹ St. Matthew xvi. 24.²² Ps. xix. 4.

the preacher, who preacheth boldly, and exciteth the sleepers to cast away the works of darkness, exclaiming, Woe to them that sleep! *Awake thou that sleepest!*²³ And these foretell the approach of day when they speak of the Day of Judgment, and the glory that shall be revealed; and, like prudent messengers, before they teach others, arouse themselves from the sleep of sin by mortifying their bodies. Whence the Apostle, *I keep under my body.*²⁴ And as the weathercock faceth the wind, they turn themselves boldly to meet the rebellious by threats and arguments: lest they should be guilty, *when the wolf cometh, of leaving the sheep and fleeing.*²⁵ The iron rod, whereon the cock sitteth, representeth the discourse of the preacher, that he speaketh not of man, but of GOD, according to that saying, *If any man speak, let him speak as the oracles of GOD.*²⁶ But in that the iron rod is placed above the Cross, on the summit of the Church, it signifieth that the Holy Scripture is now consummated and confirmed. Whence saith our Lord in His Passion, *It is finished:* and that title is written indelibly over Him. The ball doth signify the world redeemed by the Price of the Cross. . . .

The glass windows in a Church are Holy Scriptures, which expel the wind and the rain, that is, all things hurtful, but transmit the light of the True Sun, that is, GOD, into the hearts of the Faithful. These are wider within than without, because the mystical sense is the more ample, and precedeth the literal meaning. Also, by the windows the senses of the body are signified, which ought to be shut to the vanities of this world, and open to receive with all freedom spiritual gifts. By the lattice work of the windows, we understand the Prophets or other obscure teachers of the Church Militant, in which windows there are often two shafts, signifying the two precepts of charity, or because the Apostles were sent out to preach two and two.

The door of the Church is CHRIST, according to that saying in the Gospel, *I am the Door.*²⁷ The Apostles are also called doors. The piers of the Church are Bishops and Doctors, who specially sustain the Church of GOD by their doctrine. . . .

²³ Eph. v. 14.²⁴ 1 Cor. ix. 27.²⁵ St. John x. 12.²⁶ 1 St. Peter iv. 11.²⁷ St. John x. 9.

The pavement of the Church is the foundation of our faith. But in the spiritual Church the pavement is the poor of CHRIST—the poor in spirit, who humble themselves in all things ; wherefore, on account of their humility, they are likened to the pavement. Again, the pavement which is trodden under foot representeth the multitude, by whose labours the Church is sustained.

The beams which join together the Church are the princes of this world, or the preachers who defend the unity of the Church—the one by deed, the other by argument.

The stalls in the Church signify the contemplative, in whom GOD dwelleth without hindrance, who, from their high dignity and the glory of eternal life, are compared to gold. Whence he saith in the Canticles, *He made a golden seat.*²⁸ The beams in the Church are preachers, who spiritually sustain it.

p. 44. Man, if he hath an Altar, a Table, a Candlestick, and an Ark, he is the Temple of GOD. He must have an Altar, whereon rightly to offer and rightly to distribute. The Altar is our heart, on which we ought to offer. . . . We offer rightly when we bring any good thought to perfection. But we do not rightly divide if we do it not discreetly. For a man often thinketh to do good, and doeth ill : and sometimes with one hand he doeth good, and with the other ill : and thus himself buildeth, and himself knocketh down. But we then rightly divide when the good which we do we attribute, not to ourselves, but to GOD alone.

It behoveth also man to have a Table, whence he may take the bread of the Word of GOD. By the Table we understand Holy Scripture, concerning which the Psalm, *Thou preparest a Table before me in the presence of mine enemies*²⁹—that is, Thou hast given me Scripture against the temptations of the devil. This Table, then, we must have, that is, must lay up in our minds, that thence we may take the Word of GOD. Of the deficiency of this bread saith Jeremiah : *The little ones sought bread, and there was none to break it unto them.*^{29a}

It behoveth man likewise to have a Candlestick, that he may shine with good works. A Candlestick that giveth light without

²⁸ Cant. iii. 9, 10.

²⁹ Ps. xxiii. 5.

^{29a} Jer. xvi. 7.

is a good work, which by its good example inflameth others. Of which it is said, *No man lighteth a candle and putteth it under a bushel, but in a candlestick.*³⁰ This candle, according to the Word of the LORD, is a good intention, of which He saith Himself, *Thine eye is a light.*³¹ But the eye is the intention. Therefore we ought not to put the candle under a bushel, but in a candlestick. Because if we have a good intention we ought not to hide it, but to manifest our good deeds to others, for a light and an example.

Man must also have an Ark. Now *arca* is derived from *arcendo*—discipline, therefore, and regular life may be called the Ark, by which crimes are driven away (*arcentur*) from us. Now in the Ark were the Rod, the Tables, and the Manna: because in the regular life there must be the Rod of Correction, that the flesh may be chastised; and the Table of Love, that GOD may be loved. For in the Tables of the Law were written the commands which pertain to the Love of GOD. Therein must also be the Manna of Divine Sweetness: that we may *taste and see how gracious the LORD is, for it is good to have to do with Him.*³² According to that proverb of the prudent woman, *She tasted and saw that it was good.*³³ Therefore, that we may be the Temple of GOD, let us have in ourselves an Altar of Oblation, lest we appear empty in His Presence according to that saying, *Thou shalt not appear empty before the Presence of Thy GOD,*³⁴ let us have a Table for refection lest we faint, through hunger, in the way: as saith the Evangelist, *If I send them away empty, they will faint by the way;*³⁵ a Candlestick by good works that we be not idle, as he saith in Ecclesiasticus, *Idleness hath taught much mischief;*³⁶ let us have an Ark, that we be not as sons of Belial, that is, undisciplined, and without the yoke: for discipline is necessary, as the Psalmist teacheth, saying, *Be instructed, lest He be angry.*³⁷ . . .

The white cloths wherewith the Altar is covered signify the Flesh of the Saviour, that is, His Humanity, because it was made white with many toils; as also the Flesh of Christ born of earth,

³⁰ St. Matt. v. 15.³¹ St. Matt. vi. 22.³² Ps. xxxiv. 8.³³ Prov. xxxi. 18. Marg. reading.³⁴ Ex. xxiii. 15.³⁵ St. Mark viii. 3.³⁶ Ecc. xxii. 2.³⁷ Ps. ii. 12.

that is, of Mary, which attained through many tribulations to the glory of the Resurrection, and the purity and joy of immortality. . . . Again, the Altar is covered with white and clean cloths, because the pure heart is adorned with good works. . . . The silken coverings placed over the Altar are the ornaments of divers virtues wherewith the soul is adorned. The hanging wherewith the Altar is beautified setteth forth the Saints. . . . The steps to the Altar spiritually set forth the Apostles and Martyrs of Christ, who for His love poured out their blood. Also the fifteen virtues are set forth by them. By these steps the ascent of virtues is sufficiently made manifest, by which we go up to the Altar, that is to CHRIST: according to that saying of the Psalmist, *They go from virtue to virtue.*³⁸

p. 53. Pictures and ornaments in Churches are the lessons and the scriptures of the laity. Whence Gregory : It is one thing to adore a picture, and another by means of a picture historically to learn what should be adored. For what writing supplieth to him which can read, that doth a picture supply to him which is unlearned, and can only look. Because they who are uninstructed, thus see what they ought to follow, and *things* are read, though letters be unknown. . . . But we worship not images, nor account them to be gods, nor put any hope of salvation in them : for that were idolatry. Yet we adore them for the memory and remembrance of things done long ago.^{*} Whence the verse—

What time thou passest by the Rood, bow humbly evermore ; †
Yet not the Rood, but Him which there was Crucified, adore.

p. 80. Now in the Primitive Church, the Sacrifice was offered in vessels of wood, and common vests : for then were Chalices of wood and Priests of gold : whereof the contrary is now. But Severinus,

³⁸ Ps. lxxxiv. 7.

^{*} *Veneramur* :—We here use the word adore in the sense given to it by the great and good Bishop Montague, in his "Just Treatise of Invocation," where he says, speaking of the Saints, "I do admire, reverence, *adore* them in their kind."

† *Effigiem Christi, quum transis, pronus honora :*
Non tamen effigiem, sed Quem designat, adora.

Pope, decreed that it should be offered in glass ; but because such vessels were easily broken, therefore Urban, Pope, and the Council of Rheims, decreed that gold or silver vessels should be used ; or on account of poverty, tin, which rusteth not : but not in wood nor in brass. Therefore it might not be in glass on account of the danger of effusion : nor of wood, since being porous and spongy, it absorbeth the Blood ; nor of brass, nor of bronze, the rust of which is unseemly. . . .

A golden Chalice signifieth the *Treasures of Wisdom that be hid in CHRIST*.³⁹ A silver Chalice denoteth purity from sin. A Chalice of tin denoteth the similitude of sin and punishment. For tin is, as it were, half-way between silver and lead, and the Humanity of Christ, albeit it were not lead, that is, sinful, yet was it like to sinful flesh. . . .

But when the palls, that is, the corporals, and the veils, that is, the ornaments of the Altar, or the curtains hanging over it, shall have become unclean, the deacons, with their ministers, shall wash them within the Sanctuary, and not without. But when the veils used in the service of the Altar be washed, let there be a new basin. And let the palls, that is the corporals, be washed in another basin. This is it that was decreed of the Council of Lerida,⁴⁰ "That for washing the corporal and the Altar palls certain vessels be appropriated and kept within the Church, in which nothing else ought to be washed." But according to the afore-mentioned Clement, if the Altar pall or covering, or the covering of the seat where the Priest sitteth, in his holy vests, or of the candlestick, or the veil, that is, the cloth or curtains hanging over the Altar, be consumed by old age, let them be burnt, and their ashes cast in the baptistery, or on the wall, or in the drains, where there is no treading of passers-by. And note that Ecclesiastical ornaments be consecrated.

p. 202. SUPPLEMENT : "*Mystical Mirrour of a Church*," by Hugh of Saint Victor. . . . In that the Church is adorned joyfully within but not without, is shown morally that its *glory* is all from *within*.⁴¹ For although it be contemptible externally, yet doth it shine within in the

³⁹ Coloss. ii. 3.

⁴⁰ A.D. 524.

⁴¹ Ps. xlv. 14.

soul, which is the abode of GOD : whence the Church saith, *I am black, but comely.*⁴² And again, *Yea, I have a goodly heritage.*⁴³ Which the Prophet considering, saith, LORD, *I have loved the habitation of Thy House, and the place where Thine Honour dwelleth,*⁴⁴ which place also Faith, Hope and Charity do spiritually adorn. The Cross of Triumph is placed in the middle of the Church, because the Church loveth Her Redeemer in the middle of her heart, and *the midst thereof is paved with love, for the daughters of Jerusalem.*⁴⁵ The which, as a sign of victory, let all who see say one and all, "Hail! salvation of the whole world : hail! life-giving tree!" Wherefore, lest we should ever forget the love of GOD for us, Who gave His only-begotten SON to redeem us His servants, the Church armeth herself in her bosom and forehead with this sign, signifying that the Mystery of the Cross must always be believed by us in our heart, and confessed openly with our mouth. The figure of which went before her in Egypt. But when we cross ourselves from the forehead downwards, and then from the left to the right, we do set forth this mystery, that GOD *bowed the Heavens and came down,* to teach us to prefer things eternal unto things temporal. But by this sign the army of the Devil is overthrown : the Church triumpheth, *terrible as an army with banners.*⁴⁶ *How dreadful is this place : this is none other but the House of GOD.*⁴⁷ And the hymn saith, "The banners of the King come forth : the Cross unfolds its Mystery." Round this do the heavenly legions rally. Of this it is written, *I saw the Holy City, New Jerusalem, coming down from GOD out of Heaven.*⁴⁸

For the Church is militant here ; in her home she doth reign : a part is in pilgrimage, a part in glory. That which is in pilgrimage, coming up from her exile through the desert, doth sigh for her home, from the waters of Babylon for the Heavenly Jerusalem ; while the other part, continually seeing peace, doth hold perpetual festival.

Thus the heavenly city of Jerusalem is called the Vision of Peace. How glorious is her kingdom ! *Glorious things are*

⁴² Cant. i. 5.⁴³ Ps. xvi. 7.⁴⁴ Ps xxvi. 8.⁴⁵ Cant iii. 10.⁴⁶ Cant. vi. 10.⁴⁷ Gen. xxviii. 17.⁴⁸ Apoc. xxi. 2.

*spoken of thee, thou City of GOD.*⁴⁹ Her guardians be the citizens of Heaven, the legions of Angels with the glorious company of the Apostles, the Prophets, and the Patriarchs, the armies of Martyrs robed in purple, the flowers of Virgins, the verdant quire of Confessors, compassed about with the universal assembly of all the Saints, chaste and glorified! And this wondrous Court of Heaven is yet more wondrously adorned by that one incomparable jewel, the Virgin Mother, "whose like there ne'er hath been, whose like there ne'er shall be." But how great is the admiration of all in beholding the King Himself, and how harmonious be the songs in praise of Him: this is known to those alone who have deserved to stand amongst the happy throng and to behold the mystery of the TRINITY and the glory of CHRIST, Who is encircled by the angelic quires: upon Whom the Angels desire continually to gaze. To behold this the Immortal King face to face, the Church below is preparing Herself; and while she keepeth here Her Feasts of time, she is remembering the Festivals of Her home and of eternity; in which the Bridegroom is hymned by angelical instruments. And all the Saints continually celebrating the *day* of great festivity *which the LORD hath made*, cease not in their nuptial songs to laud the Eternal Bridegroom, the beautiful in form above the sons of men: Him Who hath chosen the Church for Himself of His free mercy. Of whom, as He had seen Her from eternity, He saith, *I will get Me to the mountain of myrrh, and to the hill of frankincense*, and will speak unto My spouse.⁵⁰ For whom He came forth *as a Bridegroom out of His chamber, and rejoiced as a Giant to run His course*.⁵¹ when He went forth from His FATHER, and returned unto His FATHER . . . went forth, indeed, even unto Hades, returned unto the Throne of GOD—to make all His Elect, from the beginning even unto the end of the world, one kingdom in the vision of the Supreme TRINITY, in which is glorified one GOD world without end.

⁴⁹ Ps. lxxxvii. 2.

⁵⁰ Cant. iv. 6.

⁵¹ Ps. xix. 5.

The Château de Valbreuse.

BY SUZANNE DUBOIS.

Edited by the Author of "Charles Lowder."

THIRTY years ago the carriage road from Grenoble to Nice by Sisteron and Gap was so unfrequented that even the great Murray, after the most elementary sketch of the route, appended to it a note requesting information from any travellers concerning it. Nevertheless, we three, my sister, her husband, and I, determined to attempt it, on our way from Paris to Nice. We were bent on seeing the Grande Chartreuse, and, once there, the directest route, at all events, lay through the mountains of Dauphiné and Provence, by Sisteron to Grasse, and then by Antibes to Nice. We left the railway at Lyons, and arranged with a very fat *voiturier* to take us to Nice in eight days for the sum of 500 francs. We slept the first night at Bourgoin, and next day (Saturday), passing through splendid scenery, reached the little village of St. Laurent du Pont, at the foot of the ascent to the Grande Chartreuse. I must not, as I would fain do, linger to describe our Sunday at that celebrated spot, as these few words are but an introduction to the narrative of Suzanne Dubois. We left St. Laurent early on Monday morning, and had a glorious drive by Voreppe through the vale of Gresivaudan to Grenoble, where we dined, and, leaving it for our afternoon's stage, plunged at once into the mountainous region of Dauphiné.

Our route was a continual ascent, and the country grew wilder and wilder, till we got into a sort of rocky desert, absolutely nothing but grand masses of stone. We slept at a wretched inn, or rather cabaret, at Le Monestier, and next day, through the same scenery, reached the little village of St. Julien. The character of the scenery rather changed, and the road led us through country resembling a Highland valley, only the hills were covered with beech brushwood instead of heath. The day was falling when we stopped at the foot of a steep ascent, as our *voiturier* said he could not attempt it until he had got a "*renfort de bœufs*" for his tired horses. I became tired of sitting in the carriage listening to

a negative from many peasants who passed, leading home their oxen, to the reiterated question, "Voulez vous me donner un renfort de vos bœufs?" and at last determined to walk on, leaving my sister, who was tired, with her husband, in the carriage. The moon was bright, and the road led through splendid mountain scenery, no longer barren, but well wooded. Charmed by this lovely and romantic walk, I forgot the time, and on looking at my watch found that it was two hours since I had left the carriage. It was nine o'clock, and I became alarmed at perceiving that the road had narrowed to a mountain path. Evidently in the dim light I had left the high road. I thought of turning about, but seeing a light farther on to my right, determined to try and find some one who could help me in my predicament. I soon came to a kind of avenue of pine trees on the right, and turning down it at right angles to the road, I saw that it led to what seemed, from the many lights in the windows, to be a mansion of considerable size. On coming near, it appeared to be an old Château with many turrets, and a terrace in front and at the sides. I rang at a large old door in the centre of the main building. A slide was quickly drawn back from a grating in the door, and a bright ray of light shot out, making me quite visible, and allowing me to see a nun's white coiffe. On hearing my story, she hastened to unbar the door, and received me with utmost kindness. She said I had left the high road, and that by this our carriage must be far on its way to Sisteron. "I will ring the bell communicating with our Jean's cottage," she added, "he will think nothing of going to Sisteron, and will assure Madame votre sœur of your safety, but you could not yourself attempt to reach it to-night."

I was fain to resign myself to her goodness, being more tired than I had known, and was soon sitting in a little guest-chamber, doing justice to a repast of smoking coffee, bread, honey and eggs. Then weariness and sleep overpowered me, and the kind Sister led me to a bedroom, with quaint and handsome furniture, and which struck me vaguely as not at all conventual.

It was brightly lit up by a blazing wood fire in a huge fireplace, and by candles in sconces attached to a large mirror on an antique toilet table. Over the massive chimney-piece was a full-length

portrait of a beautiful young girl, in the costume of the latter half of the last century. She stood on a wide terrace, a turreted château behind her, and was surrounded by pigeons, which she was feeding. Her face at once fascinated me, not so much by its beauty as by an indescribable air of frank gaiety and playful archness which the painter had impressed upon his work. She looked a creature whom sorrow had never touched, and who would meet all who came in her way with love and trust. Underneath the portrait was the inscription, in large gilt letters—

“ EUGÉNIE MONTBRUN
NOTRE BIENFAITRICE.”

I was too weary to ask any questions about the original, and soon found repose in a delicious bed. My slumbers were rather troubled by the events of the day—I seemed continually losing myself amidst wild and rocky precipices, or dark, bewildering woods; then again, I was in the carriage where I had left my sister and brother, and we were tearing down a steep road in a fearful storm. But always, at the worst peril, the figure of the young girl whose portrait had impressed me seemed in some way to appear, and to bring with her deliverance and peace.

Towards morning I fell into a deep sleep, from which I was aroused by the pattering steps of many children, the whole house seeming alive with their merry voices. I opened my eyes, and they fell on the smiling face of the portrait which had mingled with my dreams.

My hostess now appeared with coffee and a roll, and told me that Jean had found my sister at Sisteron, and that they would come before long to fetch me. I begged her to sit down, and to gratify my curiosity as to my place of refuge. “Is it a convent?” I asked.

“No,” she replied, “the Château, and its property were devoted more than a hundred years ago to the maintenance of forty orphan girls by the young lady whose portrait you are looking at, but she was not a *religieuse*. She lived through the Revolution, half forgotten, perhaps, in this solitude, half guarded by the angelic charity and goodness which even the worst of her revolutionary

neighbours respected ; and, before her death, she arranged that she should be succeeded in the care of her orphans by us, daughters of St. Vincent de Paul, to whom, as you know, Mademoiselle, Napoleon permitted the continuance of our work in France. This was our foundress's bedroom, and it is always kept as she left it, and in readiness for a guest. She would doubtless rejoice, as we do, that it has sheltered Mademoiselle. When you are dressed, you shall see the rest of the Château. You will find laid out for your use some of the toilet necessaries of Mademoiselle Montbrun, which I hope may be of use to you, since you have nothing with you."

She left me, and I rose and dressed as in a dream ; the sweet eyes of the portrait seeming to follow me and smile on me. The Sister came to fetch me, and showed me all over the Château. The rooms were numerous and handsome, and the ornamentation of the walls, door-ways, and windows, took off from the conventual look, although the once gaily-furnished salons were now turned into refectories, school-rooms, and work-rooms. Many of these were filled with merry-faced girls, from about nine to fourteen, dressed in a quaint but pretty uniform.

From the terrace to which the Sister brought me I saw the younger ones playing in the gardens, which seemed extensive, and which were intersected by broad grass walks, bordered by thick yew hedges.

"All is kept as it was left by Eugénie Montbrun," the Sister said.

"Do tell me more about her," I said ; "her portrait interests me much, and this foundation is a very unusual one."

"It is time for déjeuner," she replied. "After that I will take you to our Sister Superior, who will gladly tell you what she can."

As we turned to re-enter the house, I saw that over the principal entrance were the words, deeply cut in stone, "CALIX MEUS INEBRIANS, QUAM PRÆCLARUS EST."

The Sister led me to the refectory, where I was given a seat by the Sister-in-charge, at the head of the long table with twenty healthy happy faces at either side, and when the simple meal was over, I was taken to the Superior's room. I have not space to tell of all the kindness which was the beginning of our life-long

friendship, but in answer to my questions as to the foundress of the Orphanage, she told me that a manuscript had been found by one of the Sisters, thrust far back in a drawer of the library, and that a perusal of it would satisfy my desire to know the history of Eugénie. "It is undated," she added, "but was probably written very shortly before the writer's somewhat sudden death. She had doubtless put it in that very drawer, where it lay until found by chance." I eagerly accepted the Superior's offer, and before we parted, she confided to me the manuscript, of which the following is a translation. My sister and her husband were, on their arrival, as much interested as I was in the Château and its guardians, and in the portrait of Eugénie. I read her history to them during our afternoon's journey from Sisteron to Grasse.

THE STORY OF SUZANNE DUBOIS.

I know not what impels me, Suzanne Dubois, to set down certain facts, which, since the death of my master, M. le Capitaine Montbrun, and of the Comte de Lagny, are known to none save myself. For my beloved foster-child, mistress, friend, the devoted nurse and guardian of my old age, must never know these facts. Yet they haunt me—the past returns with a vividness in details which I cannot now attach to the events of yesterday; and it seems to me that writing them down clearly, may enable me to put away these recollections, and to turn entirely to the thought of a future which for me cannot be far distant. I can burn the manuscript when it is written.

I have had the charge of Eugénie Montbrun from her infancy. Her mother died at her birth, and her father, obliged to join his regiment which was on active service, engaged me as half-bonne, half-gouvernante for the child in whom all his affections centred. With her I spent some years at a farm not far from Paris, but quite in the country, where she was the idol of the good *fermière*, who, on the death of her own child, had taken Eugénie as her nursling. When the time came for her removal to a Convent in Paris, her father obtained permission from the nuns that I should be *en pension* in the Convent, so as to be near his darling and to cherish her, although her education was of course confided to the Sisters. We

spent the vacations with her foster-mother ; the free, open-air life at the farm contributing greatly to Eugénie's health and vigour.

So the years glided by peacefully and happily ; I was happy in watching Eugénie's growth in beauty and goodness, and the gradual formation of a character possessing singular simplicity as well as strength. Only she seemed so formed for happiness, and to need sunshine and brightness so much, that I sometimes thought with anxiety, "How will such a flower bear the frost and cold winds of adversity or suffering?" Every natural disposition was so good that it was really never necessary to cross her ; she was never in disgrace, for she found her happiness in pleasing those whom she loved.

She was just eighteen when the peace which ended the Seven Years' War restored M. le Capitaine to his home ; and this home was henceforth to be a delightful château on a beautiful property—the gift of the king as a reward for signal valour.

He came himself to take us away from the convent, bringing a large and roomy travelling carriage, specially ordered for his child's comfort and convenience during the long and wearying journey to Dauphiné. I could not help being amused at his fears lest the bright vigorous maiden, full of health and spirits, should be broken down by fatigue. He insisted on short stages each day, until we reached Grenoble, where we rested for a few days, and then left the high road, and travelled by wild mountain roads, which brought us, after three or four days of slow progress, to the little village of St. Julien, in the heart of the mountains dividing Dauphiné from Provence. Nothing could be more miserable than the accommodation offered by the wretched hovel which called itself an inn, but, to my great surprise, M. Montbrun decided that we should remain there until the afternoon of the next day, saying that there was business which required his attention, and that by starting at two in the afternoon we should reach our new home, the Château de Valbreuse, by ten at night.

He went out alone, before we had risen, and we saw no more of him until he returned after our mid-day meal, and, refusing all refreshment, insisted on our setting out as soon as the carriage could be made ready, and this in spite of a storm of wind and

rain. He seemed to be in an agony of impatience to start, and before long we were once more *en route*.

The farther we got in the mountainous region around St. Julien the more violent the storm became. The road was full of deep ruts, and, as the carriage swayed to and fro, nothing could be seen but a reddish glare from the lamps, which did not suffice to make the sombre surroundings visible. At times their faint glimmer was swallowed up by a vivid flash of lightning, kindling the entire horizon. The sharp crack of falling trees and broken branches mingled occasionally with the incessant howling of the wind, and at times every sound was lost in fearful peals of thunder.

Amidst the surrounding darkness the interior of our carriage, lit by two lamps, looked bright and comfortable.

It seemed strange that the old soldier, inured to danger, was the one who appeared terrified by the tempest, while the young girl, who had but just left her convent, did not seem even to perceive it. M. Montbrun looked fixedly out, and often shuddered from head to foot, while his features were as pale as death. From time to time he turned to glance at Eugénie. Her head lay on his shoulder, underneath the gold epaulettes of his uniform, and an indescribable softness stole over his face as he saw the signs of his long military service and glorious deeds forming a crown for the fair head of his child. But he soon relapsed into depression and gloom.

He seemed to be carefully watching the road.

"We ought now to be about six leagues from Valbreuse," he said; then, suddenly pulling the cord, he told the coachman he was certain he had taken a wrong turn.

"You are right, Monsieur," replied the man; "in this pitch darkness one cannot see a step before one, and we have come by the torrent. But this road is not longer than the other, and perhaps it is rather less bad."

"That is no excuse," said the Captain, with extreme displeasure. "You must turn back at once and cross to the other side."

As he spoke a clap of thunder drowned his voice, and the

servant heard nothing. At the same moment the carriage went faster down a steep part of the road. The wind, which was in our rear, blew furiously, and both storm and horses seemed to force us onward.

But suddenly, on the brow of a hill, the horses stopped without any apparent reasons, their shoes grinding against the stones in the effort to make a sudden halt.

Eugénie let down a window, and Vincent, M. Montbrun's valet, who had been sitting beside the coachman, sprang to the ground.

"A dead man!" he exclaimed.

Eugénie gave a cry of horror, while the servant peered anxiously through the darkness.

"I cannot tell," he said, "whether he is dead or only wounded."

The girl leant out of the carriage. There was a fresh flash of lightning, which for an instant showed us the body of a man, lying in the middle of the road, and at the same time the neighing of a horse not far off was heard.

Eugénie desired the valet to open the carriage door, but she was abruptly stopped by her father.

"Stay where you are, Eugénie," he said.

But we were already out of the carriage. The coachman led the horses to the side of the road, and Eugénie bade Vincent fetch one of the carriage lamps. By its light we saw the body of a young man lying in the mud, and, not far off, near the brushwood edging the road, was a horse saddled and bridled, who evidently had remained near his master.

The wounded man's breast was covered with blood. Eugénie laid her hand on his heart—"I can feel nothing," she said. "Father, Vincent, raise him a little." M. Montbrun stood by, apparently frozen with horror, but Moreau, the coachman, brought us water from the stream by the roadside, and Vincent supported the stranger in his arms whilst I unfastened the bloody muslin handkerchief from around his throat. I found a wound in the upper part of the neck, from which the blood flowed slowly, and I had hopes that the injury was not mortal. Eugénie, taking a vinaigrette of strong salts from her pocket, held it to his nostrils.

For an instant he raised his eyelids, but immediately closed them again.

"He is alive," exclaimed the girl. "O my God, Thou wilt grant that we may save him!"

"What do you mean to do?" her father asked.

"Can you ask?" she replied. "We must, of course, lift him into the carriage."

"Into the carriage!" said M. Montbrun, "it is impossible!"

"But he is still breathing," replied Eugénie; "he may be saved. And here, on this wild road, in this fearful weather, he would die in a few minutes. I can assure you—really, father, I do not understand—you who have always taught me to pity the unfortunate!"

"And what is to happen next?" said her father, in a dry voice.

"We will, of course, nurse this poor wounded man at Valbreuse," his daughter answered. "Our arrival will be marked by an act of mercy, although it may be a sad one."

Meanwhile the two servants, who were perfectly aware of the influence enjoyed by their young mistress, and knew that M. Montbrun had rather her commands were obeyed than his own, were doing their best to carry out her wishes.

The wounded man was laid on the front seat of the carriage, the upper part of the body a little raised and leaning against the cushioned lining. His head had fallen upon his shoulder, and one arm hung down. He seemed to be about thirty, handsome, and perfectly well dressed, wearing rich lace and jewelled studs.

Eugénie had not observed these particulars—she had seen nothing but a wounded man in the extremity of helplessness. Nor did her father examine closely the almost senseless form which had been laid in his carriage—from the moment we set out, he kept his eyes averted and fixed upon the road.

Vincent had fastened the stranger's horse by the bridle to the back of the carriage, and the faithful animal seemed of itself anxious to follow the vehicle which contained his dying master.

The storm had somewhat abated, but the weather was gloomy to excess. The atmosphere seemed of a uniform grey tint, while

the monotonous drip of rain upon the trees and the muffled sound of the wheels harmonized with the melancholy quiet which had followed the storm.

From time to time the apparently dying man opened his eyes. He gave no other sign of life, but it was evident that he seemed to derive a kind of hope from the presence of the young girl who had tried to save him. He tried to raise his eyes in order to look at her, but the weight of pain soon forced him to close them.

In this plight we arrived at the Château of Valbreuse. When the servants met us carrying torches, the wounded man seemed to regard with a more lucid and somewhat curious glance the scene and the persons which surrounded him. Then his head fell backwards, and he became senseless.

He was carried in this condition to a bed-chamber in the Château. M. Montbrun retired to his own apartment, and Eugénie spent her first night in the noble dwelling where she had come to reign as youthful Châtelaine, assisting me at the bedside of our patient, trying by every means to restore him to consciousness. I insisted, however, on her taking a few hours' sleep in the morning, and about noon, hearing she was up and dressing, I changed my travelling dress, and then repaired to the pretty little dressing-room carefully prepared for Eugénie, to superintend, as usual, her morning toilette. "What a night you have made me spend, Mademoiselle!" I said, "do you mean me to spend my old age in such labours?"

"Grumble away, dear nurse, to your heart's content," said Eugénie playfully. "I know how much it means. You see that what we did was right, since this morning our patient seems to have returned to life."

"I should think so! after all my fomenting and dressing his wounds, and nursing during the whole night, which I was forced to spend by his bed-side."

"You will sit up with him again to-night, won't you?—with me—until he is much better."

"Ah! I can't say as to that."

"He is resting quietly now; Vincent is with him, and I have sent Moreau to the village for the doctor. O you dear old bonne,"

Eugénie added a little impatiently, "don't bring me those feathers and lace ; I am not going to be dressed up in the country, I leave that to you." She went a few steps off, and looked me over attentively.

"Yes," she continued playfully, "there you are, more coquette than ever, with your frilled white gown, well-starched net handkerchief, powdered wig surmounted by your cap, and at top of all a crown of bows of scarlet ribbon."

"Be quiet, Mademoiselle," I replied, "every age requires its own toilette."

"Then you must have fifty, Nurse."

"Here is your linen dress, made high."

"That will do, give me my velvet neck band and wristlets, that is all."

"Stay," I said, "only let me put this bow of blue ribbon in your hair—with long ends, one falling on the shoulder and one on the neck. There, I have done."

Eugénie submitted to this addition to her toilette, and left her room. I followed her with gloves, smelling bottle and fan, wishing her to appear before her servants for the first time as a young lady of condition. But the girl, taking hold of the feather-fan, opened it, sent it gently flying at my head, and ran downstairs.

She went at once to the salon which led to the sick man's room, where I joined her. M. Montbrun was there, standing in a deep window recess, his arms crossed, his head sunk on his breast ; Moreau entered the room immediately after Eugénie. Through an open door the adjoining room could be seen.

The wounded man was lying under a canopy of thick damask curtains. His pallor was excessive, and he was motionless and speechless ; but his eyes, to which expression had returned, showed that he had recovered the use of his mental faculties, and was conscious of his situation. There was a looking-glass on the panel at the foot of his bed, placed at an angle which allowed him to see a reflection of the salon, and he kept his eyes steadily fixed upon this mirror.

Before Moreau had time to speak, Eugénie questioned him

eagerly as to the result of his errand. The coachman replied that he had in vain enquired through the whole village—no one had ever heard of a doctor.

Eugénie put on her sweetest smile and most engaging expression, advanced lightly, and, standing on tip-toe, stole one arm round her father's neck, while with the other hand she drew his head down, and looked softly into his face. It was her way when she wanted some extreme favour from the father whose idol she had ever been.

"Dear, good little father," she said, "you ought to get on your horse, and go yourself to the nearest town to fetch a doctor. It is very fine—it would do you good."

At this request M. Montbrun started. His daughter, without perceiving it, continued—

"You see, if we send Moreau, he will come back without having managed to find a doctor—whilst you, dear little papa, would, I know, bring back some one."

Montbrun seemed to succumb to his child's enchanting wiles—he bent his head slowly, and looked down. When Eugénie had gently disengaged herself from him, he left the salon in silence, walking, as it seemed, mechanically—went downstairs, and, calling for his horse, set out on the mission imposed upon him.

We remained with our patient, who was quiet, thanks to the soothing lotions applied to his wounds. M. Montbrun returned in a few hours, bringing a doctor with him, whom he ushered into the sick chamber, placing himself behind the curtain which hung at the foot of the bed. The doctor, after greeting us, advanced to the bedside of the wounded man.

"If I do not mistake," he exclaimed at once, "this is the Count de Lagny, lieutenant of light cavalry in the Prince de Condé's army. I saw him only a few days ago on his way through Sisteron, full of health and strength."

"Then he must have received this dreadful wound soon after he left the town," said Mademoiselle Montbrun. "Pray examine it, and tell us whether it is very dangerous."

"Yes, I remember," continued the doctor, "he meant to set out yesterday."

"And he was left for dead upon the road," added Eugénie, "where a happy chance brought us."

"But it is unheard of," said the doctor, "that in these days the roads should be thus infested by brigands."

"If you mean by that *robbers*, you are mistaken," I said. "Vincent, who undressed Monsieur, told me that he found money upon him as well as valuable ornaments, of which robbers would certainly have deprived him."

"Then," said the doctor, "it is a matter of revenge, or some quarrel. Passions are often as cruel as forest wolves or highway robbers."

"Oh!" said Eugénie, her face glowing with emotion, "it is as bad to attempt the life of another from personal motives as it is in order to rob him. Only an impious man will dare to touch that life which God has given us, and which He alone has the right to demand from us."

"Well," said the doctor, "we must see to securing the safety of our roads. I am always saying so to Monsieur the Governor of Sisteron. We should then, at least, know by whom such outrages are committed."

"Pardon, Monsieur," I said, "but at this instant it seems to me more important to cure this wound than to discover who inflicted it."

The doctor obeyed the hint, and proceeded to lay bare his patient's neck, and to probe the wound. He said that he did not think it would prove mortal, and enquired as to my treatment, of which he highly approved. This was natural, for the time was not long gone by when the healing of wounds was an art belonging almost of right to women, and I had ever held by old ways.

The hopes given by the physician seemed likely to be realized. He had hardly left before the Count's calm and peaceful expression of countenance seemed to denote a sensible improvement in his condition.

Eugénie, charmed by the doctor's commendation of my lotions, forthwith turned the salon into a perfect laboratory, and I was glad to make an excuse of my need of various herbs to persuade her to spend some time out of doors. I feared her suffering from her

first anxiety and confinement to a sick room, and was thankful to see her from the windows flitting through the grounds, climbing a steep bank for one plant, or seeking eagerly by the streamlet which ran through the gardens for some humble, but useful, herb. Before long she came running indoors with her harvest, and after I had carefully examined them, mingling simples and aromatics in due proportions, she insisted on herself pounding them in a little marble mortar in order to extract juices for a cooling febrifuge. Her father, wearied beyond his wont by the morning's ride, sat motionless in an arm-chair, watching his daughter's employment with a gloomy and depressed expression.

The wounded man had raised himself slightly on one elbow, and as he looked attentively at his young nurse his expression showed the extreme interest with which she had inspired him. A smile, the first which had been seen upon his lips, lighted up his face for an instant. Then, as though the soothing draught which was being prepared had acted upon him beforehand, he lay back upon his pillow and fell into a peaceful slumber.

(To be continued.)



The Call.

“The Master is come, and calleth for thee.”

(Willie had been lying still, and no one in the room stirred; presently he opened his eyes quite widely, as though in wonder and surprise, and said, “Who comes here?” Then he turned, and passed away so quietly that none of the watchers could tell the exact minute—about 6-30 a.m., July 20th, 1886.)

QUIET lay the choir-boy waiting,
 Loving watchers tending him,
 But his eyes to earth were closing,
 And his sight in death grew dim.

“Who comes here?” he spoke in wonder,
 Wonder, mixed with love and awe,
 And the watchers saw his movement,
 But they nothing further saw—

Save that Willie lay in stillness,
 Closed his eyes and spoke no more:
 Sank to sleep in such great calmness,
 They scarce knew his life was o’er.

“Who comes here?” Yes, we can answer:
 Not an Angel, but the King,
 CHRIST, the King, the Master glorious,
 Came His dear one Home to bring.

They had told the gentle Master,
 “One Thou lovest, LORD, is sick,”
 And He came, though Him they saw not,
 Veiled by earthly shadows thick.

In that quiet, early morning,
 Past the loving friends He came,
 Stretched His Hands and took our Willie—
 Blessed be His holy Name!

And our dear one saw Him coming,
And he strove his LORD to greet :
Came the Master to him calling,
And the call was very sweet.

Then the Master's blessed Presence
Soothed the watchers' parting pain ;
With full hearts amid their sorrow
They could own their loss was gain.

“ Who comes here ? ” Ah, words of comfort,
'Twas no Stranger took the child,
But his Elder Brother loving,
And our hearts are reconciled.

Though we miss him, O so sorely,
Yet *our* Willie he is still,
We at Home shall once more meet him
When it is GOD's holy Will.

And we ask our Master loving,
When in death our eyes grow dim,
With a joyful recognition
May we see and welcome Him,

As He takes us from the darkness
Of this tiring, earthly night,
To the Home where is no parting,
Where is endless, cloudless light.

K. E. V.



St. Margaret's, Boston.

BY AN AMERICAN ASSOCIATE.

ONCE upon a time—I have to say that for lack of definite knowledge as to dates—some philanthropic people in Boston established an Hospital for Children. It was a small affair at first, and, I believe, underwent the various vicissitudes common to such Institutions as regards workers. Its supporters or managers having the charge of affairs were not satisfied with these vicissitudes ; they were determined to have the very best workers that could be got, no matter how. That is like the Americans, you know. Did you ever notice that when an Englishman wants anything very much, he says, “Is it really worth the cost?” or, “Is it the very best I can get for the price I can afford to give?” An American, under similar circumstances, says, “Is it the finest kind going? if so, I’ll have it, and raise the cost somehow ;” and a Canadian says, “I can’t afford to give much ; is this the cheapest? It can, may be, answer the purpose.” This is a digression. However, to return. As I say, the Managers of the Children’s Hospital were determined to have their Institution carried on in the very best possible way. If, in order to carry out this determination, they had had to ask the Queen of England to send them out a few Princesses, I don’t think they would have hesitated an instant in doing so. As it was, they did something infinitely wiser and more practical. They sent to St. Margaret’s, East Grinstead, and asked for a Sister to take charge of their Hospital. That was in 1871. The Sister came, set her house in order, and went to work ; and that Hospital to-day is said to be the most perfect Children’s Hospital in existence—perfect in its management, in its system, in its discipline. It is one of *the* Institutions, not only of Boston, but of America. But more of this anon. While the Sister worked, people came, saw, and were conquered. They had got the kind of work they wanted, and they naturally came to the conclusion that the more they had of it the better. The result was, that a year or two later a further request was sent

to East Grinstead, that the Sisters should "place their work on a more permanent and extensive basis" in Boston. The request was granted. On Holy Cross Day (Sept. 14th), 1873, three Sisters (the present Mother Superior and two others) were set apart for the work; a few days later they sailed, and reached Boston on Michaelmas Day. A small house adjoining the Children's Hospital, which was then on Washington Street, had been taken for the Sisters, and in this they lived for some little time, doing mission work, nursing, and whatever else came to hand. The present Bishop of Fond du Lac was then in charge of the Church which they attended, and Chaplain in charge of the Sisters, and they were able to do a good deal among the poor of the parish; but it was some little time before they regularly undertook the charge of any other Institution besides the Children's Hospital. Indeed, they were not in a position to do so, until the small community had enlarged its numbers.

But it did grow, with the patient, steady growth which characterizes all true, healthy, deeply-rooted life. As the call came, one by one of those who are now its members left their luxurious homes, or the work to which they had chosen to devote themselves, or, harder than all, their nearest and dearest on earth, to follow Him Whom they loved better than all. We who look on, and see only the poverty, the humiliation, the hard toil, and what must be the bitter pain in their lives, wonder how they did it. But I suppose since the first called and chosen "left all and followed Him," those who have stood by always have and always will wonder why they did it. And centuries have gone by, and the world is growing old, and still that same voice is heard, and one and another rises to follow, drawn onward and upward by the unutterable yearning—GOD-sent, irresistible, unquenchable—for entire consecration to Him—that yearning which in all ages of the Church has found its best expression, its most perfect realization in the religious life.

"For ah! the Master is so fair,
His smile so sweet to banished men,
That they who meet it unaware,
Can never rest on earth again."

A few years later the Sisters undertook the charge of an Orphanage at Lowell, Mass. This they carried on for several years, I believe ; but, at the death of Dr. Edson, it passed into other hands, and the Sisters withdrew.

The year 1881 brought important changes. By this time the community had grown to such an extent as to render a larger Home necessary, and more extended work possible.

The Sisters were fortunately enabled to secure permanent possession of three large brick houses adjoining each other on Louisburg Square, into which they moved without delay. This constitutes the present St. Margaret's Home :—one of the houses being occupied as a residence for the Sisters ; the next being, for the first few years, devoted to a school for ecclesiastical embroidery, rooms for visitors, and for a few additional patients ; whilst in the third they began their now well-known Infirmary, in which they receive patients under the care of the principal physicians in Boston.

I was once a patient in that Infirmary, and sometimes now I half wish I were ill again. I think some of the happiest days of my life were spent there. Everything is so lovely and quiet and restful, that it seems as if you had left the world, with all its fretting fever, miles and months behind you. I never realized until then how much one's surroundings may soothe the pain and distress of an illness. The memories come back to me again as I write. The bright faces of the Sisters, and the cheerful words which often made me laugh in spite of myself ; the sweet sympathy, that always brought comfort, at times that come to us all sooner or later, I suppose, when we have to gather up all our strength just to *bear* hour by hour ; the *loving* kindness, with which they anticipate little wants and ward off little worries, which an ordinary nurse would think beneath her notice. It is no wonder that I love the sight of a St. Margaret's habit as I do ! If you had gone through the same experience as I have, you would think with me that it is the loveliest dress on earth.

The surgical operations performed in St. Margaret's Infirmary are truly wonderful. Some of Boston's most celebrated surgeons always send their patients by preference to be nursed by the

Sisters. The way in which the unfortunates are taken to pieces and put together again, and are themselves ready in a fortnight or so to declare that they never felt so well in their lives, is truly awful as well as most consoling. Of course, the doctors are quite ready to acknowledge that they have not accomplished these wonders unaided, and that skilful nursing is a factor in the patient's recovery, without which their skilful surgery would be but a doubtful benefit; and, as a natural consequence, the Infirmary work grew to such an extent, that in 1885 the Sisters took an immense house on the opposite side of Louisburg Square, which is also well filled with patients.

The Sisters have built a large chapel in connection with their Home. I am quite ignorant concerning the merits of carvings and paintings, so I won't attempt any description of it, but the whole effect of the interior is beautiful.

In 1881 (the same year, you remember, in which they opened their Infirmary), the Sisters undertook the charge of the Church Hospital of St. Barnabas, in Newark, New Jersey, at the request of the Bishop of the Diocese and several other Trustees.

A new wing has lately been added to this Hospital, and a very nice chapel built for the use of the Sisters and their patients. I believe there is also a very successful Training School for Nurses in connection with the Hospital.

I think I promised to tell you something more about the Children's Hospital. A few years ago it was removed from Washington Street to a large new building on Huntington Avenue, where a large Out-Patient Department has lately been added, at the modest cost of about sixty thousand dollars—exclusive of the cost of the Hospital. I went to the Hospital one day not very long ago, and the Sister-in-charge very kindly took me over. I wish you could only see it. Can you imagine several long, bright, sunny wards, flanked on each side by a row of little white beds, and in each bed a little childish figure in a bright red jacket, above it a little childish face, sometimes white and thin, but almost, without exception, smiling, contented and happy. This quiet contentment struck me as most remarkable under the circumstances, as the little patients are almost all surgical cases,

and must suffer a good deal, and one would think that the mere fact of being strapped down flat on their backs, or having their legs in plaster, or kept down by a heavy weight, would be enough to make the poor little things fret and fume constantly. But the only sign of anything of the kind I saw was in one poor lassie, who had just "come out" of ether after an operation. The rest seemed perfectly happy with their dolls or toys. Hopping about the floor, in both boys' and girls' wards, were a few little convalescents, some of them having both legs bandaged so smoothly, they looked as though they had white stockings on. In the girls' department there is the most complete doll's house and a large collection of toys. The boys have rocking horses and *their* favourite toys as well. Picture and scrap books abound; so, evidently, do stories and petting.

Wonderful, too, are the operations successfully performed here. I saw one child walking quite nicely, who had had to have both ankle bones taken out, as they were diseased. I, in my ignorance, had always supposed that if you lost your ankle bones your feet must go with them, but the Sister explained that in these days it was not necessary. I learnt, too, that spinal disease was curable—that a really bad case could make a complete recovery; that wonders were accomplished in cases of hip disease, crooked necks, cleft palates, bow legs, and a dozen other things, which I had always supposed accompanied their victims to the grave. On the upper floor of the Hospital there are rooms for private patients, where, besides the child's bed, there is one for the mother, should she wish to stay with it, or for the nurse in charge of it.

Before leaving the Hospital, I asked one of the Sisters how it was that the children seemed so happy, and bore their pain and discomfort so well. I was told that it was partly owing to their lack of brain sympathy. It may be; but I felt sure that it was to a still greater extent owing to the fulness of sympathy in the Sisters' brains. As I followed the Sister-in-charge from one little bed to another, I could not help noticing how the face of every little sufferer brightened as she spoke to it.

The Out-Patient Department is a large building, consisting of five floors, and is admirably complete in all its appointments. In

the basement is the general workshop, where there is a good deal of machinery in motion, and something like a half-a-dozen men are constantly employed in the manufacture of splints, &c., which work alone costs the Hospital some hundreds of dollars a month. Then there is a plaster room, where the stuff is prepared for use ; a surgeon's workshop, where the patients and plaster are brought into immediate relationship with each other ; a Museum, containing a large collection of casts of crooked feet, legs, &c., as they were when their owners brought them in, and corresponding casts of the same limbs, in straight and proper shape, as they were when their owners took them out. In the basement, also, are Nervine Rooms, containing electric batteries, &c., for the treatment of all kinds of nervous diseases among children.

On the first floor, are Reception Rooms (or whatever they are called), where the doctors interview their patients ; different Operating Rooms ; a Room where bandages, antiseptic, and other surgical dressings are prepared, and a Gymnasium.

On the second floor are Medical Rooms, Lecture Rooms, and a Photographic Gallery.

The fourth floor is reserved for an Isolated Ward, to which a patient is immediately removed from the Hospital on the appearance of any infectious disease. This floor cannot be reached from any other in the building, the sole mode of ingress being by means of a long staircase which leads down to a side door, opening on the grounds. All communication, therefore, both with in-patients and out-patients is most effectually cut off.

Now I hope you have heard enough of the Children's Hospital ; whether or no, I must pass on to other scenes of the Sisters' labours.

In 1886, the School of Embroidery was removed from St. Margaret's Home, on Louisburg Square, to quite a large house on Chestnut Street, which was taken for the purpose. The Sister-in-charge was trained at the Embroidery School at the Mother House, East Grinstead, and the work here is growing rapidly under her direction, orders coming in from all parts of the States for church vestments, altar linen, altar hangings, &c. I wish I could describe some pieces of their work which I have seen—they are so marvellously rich and beautiful.

I must not omit to say that, since their first coming to Boston, the Sisters have gone on steadily with their Mission Work in connection with the Church of St. John the Evangelist, now under the direction of Rev. Father Hall, of that Society. "Mission Work" may seem to you rather a vague term, and indeed it comprises a good many things in the way of emergency work, besides the regular Sunday School and Bible Class teaching, guild work, visiting among and (so far as possible and advisable) relieving the wants of the poor, "a little odd work, in the way of nursing the sick," as the Sisters might call it, which means in reality sometimes nursing a poor sick creature night and day, almost or wholly unaided, and probably in some wretched, stuffy little hole that no paid nurse would enter. Besides these pleasant pastimes, they have the looking up and looking after all sorts of stray unfortunates, and the not entirely easy task of trying to make the morally crooked walk in the straight ways.

In this department the Sisters' labours are not confined to their own parish. A great deal of work is also done among the coloured people of St. Augustine's Mission. This Mission was begun some six or seven years ago, I think, by the Fathers in connection with the Church of St. John the Evangelist. It was badly needed, for the people they went to work among were morally and spiritually in a condition that was truly appalling. In the beginning of the work, a small chapel was procured and opened for services, classes, &c. During the first few years it must have been most discouraging work; but that is an element that counts as nothing in the work of the Fathers and Sisters. And it has been greatly blessed, and is even now bearing rich fruit. There are now two or three regular Sunday Services at St. Augustine's Chapel, besides afternoon Sunday School, all of which are well attended. The Sisters have a Guild for women in good working order, a sewing class for women, another for girls, and a third for children. They have also the charge of St. Monica's Home, a small Home for sick coloured people (especially consumptives), who are altogether nursed and cared for by the Sisters. In this Home the coloured people take the very greatest interest, and the way in which the Sisters encourage them in their efforts to support it as

far as possible themselves, struck me as admirable—so often the tendency in charitable work among people of this class is to pauperise them. Here it is just the contrary; the people are not only taught to provide for their own wants, but to care for their helpless ones. There is a “St. Monica’s Relief Association,” for the support of the Home, which is entirely composed—President, Secretary, and all—of coloured people, and the Society is doing good work, considering the struggling poverty of its members. Each member contributes so much a month towards the support of the Home, and they give from time to time some sort of entertainment, wholly got up and patronized by people of their own colour, the attractions of which must be varied. I was most anxious to attend one of these entertainments once, but was not encouraged in my aspiration by the Sister-in-charge of St. Monica’s. I am afraid she thought that I should not enjoy it after all. So I had to stay at home. There is a Day School, too, for little children in connection with St. Augustine’s, and which has a coloured teacher. I don’t know much about her teaching, but I believe her pupils pass very well on entering the public schools, so I suppose she does them justice. Whether they pay the “two pence extra” or not I know not; but their manners (in the presence of their teacher) are to be admired, and the discipline of the School is excellent.

Some years ago, the Sisters began work in Montreal, Canada. Here they seem to be crippled in every direction for want of proper support. It seems to me incomprehensible. Very poor in their own personal lives our Sisters must always be; but that is all the more reason why their work for others should be supported. Of all the places where our Sisters work, Montreal is the only one where not even a roof over their heads is provided for them. In every other branch (and some of them are pretty poor), a suitable house has either been rented, bought, or built for them. I am not going to say anything more about this. The Sisters hope for better times.

In 1886, the Sisters began work in St. James’ Parish, in the north-east part of Washington, having charge of a Parochial School, and visiting and nursing among the poor.

Last year, at the request of the Rector, they undertook work in St. Luke's Parish, Chelsea, Mass., where they have a small Day School and help in the Sunday School.

Three new works have been begun during the present year (1889). One in St. Mark's Parish, Philadelphia, where the Sisters have charge of a Home for the Aged (I may remark, *en passant*, that they are not expected to support it), and, if I mistake not, have commenced parish work. And there is Mission Work in connection with a Church called the "House of Prayer," in Newark, New Jersey, where you remember their older work is, *i.e.*, St. Barnabas Hospital. The third is the new Christ Hospital, Jersey City, dedicated by Bishop Starkey, of New Jersey, on the 13th November last. I think now that I have mentioned all the different branches of the Sisters' work. Of course, I can't begin to tell you how much good they do. If I were to try and tell you even one-half of what I know, I am sure they would not like it. And the whole is only known to Him, "Whose they are and Whom they serve."

—From "ST. MARGARET'S MESSENGER," MONTREAL.



Ceylon.

FROM Ceylon we have received the following accounts of visits to the Government Leper Hospital, and of a Ceylon Tea Estate :—

“EXPEDITION TO LEPERS’ HOSPITAL,

“*April 2nd, 1890.*”

“We had a most interesting expedition to-day, one which, in the existing excitement about Father Damien and his work, would probably interest more people at home than the accounts of our daily work here in schools and parishes. We went to the Leper Hospital, one of the most interesting sights in Colombo, though it is the first time I have been able to go there. The very word ‘leprosy’ is so full of horror to Europeans that everything revolting is connected with it in our minds. Many of my illusions respecting it have been dissolved to-day, and perhaps one of the greatest aids to dispelling this feeling of horror was the very pretty scenery of the journey to this particular Hospital and the lovely situation of the building. We drove some distance—about three miles—through Mutwal, past the Cathedral and St. Thomas’ College, then through a native village to the Ferry. Here, almost at the mouth of the river, were fishing boats and Paddah boats, but not the boat which had, we imagined, been ordered to be in readiness for us. However, it troubled us little; in the Colonies one learns to put up with much, and we procured a fairly clean Paddah boat, in which were placed three chairs, with three not *too* clean cushions. With these we quickly dispensed. I wish I could accurately describe the boat and our own particular position in it. Had I kept my eyes fixed on the vessel and our oarsmen, I could well have imagined myself being towed across the Styx; but the glorious tropical scenery on all sides, and the monotonous chanting of our boatmen, dispelled this feeling. The sun was scorching, but there was a pleasant breeze on the river, not, however, so continuous but that we were glad to land at the island, and see the doctor of the Hospital coming to meet us and lead us to the house. *Very* welcome was the shade of the verandah, and we thought it cool, but what would you all say to *86* in the

shade? I went into some of the wards with the doctor—not, I must confess, with any great feeling of bravery, but the sights I saw were far more sad than revolting. The rooms were all so bright and clean, smelling strongly of antiseptics. The patients, hearing we were going to see them, had put bunches of the lovely Croton leaves about the rooms, and made them look quite festive.

“There were some very sad cases. One poor man, who looked as if he were in consumption (but, to us, showed no sign of leprosy), had been in the Hospital fifteen years, and can never be cured. Another, a girl; who has had it twelve years, but only been twelve months in the Hospital. In her case, her fingers were completely eaten away, and, the doctor said, her toes as well. It will probably now attack another part of the body, seeming, as it does, to aim at every limb.

“One man has been there twenty-five years; and they all know they cannot be cured, though Dr. Maier says if they could only be induced to go to the Hospital when the disease first attacks them, it might be arrested. All the patients seemed so cheerful; they were of all creeds, the Buddhists and Roman Catholics preponderating. Our Church is nowhere yet in the ascendancy. I fancy the C.M.S. were very apathetic in days gone by, whereas the Roman Catholics and Wesleyans have been the most energetic bodies. There is a very pretty English Chapel—given by the Bishop—with Cross, candles, and flowers on the Altar, dossal and hangings complete, and all kept in order by the lepers, even to the arranging of the flowers.

“The Roman Chapel was most tawdry, the Altars being covered with extraordinary pictures and statues; but the priest who goes there says it is best to let the people put their own offerings. To me, however, it looked rather like a shrine in a Buddhist Temple. Then the Buddhists have their Temple, into which we did not go: but, being under Government, the Hospital is bound to allow this.

“I have never told you yet that the whole building is on an island, away from the world, but I cannot describe to you the great beauty of the place. The river surrounds the island—in the distance the wide, open sea, near enough though to see the ships as they come in or go out of Colombo; and on another side the Canal, as picturesque almost as the River Kelani.

“It is isolation, but not solitude, for visitors are constant, and

there is plenty of traffic on the river. The doctor is a most energetic man, and is now trying very hard to establish Recreation Rooms and a Library. Numbers of the patients speak and read English well, and books would be a great boon to them, if anyone would interest themselves in sending any. I had no idea leprosy was so common in Ceylon until to-day ; every bed at the Hospital is full, and room for thirty more is wanted now.

“A great many of the professional beggars in Colombo are lepers. They live on their relations, and on what they have given them, as long as they possibly can, and then, when there is nothing but starvation before them, they apply for admission to the Hospital, too late for anything but a slow, lingering death. Whole families are sometimes afflicted, and yet the disease does not seem so contagious as reported, or the laws against leprous beggars would surely be more stringent.

“A curious fact was told us at the Hospital of a child, whose parents were leprous, and had gone there, taking with them this child, which, strange to say, was entirely free from spot or stain. She remained there some time, while strenuous efforts were made to get her away ; otherwise, the doctor said, eating the same food made in the same vessel would inevitably produce the disease.

“How little one can understand the phrase ‘spot or stain’ until one has been in the East. And how few Europeans would detect in the dark skin the spot of leprosy, so truly a type of sin. I think this was brought home to me very strongly yesterday. The insidious nature of sin as of leprosy, which eats into one’s body before the fact of its presence is known. It is painless, induces sloth, and until the joint, say, of a finger is actually disappearing, the poor creature is ignorant of the presence of the foul tormentor. Nothing can be done to cure, but *much* might be done to alleviate.

“It is a grand form of Mission Work, of which only the very few might be capable, but few would have to run the awful risks that Father Damien did. Owing to the peculiar circumstances in his case, the utter want of air and ventilation, and, of course, the absence of all antiseptics, it was all the more likely (as in most contagious diseases) that one living with the patients, nursing them, in many cases burying them unaided, would himself become a victim.”

"VISIT TO A TEA ESTATE IN CEYLON.

"Most people know something of the collapse of the coffee industry of Ceylon, and that now tea plantations have greatly taken the place of old 'King Coffee.' Life on such an estate is so different from life at home that our Associates and friends may be interested in hearing something about it.

"The journey 'up country' from Colombo is always a delight. The line runs through the low country as far as Polgahawala, and then mounts up a steep ascent, showing a triumph of engineering skill; the scenery all the way is very fine, and as the train goes winding round the side of the mountains, it is dizzy work to look back at the way you have come, or down to the depths below. All who know mountain scenery know the pleasure of watching the shades of colour on the different summits; streams of water dash down the precipitous sides of rocks, and help to irrigate the paddy-fields (rice, not Irishmen!) stretched in terraces below. Of course, the constant drip of the water makes the rocks beautiful with ferns, moss, and lovely greenery.

"On some estates, getting to and from the station is a serious business. Often there is no road to the bungalow, and ladies must ride on horseback or be carried in chairs; the latter is a penitential process at the best of times. Bamboos are fastened to the chair on each side and hoisted on to men's shoulders, so that four carriers are required for one chair; if the distance is long, a second four trot along ready to relieve the first. Most people find the shaking very trying. Sometimes you go in a jiuiricksha, a sort of garden pony-chair, only your pony is a man. Of course, if the bungalow is near the cart-road, or there is an estate-road up to it, it is merely a question of a longer or shorter drive. Coolies come to fetch the boxes, and trot along cheerfully, carrying them on their heads.

"The bungalow is often a comfortable house, much more English in style than a Colombo one can be, and the garden is generally beautiful. With very little care and attention, all sorts of flowers will flourish, both English and tropical, and they keep on flowering always—no bare time, no winter season. Certainly

it is a little confusing at first to gather violets, roses, and chrysanthemums together out of doors, but, as with most things, you get used to it.

“The particular estate to which the writer is referring is five hundred and eighty acres in extent, of which three hundred and fifty are producing tea. There are one hundred and twenty men, ninety women, and forty children employed on it; these are paid at the rate of thirty-three cents. a day for men, twenty-five for women, and from eighteen to twenty for children; the hours of work are from 6 a.m. to 4 p.m. The coolies are Tamils, and often come in gangs under their own Rangani from the neighbouring coast of India; a planter will send over a Rangani to fetch the required number of labourers, advancing money for the purpose, and the honesty with which a contract of this kind is fulfilled is unvarying. The coolies live in ‘lines’—low huts arranged closely together, and are far more comfortably off than ordinary English farm labourers. They are generally treated with kind consideration by the dorai (master), have no pinching cold to suffer, and are sure of having sufficient rice and curry each day for their support.

“Tea-plucking is a picturesque sight. The Tamil woman arranges her cloth gracefully, and there is sure to be some bright spot of colour contrasting with the surrounding green of the tea-shrubs; the men often wear soldiers’ old uniform coats, and there seems a general love of red in their attire. They carry a small basket, fastened to their backs, which will hold about eight pounds of leaf; these are emptied into larger ones containing fifty pounds. The tea is plucked at nine or ten days old, and carried to the factory, where the machinery is worked by steam power or by a water-wheel. This particular factory has both. The leaf is first spread out to wither, and is left for two days lying upon canvas stretched on long wooden frames, one below another, like shelves; then it is sent down a funnel to a machine below, in which it is rolled for about twenty-five minutes. It passes on to a sifter, which separates the finer from the coarser leaf; the latter is rolled for some thirty minutes more, and then the leaf is spread on tables to ferment for two or three hours, according to its quality. Next comes the ‘firing.’ The leaf is put into trays with wire bottoms,

which are passed many times through a machine heated with hot air; a thermometer stands on this dryer, which is kept at 220° . A tea-maker tells by the touch and smell when the process is completed. One hundred pounds of tea-leaf makes twenty-five pounds of tea. Now the tea is ready for packing, and the boxes, tin-lined, stand ready to receive it. It gave rather a home-sick feeling to stand watching the neat fastening and marking of the boxes, and to think that the undoing would take place in the bustle and noise of beloved London.

“In this district the bungalows lie nearer to each other than in some, and we had neighbours only a mile distant; in very scattered districts it is difficult to see much of your friends, which partly accounts for the general tone of hearty hospitality in the planting districts. Social visiting is attended with many difficulties, and you hear comic stories of adventures in getting from one estate to another, often over rough estate-paths. One pretty young bride told me of having been carried on her husband's back over the stepping-stones of a wide stream on their way home from a dance, her chair having met with some accident. Imagine the train of a bridal satin getting into a position of this kind! Nothing can exceed the kindness shown by up-country friends to each other and to those who visit them. The writer always remembers with grateful affection her first stay on an estate after a weary attack of fever, which could not be shaken off in the steamy heat of Colombo, and which soon left her in the refreshing coolness of Dikoya.”



Processional Hymn for Ascension Day.



1.

WHEN regenerating waters are poured forth the soul to lave,
We proclaim Him LORD of Ocean, Who once deigned to tread
the wave.

When the mystical Oblations, Bread and Wine, before Him stand,
LORD of Earth, we then confess Him, Who gives increase to the land.
And when wreaths of fragrant vapour rise to Him amidst our prayer,
We acknowledge Him Who conquered all the powers of the Air.

2.

Thrice for us the Word Incarnate high on holy hills was set,
Once on Tabor, once on Calvary, and again on Olivet :
Once to shine, and once to suffer, and once more, as King of kings,
With a merry noise ascending, borne by Cherubs on their wings :
Till the glad angelic voices hail the wardens of the gate,
“ Lift your doors, ye Holy Princes, for the Victor comes in state.”

3.

And the guards celestial answer from within to that strange cry,
“ Who is He, the mighty Victor, claiming entrance to the sky ? ”
Back from His triumphant legions comes reply in joyful swell,
“ It is He, the King of Glory, Who hath vanquished death and hell ;
LORD of Hosts, and strong in battle, Who, upon this holy tide,
Leads captivity in fetters, and hath trampled Satan’s pride.”

4.

Opened are the gates eternal, and the courts within reveal
 Myriad forms of radiant Angels which before the Victor kneel.
 Yet not there the Monarch pauseth, onward still He takes His way,
 Where the strong Archangels marshalled, bend before Him, and obey.
 Ever farther, ever onward, room before His feet is made,
 Where the Powers and the Virtues in their order stand arrayed.

5.

Why should He with Princedoms tarry—but the servants at His call?
 Why abide with Dominations, Who is King and LORD of all?
 Higher yet, and ever higher, till the Thrones are left behind,
 He ascendeth through the heavens, borne upon a mighty wind.
 Will He stay Him where the Cherubs, of created things most wise,
 Ponder in rapt meditation on the heavenly mysteries?

6.

Nay, for He, the Word Eternal, Sole-Begotten, Uncreate,
 Is the source of all the marvels upon which they meditate.
 Higher yet, and ever higher passeth He those ranks above,
 Where the Seraphs are on fire with the flames of endless love :
 Passeth them, for not e'en Seraphs ever loved so well as He
 Who hath borne, for His beloved ones, stripes, and scorn, and
 shameful Tree.

7.

Ever farther, ever onward, where no Angel's foot may tread,
 Where the four and twenty Elders prostrate fall in mystic dread :
 Where the four strange Living Creatures sing their hymn before
 the Throne,
 The Despised One and Rejected passeth in His might alone :
 Passeth through the dazing rainbow, till upon the FATHER'S right
 He is seated, His co-equal, GOD of GOD and Light of Light.

8.

CHRIST the Victor, CHRIST the Saviour, CHRIST our Master dear,
 and LORD,
 Hearken then to the petitions which we pour with one accord ;
 When the smell of a sweet savour up to Thee our censers send,
 Let the prayers of Thy redeemed ones with the Hymn Angelic blend :
 Let the fragrant clouds that, mounting, breathe their incense upon
 high,
 Be for us the hopeful symbol of Ascension to the sky.

The Vision of the Graven Stone.

A Sermon preached, in substance, before the laying of the foundation stone of the completing wing of the Neale Memorial, St. Margaret's, E. Grinstead, July, 1889, and published by request.

ZECHARIAH III. 8, 9.

"Behold I will bring forth My Servant the Branch. For behold the stone, that I have laid before Joshua ; upon one stone shall be seven eyes."

THESE words are from one of the seven mysterious visions, which make the earlier half of the book of Zechariah the most difficult portion of all Holy Scripture.

The seven visions were all seen in one night, and its date is exactly given.

In them the prophet sees horsemen riding through a low valley amongst myrtles. He sees four carpenters, he sees four horns, he sees a man with a measuring line in his hand. Then in his vision Joshua, the High Priest, stands before the LORD for GOD to change his raiment, and the words of my text are heard following on the change. Then come visions of a seven-branched candlestick and two olive trees beside it. A flying roll, a woman sitting on an ephah come next, and the series of visions is closed by one of chariots issuing forth from mountains of brass and crowns (of gold and silver) set on the head of the High Priest, and speech unto him, *Behold the Man Whose name is the Branch, He shall build the Temple of the LORD—and He shall be a Priest upon His Throne.*

All these were the visions of one single night—image springing from image and scene changing to scene. It is not wonderful that most of us should deem of Zechariah's prophecies what St. Peter thought of St. Paul's Epistles, that in them are things very hard to be understood. Now the chief reason of this obscurity is that these prophecies take the form of visions of the night. GOD, Who inspired Isaiah and the rest in their waking hours, was pleased to speak His purposes to such as Zechariah by the visions of his head upon his bed. This vision form is the cause of their deep obscurity. And then the clue (I think) to find them not mysteries

wholly inscrutable is to notice how beautifully and truly the revelations, which come to such prophets in the visions of the night, though they are revelations of GOD for all time, yet seem always to follow the laws which we can all see working through the experiences of our own dreams.

First (*i.e.*), that almost ever our dreams take their rise from the incidents of waking life—in us it may be the most passing thought, but in deep thinkers or in anxious times the visions of the night will be the fanciful parody or the grotesque caricature of the thoughts of the day. And then, further, once that form given for the dream, the most diverse facts of life will become blended into the quaintest combinations. No contradiction seems to you strange in a dream, no absurdity absurd; for your reason seems wholly dormant, while your imagination is vastly quickened, and so from scene to scene and place to place your fancy wanders in a dream, running riot over all the possibilities of waking life.

Such (I think) we all recognize as the character of our own dreams; and such we can see to have been the nature of the dreams and visions which GOD used to speak to His servants in the olden days.

How does St. Peter come to see the vision of the sheet let down from Heaven by which GOD taught him the call of the Gentiles? On its human side it is because he was hungry, and in the trance, which followed, came the sight of food and the voice saying, *Peter, kill and eat*. What dictated Jacob's dream, which taught him GOD's unsuspected presence in the wilderness? On that first night of his separation from his mother's tent, the unknown exile all before him, the last thoughts of the wanderer ere he sleeps, and the last view of the rocky shelves up the hill country of Judæa, rising till the mountain of Bethel buries its head in the clouds of Heaven. Hence the dream of the staircase set up from earth to Heaven and GOD blessing him from the summit. Joseph thinks anxious waking thoughts concerning the Mother of the LORD, and, while he thought on these things, GOD answered them with the dream from whence he rises to be the guardian of the secret of the Incarnation. Paul comes to Troas—ancient Troy once stood there—but also there Alexander of Macedon

crossed the straits on his victorious warfare against Persia. What would one like Paul, cultured and yet holy, think of on that first night at Troas? Surely of these incidents of its history, but also of how Daniel's visions had foretold Alexander's victories, and how he, Paul, was a soldier and servant of Him Whose kingdom Daniel also saw overcoming the kingdoms (including that one) which went before it. So, while he sleeps at Troas, GOD uses these associations. It is Thrace which is in full view just across the straits, but it is a man of Macedonia, whence Alexander came, who stands calling him, *come over and help us*, and he gathers assuredly that GOD was calling the Church to Europe.

And this law of visions runs through the visions of the prophets. They are given as they look anxiously on the things coming on the earth, and their obscurity is because GOD's answer to their searchings came through dreams : through dreams, too, coloured by men's character. Prophet and king, Nebuchadnezzar and Daniel, alike dream the dream of the nations, and GOD was teaching them. But to the king, the kingdoms took the dream form of the strength and glitter of the precious metals, and himself the richest and strongest, *Thou art this head of gold*. But to GOD's prophet, the same nations look only like so many ravening wild beasts, and only in dreamland could the grotesque, monstrous forms be seen, which Daniel saw ; as in dreamland only could they have their cradle in the winds of heaven, striving on the midnight sea, and evoking the monsters from its depths. And ah, more suggestive still, GOD gives alike to king and prophet the vision of the kingdom of the Incarnation ; but to him whose dreams are of the kingdoms of the earth as glittering and strong, the kingdom of the Incarnation is but the shapeless form of a mighty stone, dashing down their power and interfering with their glory. The prophet, beloved of GOD, sees the kingdoms of the earth as wild beasts, but the great stone cut out without hands is to *his* vision the benignant form of one like unto the Son of Man brought near to the Ancient of Days.

Now some such truths as these are the partial clue to the visions which Zechariah saw on the twenty-fourth night of the eleventh month of the second year of Darius. The exact date is given, and

from that exact date we know what were the waking thoughts of the prophet. Fifteen years had passed since the return from Babylon; two years since, amidst shouting and weeping, the foundation of the Temple was laid: then the adversaries of Judah first tried to take part, with their half-heathen hands, in the building of the House of GOD, and, being refused, they obtained from Babylon a hostile decree. Failing to secularize it, these foes ran to the Privy Council of the period and gained their cause. *So the work ceased till the second year of Darius.* We gather this from the book of Ezra. The book of Ezra goes on to tell how, in that second year of Darius, the prophets Haggai and Zechariah prophesied unto the Jews in the name of the GOD of Israel—how there rose up Zerubbabel the prince, and Joshua the High Priest, and began again in the teeth of the royal commands to build the House of GOD. Then, how again the people of the land appealed to Darius: but this time the laws of the Medes and Persians, which alter not, stood by the Jews, for Cyrus' decree was found in the archives, and the work was left in peace.

And thus, you see, if we put these things together and remember their date, then we know the waking scenes by day, which were before the prophet's eyes, the waking anxieties which were stirring and disturbing his heart, when there came that mysterious night in the eleventh month, that is, when the appeal to Babylon was gone from the enemies, but no answer could as yet have come back from the great king.

Around were the scenes of the building going forward on the Mount Zion, while the prophet had, with Haggai, stirred up the spirit of the people to despise the hostility of the surrounding peoples, and to ignore the frowns of the powers of the earth and to arise and build. Could he ignore his people's danger? Could he quite dismiss anxiety about the chances of success if the kings of the earth and their rulers should continue that hostility? Hence much of the outward form and symbolism of these seven visions, and GOD the HOLY GHOST is using them. So do the mysterious horsemen ride through the myrtle-clad bottoms, probably of Kedron, for is not he listening day by day for the post from Babylon bearing the king's decree? Will ever the ruins of the

city rise again? Ah, yes; already he sees GOD, Who calleth the things that are not as if they were, sending forth an angel to measure Jerusalem rebuilt.

Will the Temple rise again, or will the labour of them that are building be lost? The vision answers with the common clothes of the High Priest taken from him, and the fair garments of the Day of Atonement put on for him to enter a rebuilt most Holy Place, in spite of Satan standing to resist him. The seven-branched candlestick stands there as if the old Temple had never been despoiled. The two olive trees are there in dreamland; it seems no wonder that they turn to the two anointed ones, Zerubbabel and Joshua. Hence the plummet in the hand of Zerubbabel, hence the four carpenters; in the land of dreams it seems no wonder that their saws should turn from the building work to fray the four horns, which, like wild beasts have, as it is explained to him, torn Judah, Israel, and Jerusalem. Nay, scarcely strange, *that*, even in waking hours, seeing that *each with his right hand wrought at the work, while his left hand held a weapon*. So it is revealed to Zechariah, in broad outline, that Jerusalem from its ruins shall yet be built and inhabited as towns without walls, in spite of fightings without and fears within, and that the hands of Zerubbabel, which had laid the foundation of the Temple, *his hands shall finish it*.

But is the vision limited to that local sense, and its consolations restricted to that temporary anxiety? Nay, can we account for the particular words of my text only by the waking sight of the busy workmen on Mount Zion? Whence comes the Branch into the vision? whence the seven eyes into the foundation stone laid before Joshua, of which it is said, *These eyes are the Eyes of the LORD of the whole earth?* waking thoughts again mingling with the Prophet's vision. For the Hope of Israel, of which his whole being was so full—was it not wrapped up in the promises of the prophets that a *Branch* should come forth out of the hewn-down trunk of the House of David, and the Sevenfold Spirit of the LORD should rest upon Him? Might he not indeed connect Zerubbabel himself with the Branch? And then in the vision the thought passes from the Branch to the tiny little buds called eyes, the pledge of the trees' fertility; they are translated into the stone

itself, he knows not why, it does not seem strange in dreams. But neither does it seem strange to him to hear of them, *Those seven, they are the Eyes of the LORD of the whole earth*, for they find themselves in his dream mixed up with the vision of the stone, because to him, GOD's prophet, there was the everlasting trust in GOD's all-ruling providence, GOD's help, GOD's eye, GOD's watchful care. So that the House shall be surely built, not because Darius gives permission, but because GOD decrees it, and because, behind the hands of Zerubbabel and behind the voice of Joshua the High Priest, there is the Strong Hand and rich blessing of the Will of GOD.

Yea, and beyond the all-engrossing interest of that building in the eleventh month of that second year, his prophetic forecast looked to a richer fulfilment, or the HOLY GHOST used him to foreshadow one. The Written Word has its transformations, like the Incarnate Word. It has its transfiguration of glory, from the letter that killeth unto the spirit that giveth life. And as the vision of my text mounts the Tabor of the Incarnation it is transfigured also. It reaches its Tabor's lower slopes as the Holy Child is brought up at Nazareth, that it might be fulfilled by His being called a Nazarene what was foretold, "The Man Whose name is the Branch" (for the prophecies of the Branch become more definite later in Zechariah). The vision goes on its ascending way as He speaks of His own Godhead as the Rock, Himself as the Stone which the builders rejected, but which became the great Foundation Stone.

Some of you may have seen Fra Angelico's picture, or its reproduction, of the Transfiguration of our Lord; every figure, they tell me, out of drawing; every eye out of focus; of the central Figure, of the amazed Apostles, of the mysterious faces of the ascended Prophet and the dead Lawgiver breaking forth from space; but who that has seen the majesty of that central Figure, with the arms outstretched as on Calvary, to bless the world, can forget the mass of rock on which that central Figure stands, and the idea which the artist struggled, and effectually, to convey. The earth might cleave to its centre, but that Rock would stand, and whatsoever rested upon it. The elaborate world might

return to chaos, but the gates of death and hell could not shut in any who built their faith on it. Shapeless it is, but *it* has rolled through the world and has smitten the kingdoms—*I lay in Zion a strong foundation, and whosoever believeth in Him shall not be ashamed.* And the vision ascends into the glorified clouds of the Apocalypse, where men fear to enter and are perplexed, and then it is this vision is seen indeed glorified and transfigured. There stands, upon the Immutable Throne of God, the Victor Victim—the Lamb having seven Horns and seven Eyes, which are the seven Spirits of GOD. And, as He stands there, the New Jerusalem grows up around Him; the New Jerusalem builded of living stones. Again, as in Zechariah's vision, the measuring rod is seen in an angel's hands. So the city of our nature, as rebuilt in our Redemption on that one Foundation, which is CHRIST the LORD, it is found by the measuring line in the image and after the likeness of the Ever-blessed Trinity, *The length and the breadth and the height of it are equal.*

We are going forth from this Service to-day to lay the foundation stone of the last wing, which will complete St. Margaret's as St. Margaret's was designed in the life-time of its Founder. Twenty and four years ago the first of the foundation stones of this house was laid by the kindly hands of him who this day lays the foundation stone of its completing wing. Thanks be to GOD that though the greater part of the great company who gathered here then must have fallen asleep, he, that old, most faithful, and most honoured friend of St. Margaret's (he and his), remain to this present—that his hands, who began the beginning, begin the beginning of the end.

Twenty and four years ago—he, to whose memory it has been built in every stage of its inhabited condition, had not read in vain such visions as Zechariah's. He deemed that GOD, Who assisted the sons of the prophets in building them an house, would help; that GOD, Who strengthened Nehemiah to build the walls of Jerusalem, would strengthen; that GOD, Who by the hands of Zerubbabel, and under the blessing of Joshua, rebuilt His Temple, would sustain; above all, that GOD, Who spared not His own SON to be the great Foundation Stone of the rebuilt ruin

of our race (laid the foundation of that once accursed Jericho, to be rebuilt as the New Jerusalem ; laid the foundation in the First-born of all creation, dying upon the Cross to set up the gates thereof in the last of the multitude no man can number—no, nor angels—the last of the hosts upon hosts who makes up the number of the elect and calls back the LORD to bless again in like manner as He was taken into Heaven); that He, the LORD, would watch, and bless, and strengthen. So did he wish that on a great scale this building should be designed. As so designed, so did he live to see the beginning of it ; and then within the year he died. But the Sisters whom he left felt that he was not gone, but gone toward GOD.

They looked at his grave indeed, for how could their cry be concerning their house but the cry of the prophet, *My father, my father, the chariot of Israel and the horsemen thereof?* They looked at his grave as those who, if in this life only we have hope in CHRIST, would be most miserable. But then, in the faith and hope that he had taught them, they looked toward Heaven. They resolved that this house, begun by its Founder's faith, should be built and completed to its Founder's memory ; that the beautiful pile of buildings should be "A Neale Memorial ;" that, if his living presence was gone, his memory should nerve them to fulfil his teaching of faith and hope, and love and service towards GOD and man. *The GOD of Heaven He will prosper us : and we His servants will arise and build.*

Since then there has been many a year of anxiety, many a pause in this building work, many an anxiety. Sometimes the people of the land have looked askance upon the builders, Cyrus and Darius have not lavished their enthusiastic approval on the work, but those whom their Founder left behind, and the generations of the Sisters who have come after them, equally trained by his spirit and his teaching, and strengthened by his example, have not faltered in their purpose. Many a heart is gladdened by its fulfilment, and feels as if to-day their Founder's spirit blessed their fidelity to his memory, as when of old there came on earth a message from Elijah the prophet years after his death.

So in this our solemn Eucharist we lay, as it were, this new

foundation stone before the great High Priest, the true Joshua—conscious that any work must indeed be built upon the one foundation of His Holy Name, if it is to prosper ; that the Seven Eyes of the gifts of the SPIRIT must be in the stone or in the work it symbolizes, and the LORD grave the graving, if it is to be blessed indeed ; that *except the LORD build the house, their labour is but lost that build it.* Trusting in these GOD'S promises with holy joy, they do rejoice. And you will rejoice with them, for I deem most amongst us have felt the touch of the ever-widening circle of the influence of that vanished hand, the echoes of that voice that is still.

If Dr. Neale's hymns have ever helped or cheered you ; if you have ever from them realized more truly on a Christmas night the mystery of the Incarnation, the Sole Begotten Word of the Father made Flesh ; if, as Christians, you have seen in Lent Midian's troops prowling, and had temptation interpreted to you more fully by that song of Lent, or if the solemn strains of the song of the Royal banners have won you more to take your part in the great spiritual procession of the penitent in Passiontide, or the song of the Lamb's high banquet has helped your Easter ; if, in the turmoil and trouble of life, you have been cheered by a thought of the Golden Jerusalem, or in the weariness have found words to express in higher moments your thirst for the "dear, dear country" of the heavenly Fatherland ; if any of you have learned to love the perpetual sacrifice and more worthily to adore CHRIST in the Blessed Sacrament from the songs to its praise, which came from his devotion ; if your children have learned to love GOD'S truth and service from the exquisite child stories of that prolific pen ; if his graver writings have enlightened your intellect or touched your heart ; if he, being dead, yet so speaketh to you, you will also rejoice with them that the work he began should be completed to his memory.

You will join your prayers to ours, as we plead the great High Sacrifice for all who dwell in this place, or have dwelt in it amongst the living and the dead.

And if the writings or the work of him to whose memory this pile of buildings rises have ever helped you, or if these Sisters have done

so, by the services they have ministered in sickness or in sorrow to you or yours ; if in your own lives, good and useful (I doubt not) in other spheres, the fact and the thought of these and many like servants of GOD, pledged as their service of profession runs, to devote every faculty of soul and body to GOD'S service, helps you to keep your own ideal of Christian life and the possibilities of Christian service on a higher level, then I am not ashamed to ask from you very generous alms on their behalf, for he their father and their founder, and they his children in our LORD have sown unto you spiritual things, and is it a great thing that very gratefully they should reap your temporal things ?



In Tuo Nomine.

(DE S.S. NOMINE JESU.

Parisian Missal: for the melody of "Mittit ad Virginum.")

Now in Thy Name most high,
 JESU, we come to Thee ;
 LORD, be Thy presence nigh ;
 Deign of Thy Word to be
 Mindful to finish it.

E'en from Thine infancy
 Saviour Thou art to us ;
 Hanging on Calvary,
 This hast Thou bought for us :
 Life's guerdon infinite.

O Name most glorious,
 Courts of Heaven know it well :
 O Name victorious
 Over the hosts of hell,
 Name which we love to hear !

O Name, at sound of thee
 GOD'S command issues forth,
 Bows itself every knee ;
 Things in Heaven, things in earth
 Kneel to that Name of fear.

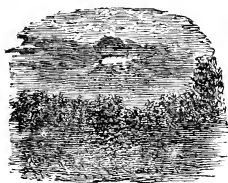
Sin-laden souls draw nigh,
 Naming that Name of love ;
 Cling to it faithfully,
 Straight in the courts above
 Pardon and peace are won.

Name, by which stands the soul
Firm in the grace of GOD ;
Through it we reach the goal
Of our long-lost abode,
After life's journey done.

Hearing that holy Name,
Demons of evil flee ;
Death departs whence it came
Swallowed in victory,
Death and all pains of it.

FATHER, Thou lovest us
Under this Name so dear ;
Lead us then, welcome us
Where we shall see more clear
Him Whom we name by it.

—*Translated by the REV. G. MOULTRIE
for the Sisters of St. Margaret's.*



Messages of the Evangelical Prophet to those called to the Observance of the Evangelical Counsels.

No. 1.

OF HOLY CHASTITY.

Beautiful Garments.

CONTEMPLATE the Holy City, new Jerusalem, coming down from GOD out of Heaven prepared as a bride adorned for her husband.

Restore again to us, O LORD, we beseech Thee, the stole of immortality which we lost in the transgression of our first parents; and endue us with the wedding garment of that holiness without which no man can see Thy Face: that we may be well pleasing in Thy sight, and may be made to sit down to meat at the marriage supper of the Lamb, through JESUS CHRIST our LORD, Who liveth, &c.

Our FATHER, &c.

I would endeavour, my dear Sisters, this Advent to bring before you some messages from the Evangelical Prophet, as they are referable to those pursuing the life of the Evangelical Counsels; and, while the Church especially anticipates the cry, *Behold the bridegroom cometh*, and seeks to become indeed *prepared as a bride adorned for her husband*, I have set before you for a moment the final consummation of that to which the passage which I propose for our consideration to-night invites, and would ask you especially to consider the raiment of the bride.

Awake, awake, put on thy strength, O Zion: put on thy beautiful garments, O Jerusalem, the holy city; for henceforth there shall no more come into thee the uncircumcised and the unclean. (Is. lii. 1.)

Let us first meditate upon

I. The *Beautiful Garments*.

II. Then upon some of the words of exhortation which belong to this verse.

III. and lastly, note that which immediately follows.

We can hardly read the words *Awake, put on thy beautiful garments*, without at once thinking of that familiar passage (Ps. xlv. 14), *The king's daughter is all glorious within: her clothing is of wrought gold*. Now what is this garment of wrought gold? Surely it is the robe of habitual grace; that is to say, the mantle of the love of GOD, signified by gold; for, you know, such is the nature of the Christian life, that you can put it all into one word, namely love; and so to say that a man is in habitual grace or not, is just one and the same thing as to say that he is in or out of charity; and so it is this robe which most essentially differentiates the Church from all else, this is her habit which she ever wears.

This beautiful garment is conferred on each soul at Baptism, and wrapping it about, serves so to clothe it that the shame of the nakedness of fallen nature should not appear; and yet, since all figures are imperfect, let us not fail to remember that it is not the covering over of a being substantially defiled which is effected by habitual grace, but the actual putting off of *the old man* and the actual putting on of the *new man*, which after GOD is created in righteousness and true holiness. (Eph. iv. 22-24.) It is not a mere external covering, but an essential renovation of the life by virtue of regeneration.

This is addressed to the Church in general, but whatever is spoken to the Church in general is more specifically so to those called into Religion. And so I say it to each of you, dear Sisters and dear children in JESUS CHRIST, in the name of our LORD, now this Advent, more than ever, *Put on thy beautiful garments*; and that is, as we saw, the same as to say, *put on charity, which is the bond of perfectness*. (Col. iii. 14.) There is, there can be, no advance towards perfection without putting on more charity; such, of course, ought to be the daily aim of all Christians, but more intensely the aim of those bound by peculiar pledges to seek after perfection. You who pray to your LORD *set me as a seal upon Thine heart, as a seal upon Thine arm* (Cant. viii. 6), are bound in your turn so to have Him in your *heart* that each *thought* may be such as you can share with Him; nay, rather such as He has suggested to you: so upon your *arm* that no action should be

initiated from mere nature, but all from His grace; all be wrought in Him and by Him, through the agency of His elect children. Now it ought to be easier for a Religious (though it is in a certain sense harder) to put on the beautiful garments; easier, because of the abandonment of all earthly aims and hopes, so that the mantle which is of Heavenly tissue may more aptly enwrap a soul which is disencumbered of much which would mar the beauty of its folds. If you should try to cast such a robe round one who is carrying many things, how ungainly it would look, how unlike that beautiful garment which the Bridegroom desires to see upon His bride; so I say it is *easier* for a Religious, and yet it is harder, because she is still flesh and blood, and is called to a harder life. A Religious is peculiarly bound to remember always that she is the King's daughter; the King's daughter because she is espoused to that Son for whom the King has made a marriage, and for whom the marriage feast is already spread. *Behold all things are now ready.* And thus those who have the Religious Vocation, and who remember this great truth of the necessity of wearing the beautiful garments, must necessarily live in the practice of the Evangelical Counsel of Religious Chastity. Let us emphasize both the words *Religious* and *Chastity*. *Chastity*, because no Christian can put on the love of JESUS if he make *provision for the flesh*; *Religious*, because it is peculiar to those who have this call that we can in no other way than that of the observance of Evangelical Chastity at all put on the mantle of the love of JESUS. Chastity is, as it were, the inner side of the robe of charity or holy love, and *Religious* chastity is the inner side of the robe of *Religious* charity, of that special form of the love of JESUS which is vouchsafed to the Religious. The garment of charity can never *cover the multitude of sins* (1 St. Peter iv. 8) in the sense to which the words of Holy Scripture are sometimes perverted, for it can never be possessed by a soul which allows itself in sin: for love of God, and of man for GOD'S sake, could not exist when the soul was allowing any known sin to defile it. So everything which looks like the beautiful garment, but which has not got the lining, is but a spurious imitation, there is no reality in this robe of charity, unless when it is lifted it is found to have the lining of

holy chastity; but when GOD Who knows all does lift this robe and discerns the holy chastity that is within, then there is found that which strengthens and sustains the beautiful garment, so that it is true that such a one is really clothed as a daughter of Jerusalem who *has* put on her beautiful garment.

II. I used just now the expression "strengthens." See how the Prophet couples this exhortation with that which we have just considered,—his words are, *Awake, awake, put on thy strength, O Zion*,—and, observing how this counsel of Holy Chastity is the counsel of strength, consider, dear Sisters, how strong a soul must be which is full of love, and confirmed in chastity. It is very natural that the prophet should say: *Put on strength*: when he says: *Put on thy beautiful garments*: for you cannot do one without the other. What is the meaning of virtue? Originally equivalent to manliness, it is taken to include, "All that is excellent in our physical and moral condition." In man the term is often applied pre-eminently to courage, in woman pre-eminently to chastity: they each imply strength, and indeed neither can be lost without the loss of the other in some sort. For an inordinate, that is to say an unchaste, love of life destroys courage, is unworthy of the dignity of man, and renders him cowardly, and therefore a coward is so because he is in a sense unchaste. And, so too, there is some cowardly shrinking from mortification and love of the flesh in every yielding to unchaste affections and desires of the heart and sense, so that we may say that there is no chastity without courage and strength; and wherever there is this glorious grace there is strength and courage. And of course it is that grace which largely contributes to the majestic dignity of the Holy Angels. It is this truth which shines out in Spenser's beautiful allegory in which the author of the "Faerie Queen," as he himself tells us, "pictures Chastity by Britomartis, a Lady Knight."

And now let us observe in connection with these last thoughts, how the exquisite beauty of true religious chastity, which makes the soul all glorious within, is closely linked unto another virtue which seems most homely: that is the virtue of *patience*. For in seeking the beautiful grace of religious chastity, how much

depends on using aright the opportunities of acquiring more courage by rightly receiving those mortifications which accompany the most simple ordinary things which happen day by day, and which as they are responded to tend to confirm the life in that courage which is the friend and ally of Holy Chastity, itself the inner lining of the cloak of Holy Love. O how beautifully is the King's daughter arrayed in the mantle of the love of GOD! her whole mien betokens to those who are taught of GOD, the courage and fortitude of her inner life. But unless we are learning of Him, we shall miss their recognition. Just as men can see the beauty of a choice vessel made by a famous potter, but are often unaware of the numerous processes of moulding and firing by which that beauty was attained: so is it with the beauty of a soul which is given to it by its Maker and LORD. Many may see the glory of the mystic cloth of gold, but few know how laboriously it has been wrought: what it has cost the patient fingers to weave its substance, or how its beauty has been prepared by the fair inner lining of an austere and constant chastity.

Awake, awake, put on thy strength. This is the word which is renewed to us, of course, every time GOD wakens us in the morning, but specially renewed to us now when we are singing very often the words, "Away, pale dreams, dim shadows fly, CHRIST in His might doth shine on high;" and so it is that we are called promptly to practise those things which one day it will be too late to practise, for soon it must be as we have it in that most beautiful, but terrible parable, *At midnight there was a cry made, Behold, the Bridegroom cometh . . . and they that were ready went in with Him to the marriage, and the door was shut.*

III. And now just a thought which will encourage us and renew our hope, if any of us are tempted to think that it is of no use for us to try now because of our sins past. Let us look at the rest of the verse. *For henceforth there shall no more come into thee the uncircumcised and the unclean.* GOD is speaking to the beloved people, and that is the way He speaks to them: *Shake thyself from the dust . . . loose thyself from the bands of thy neck, O captive daughter of Zion.* They have been in captivity, and have had the uncircumcised and unclean in their gates, but

that is to be no more. What would be the use of exultation? How could Jerusalem arise and shake herself from the dust? How could she who had sinned put on her beautiful garments? It could never have been, except for this parallel passage: *Awake*—not Jerusalem, but—*Awake, awake, put on strength, O arm of the LORD.* (Is. li. 9.) And this is addressed by the prophet to Him Who had redeemed them. It is as it were put into the lips of the faithful to remind GOD how He had brought out His redeemed from Egypt, and how He could also bring them out from their present captivity. And as the Church has but lately reminded us,* we ask no more to be brought out *from Egypt*; that was done for us when we were christened, but we ask to be *brought out from the North Country, and from all countries whither He hath driven us, i.e.,* to be redeemed from the captivity into which we have fallen by our own sins—I speak thus of myself, and to any of you who feel your sinfulness—we desire to be led up not only from Egypt, but from our present captivity.

Awake, awake, put on strength, O arm of the LORD; awake, as in the ancient days, in the generations of old. Art thou not it which hath cut Rahab and wounded the dragon? Art thou not it which hath dried the sea, the waters of the great deep; that hath made the depths of the sea a way for the ransomed to pass over? Therefore the redeemed of the LORD shall return, and come with singing unto Zion, and everlasting joy shall be upon their head: they shall obtain gladness and joy, and sorrow and mourning shall flee away. I, even I, am He that comforteth you.

Let us then bear in mind these three things—

1. The exquisite beauty of the garment which GOD must have upon His children, the robe of Holy Love, having for its inner lining, the grace of Holy Chastity.

2. That that grace of chastity is the strength of the dedicated life, by the right observance of which it is rendered like unto that of the Holy Angels, and so most formidable to the enemies of GOD.

3. And lastly, forget not how GOD looks upon Zion with forgiving love, redeeming her from all her captivity, as we have

* Epistle for 25th Sunday of Trinity.

it here, *Thus saith the LORD, ye have sold yourselves for nought and ye shall be redeemed without money.* For what does any man gain by his sin? Vanity, and worse than vanity. *Ye shall be redeemed without money,* the prodigality of GOD'S love overlaps every enormity of sin, those who were sold for nought GOD will redeem *without money and without price.* So if GOD the HOLY GHOST is leading you in the sacred counsel of holy chastity, He quickens the conscience increasingly, and causes the soul to be grieved before Him for that which in the sight of some men would be counted nothing—no sin at all—for any failure to sacrifice the whole life and heart to GOD'S service grieves the dedicated soul in a way which those who are not called to follow the counsels of perfection cannot understand. So should any such sorrow grieve you, think of these words in your repentance, *they shall be redeemed without money:* for they touch every sin which is a burden to the soul. The generosity of Divine Love reaches to all, to each form of captivity into which we may have been led by our fault or frailty. It is sometimes easier to comfort a person who is burdened with what any man would call great sin; the way of repentance, if hard, is plain to see: but it is often more difficult to aid others whose sins are not less really a burden to them, to recognize that the generosity of GOD'S love indeed reaches out to lead *them* forth from the forms of captivity into which they have fallen.

Let this Advent, then, see two things wrought out in us, in response to this message of the Evangelical Prophet.

1. A greater zeal after perfection in the Counsel of Evangelical Chastity.
2. And a heart comforted with the assurance of the knowledge of the prodigality of Divine forgiveness.

O LORD, Who by Thy holy prophet hast bidden Thy servants and handmaidens to put on their beautiful garments, grant, we beseech Thee, that they who here are clothed with righteousness, being robed with the mantle of charity and girded with the vesture of chastity in this present time, may already be endued with the garment of praise for the spirit of heaviness, and may hereafter

rejoice before Thee with exceeding joy, an entrance being abundantly ministered unto them into the place of the marriage supper of the Lamb, Who livest, &c.

Our Father, &c.

Advent, 1889.

REV. G. S. HOLLINGS.

(Two Instructions completing this course are reserved for publication in the next number.)



The Half-Yearly Chronicle

FOR OUR ASSOCIATES.

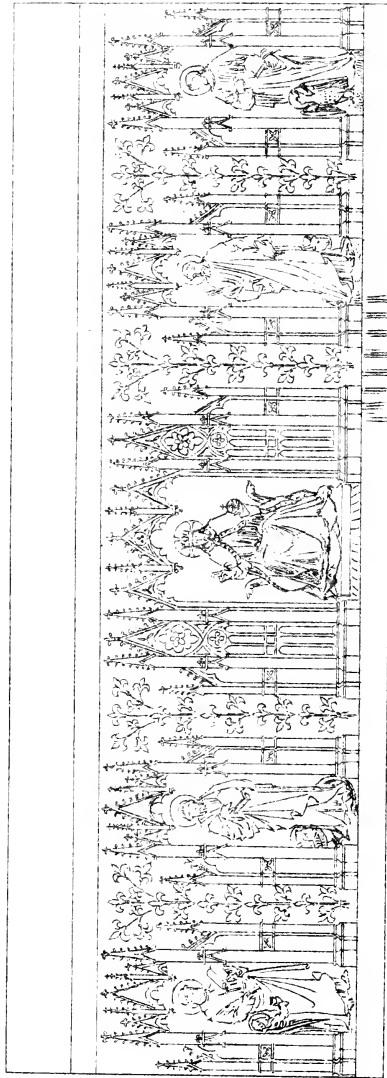
A BRILLIANT, beautiful Midsummer our good GOD gave us this year, good friends, did He not? May we hope that its beauty will be renewed after this sudden rainy season, and will tempt some of you to visit our fair home, now verging on completion, which has been built and adorned for the glory of GOD and the use of us, His poor servants, in memory of our Founder?

Bishop Smythies, an old Roath friend, has consented to preach the sermon on our Anniversary, which, as it falls on Sunday, will be kept on July 23rd this year. You will find the Guest House nearly finished, and those among you who have not

GUEST HOUSE. visited us lately would be surprised to see how luxuriantly and beautifully our trees and shrubs have grown. This is very delightful and healthful for Sisters coming home tired from nursing or other work. The nursing

NURSING. has, as usual, been carried on throughout the year; only limited by the number of Sisters available.

Ardingley (<i>twice</i>)	Copthorn	Reading
Bodmin	East Grinstead (<i>eighteen</i>	Streatham
Bournemouth (<i>twice</i>)	<i>times</i>)	St. Leonards (<i>twice</i>)
Bognor	Frome	Shuckburgh (<i>twice</i>)
Bletchingley	Forest Row (<i>four times</i>)	Sedbergh
Bath	Hawkhurst	Southampton
Blindley Heath	Hartfield	St. Alban's
Byfleet	Hambridge	Turner's Hill
Bristol	Horsham (<i>twice</i>)	Upper Warlingham
Brixton	Hayward's Heath (<i>three</i>	<i>three times</i>)
Brighton	<i>times</i>)	Upper Norwood
Crawley Down	Kendal	Worth
Crowboro' (<i>twice</i>)	Lingfield (<i>twice</i>)	West Hoathley
Crawley	London (<i>three times</i>)	Walthamstow
Chilworth	Lichfield (<i>twice</i>)	Ware
Clumber	Petworth	Woolwich
Crewkerne	Ryde	West Drayton



ALTAR FRONTAL
EDINBURGH CATHEDRAL,
Embroidered at 32, Queen Square

In her last letter to the Sisters at home, the
 CEYLON. Sister-in-Charge of the Ceylon work wrote :—

“We have fifty-one children now in the Home ; the last one taken in was a deaf and dumb Sinhalese baby of two years. Sister E. found the mother and four children starving. I have not often seen a more pitiable object than the woman and her tiny baby of a few weeks old. The mother and the little baby are in the Hospital now, in a dying state. We have taken two girls, and some relations have the boy.

“Work seems always suggesting itself ; workers and physical strength for new undertakings do *not* appear as readily ; our last plan is to start a Middle Class School at St. Margaret's. We propose to build a small bungalow in our own compound for ourselves, and to give up the rooms we have hitherto used for the School ; the large upstairs room, with the verandah towards the lake, will make a good Schoolroom. We shall begin modestly, so as not to get into debt, and I hope it will do well in time. Please do all of you say some prayers for a blessing on this new piece of work.

“Bishop's College gets on well. We have 56 girls there ; when we first took to it there were 38. . . .

“[I write from] a house which the Bishop has taken in Nuwara Eliya (pronounced Nooralia), the Ceylon Sanatorium, 7,000 odd feet above sea level, in some of the most delightful scenery in the world. It is a wonderful place for ferns, and we are trying to study them a bit. I want good roots to take down, and won't sacrifice mine for specimens. The Bishop is here. He is very good to us. . . .

“We are just starting a Sunday School Union for Ceylon. We have about seventeen Schools belonging to it already, and I hope to get a Prize Scheme in connection with it some time. This is a piece of work I much love. The native Priests and Deacons have few books, and it is a good thing to help them to teach. I wonder if you ever see the ‘Ceylon Diocesan Gazette?’ We are going to publish the scheme in that.

“(From the C.D.G.)—‘We publish herewith a scheme regarding a Sunday School Union for the Diocese. It is already in existence,

and the number of Sunday Schools which have already joined it is a sufficient proof that it meets a real want. The subscription of 25 cents a month is extremely small, and we would suggest that Schools which can afford it should send more, as the cost of printing the notes must be considerable. We would also recommend that a Syllabus of Lessons, to extend, say, over three years, be drawn up and circulated for approval among the Clergy whose Sunday Schools have joined, or are likely to join the Union.

'SUNDAY SCHOOL UNION.

(*Communicated.*)

A Sunday School Union has lately been commenced in this Diocese. Its objects are—

1. To assist Sunday School Teachers by giving Notes of Lessons.
2. To unite Sunday School Teachers and scholars in different parts of the Island.
3. To promote the study of the Holy Scriptures.

It is hoped that a Prize Scheme may be established in connection with the Union at some future time.

Schools joining the Union are required to pay 25 cents a month to cover the expenses of printing.

It is suggested as desirable that a Teachers' Meeting should be held weekly in each place to enable the Teachers to study the ensuing Lesson together.

The following Sunday Schools have joined the Union :—

The Cathedral Sunday School.

St. Paul's, Kandy „

St. Paul's, Colombo „

St. Matthew's, Demetagoda „

St. Paul's Branch School, Maradana.

St. Paul's, Milagraye (English and Sinhalese.)

St. Michael's, Colombo (English and Sinhalese.)

Christ Church, Galkissa (Sinhalese.)

St. Paul's, Timbirigasyaya (Sinhalese.)

St. Clement's, Puttalam.

St. John's Panadure and Nalluruva (Sinhalese.)

Christ Church, Kurunegala.

Christ Church, Matale.

St. Andrew's, Batticaloa

Holy Cross, Weligama.

St. Luke's, Ratnapura.

St. Thomas', Matara.

Christ Church, Tangalla.

St. Stephen's, Negombo.

Committee.—Rev. C. T. Boyd.

„ E. A. Copleston.

„ W. Henly.

Treasurer.—Dodwell F. Browne, Esq.

Secretary.—Sister Joanna Mary.

Subscriptions to be paid to the Secretary.'

“One more thing I must say. Miss C. Moore is giving the money to build a Sinhalese Mission Room and Catechist's House as a memorial to our dear Archdeacon. It has been a great want, and is to be built in the Polwatte village, close to us. It will be used for Night School, Bible and Sewing Classes, &c. We all like the Sinhalese work best of all.”

A small fancy market was held in the Town Hall, East Grinstead, in February last, for the benefit of this Mission. The stall-holders were chiefly “old St. Agnes' girls,” and indefatigably did they, with other kind helpers from the town, do their work. The stalls were most artistically arranged and draped, and gave the room quite a foreign appearance. The sum realized was £70.

We have cheering news from Cardiff. The

ST. MARGARET'S
MISSION, CARDIFF. Sisters write :—

“The Mission School, of which we have had charge for the last fifteen years, has hitherto been carried on under great disadvantages. Last year the room was condemned by the Education Department. Great efforts were made to induce the Department to sanction the use of an additional room—the only available one in the Parish—but this was refused, excepting temporarily for two years, during which time a new School must be built or the present one closed. Lord Bute has generously given a capital site, close to St. Mary's Church and adjoining our Mission

House, and £1,000 towards building—£700 is still required. The contract was signed this week. The Schools, to accommodate 240 girls and infants, are to be finished by February, 1891. Will some of our kind friends help us to begin work in our new Schools free from debt?"

Those who remember Cardiff twenty years ago are not more struck by its wonderful increase in population and importance than by its improvement in Church matters. Then Protestantism held unquestioned sway in every pulpit, but proved a feeble opponent to the seething mass of wickedness which was growing and spreading among the docks and in the poorer parts of the town. When a Catholic priest was appointed to St. Mary's Church he found a very difficult and uphill work before him: his helpers were very few and his congregation scanty. Seventeen years ago two of our Sisters were sent, at his earnest request, to help him. A sketch of their early work was written by him for this magazine (January, 1888). Our Sisters at Cardiff now occupy four houses in Upper North Street; and offshoots from the Cardiff branch are doing well at Roath, Splotlands, and Merthyr Tydfil. None of this work is showy, and no one wishes it to be so; but in gratitude to God, and in order to encourage others in difficult beginnings, we feel bound to say a few words about it. St. Mary's, Cardiff, is now fairly well filled with Catholic worshippers. It may be remarked, in passing, that the attention directed by the Church Association to the Service held there, at the last Church Congress, annoying as it was, was the unexpected means of bringing the Vicar considerable gifts of money for the needs of his parish. A middle school for girls was begun about two years ago, and is prospering very well under the charge of a Sister. It now contains about fifty children. At the Children's Services the Church is entirely filled by the various schools, and on Whitsun Monday, when all the Cardiff Schools make holiday together, the St. Mary's contingent was 2,000 in number; the Roath Schools numbered nearly 5,000—a wonderful sight to those whose memories could recall the state of things fifteen years ago.

Some years after the Rev. G. A. Jones was presented to St.

Mary's, the Rev. F. Puller (now of Cowley) became Vicar of St. Margaret's, Roath, a suburb of Cardiff, very rapidly increasing in population. With great tact and patience he took in hand to conquer the prejudices and enlighten the ignorance of his parishioners. The work was very slow, very gradual, but very real, and in Roath and its adjoining suburb, Splotlands, and the East Moors, there are now seven churches and fourteen clergy.

Last year one of our Sisters was sent to work in St. German's Parish, Splotlands, under the Rev. R. J. Ives, who provides the Mission House. Here dwells also a Sister who had for five or six years been working in St. Saviour's Parish, Roath, and who continues that work still. About this Mission House we should like very much to interest some of your kind hearts. You know already something of the needs of Cardiff, and we shall presently have to speak of Roath; but Splotlands, which lies as it were between these two, you do not yet know anything about. Do allow us to introduce it to you. There is great need of occupation for the girls of the neighbourhood. The population has been brought through the great works going on in the new docks, and now it is still further increasing because of the new ironworks. This does not give work to girls. The Sisters are anxious to open some kind of industry for them. The girls, of course, will not go to service, and there is not even a factory at hand for them to work in—they just live in the streets. Do pray consider how you can help in this matter. Only try to realize the state of things: girls of thirteen or fourteen with nothing to do, and with no knowledge of anything good, lounging idly about. The sisters do already get a few visitors to their Mission Room: they have begun a little Sunday School and a Mothers' Meeting, and they look forward to Day Schools, ragged and otherwise. Meanwhile there are daily Celebrations of Holy Communion at St. German's Church, and the indefatigable vicar is doing great work among the men.

The Sister-in-Charge of the House of Mercy
ROATH. writes:—

“Another Mission Church dedicated to St. Francis of Assisi (with a large Parish Room attached) was opened last Advent by the Lord Bishop of Llandaff, on the Moors, for a rapidly increasing

district known as the Dock Cottages. This is an offshoot from St. Saviour's, under the charge of Rev. J. E. Dawson and three Assistant Clergy.

"One of our Sisters from the House of Mercy has established a Mothers' Meeting, Sunday and Evening Classes for Girls, and thoroughly visits this district—at present, no easy matter, as the roads are not yet in order, and in Winter are scarcely passable.

"The Services at St. Francis' are well attended, and the Communicants steadily increasing; the Sunday School numbers over 160.

"As to St. Margaret's House of Mercy, Roath, the Eighth Annual Report just published shows that a satisfactory set of girls have been sent to service. Over thirty past penitents are doing well in service, or in homes of their own. Two of our former penitents are just about to be respectably married from their first situations; one after nearly four years, the other after eighteen months' faithful service.

"Of the fifteen fresh cases admitted during the year, ten are doing well; one has died in Hospital. This year also, two of our penitents have been baptized, and three more are preparing for Holy Baptism. Eight have been confirmed, all of whom are now regular Communicants.

"The Refuge in Cecil Street is a great help in testing the reality of a girl's intentions for a fortnight or so before her admission to a Home.

"The Home is always full, which proves the need of extension. This we hope to do by starting a branch house for those children who have fallen into sin and those in danger from their surroundings, on very suitable ground adjoining the present buildings.

"This is, alas! a terrible need in South Wales, where it is no uncommon experience to find quite young children, eleven or twelve years old, who have deeply fallen. A Building Fund is being raised.

"The Sister-in-Charge will gladly send full Reports of this branch of work to any who may desire to have them."

HOME.

To return home: You may like to hear that since our last number was published, St. Margaret's has opened out new work in East Grinstead itself. This is a

Middle Class School conducted by trained certificated teachers under the Sisters of St. Margaret's We have great hopes of its success.

It is held in the first floor of a house in the London Road, about three minutes' walk from the Railway Station, and not more than five from St. Margaret's. The rooms are particularly bright and cheerful.

We have to chronicle the putting up of another beautiful memorial window in the Chapel. This completes the row on the south side. Its colouring is particularly soft and beautiful. The guest house, as was said before, is nearly completed. It will, we trust, for many long years be well furnished with happy inmates, and it is unnecessary to tell you how heartily you will be welcomed to it. You may remember an account given last year of our Christmas entertainments. The frontispiece of the present number gives you a sketch of the great Tree which spread its beneficent branches in the Refectory last Christmas.

Since this year began, some valued friends have been removed by death. Chief among them, our Senior Priest Associate, the Rev. R. F. Littledale. His friendship was one of thirty years' standing, faithful and true. This passing reference to him is all that can now be made. While this letter is passing through the press, we hear of the departure of our faithful Sister Matilda, at Ventnor, of which House she had been in charge for several years. She had been a great sufferer for some time, but her death, when it took place, July 4th, was unexpected. She joined the community in 1863.

Some of you may be aware that an Annual
NEALE
 MEMORIAL SERVICE. Memorial Celebration of the Holy Eucharist, with Sermon, is held at East Grinstead Parish Church on the anniversary of Dr. Neale's first coming to Sackville College, May 26th. He provided for this in his will, and for a dinner to be given to the Collegians on the same day. As May 26th happened this year to be Whitsun Monday, the service was transferred to the following Wednesday, when it took place at 7.30 a.m. The Rev. John Wakeford, our most indefatigable Diocesan Missioner, preached the Sermon, and we think you will not quarrel with us if we close this letter by giving you a little bit of it, as well as our memory will serve us. It does so markedly

show the extraordinary change of general opinion since the time when our founder began his labours ; and may serve to encourage some soul that now walks in darkness and has no light, to trust more fully in the Name of the LORD, and to stay upon his GOD : content to pray : " Shew Thy servants Thy work, *and their children* Thy glory."

" *Alas ! my master, how shall we do ?* (2 Kings v. 17.)
But why this text to-day ? Because it brings before us one of the chief characteristics of him whom we are met here to-day to commemorate, his deep realization of the hidden meaning of the words of Holy Scripture, his marvellous power of seeing deep down below the surface. The unseen forces, the 'horses and chariots of fire,' were very present to him ; his far-seeing mind could reach far beyond the apparent meaning of the words. People read their Bibles as they would a newspaper, or a book of travels or of fiction—not so did Dr. Neale.

" In the old days of pagan Rome, priests were called 'pontiffs,' *i.e.*, bridge-makers ; bridges were considered sacred, and the care of them developed upon the priests or pontiffs. Such was the late Warden—a pontiff—for he bridged over, as it were, the space between heaven and earth, the seen and the unseen, the things below and the things above.

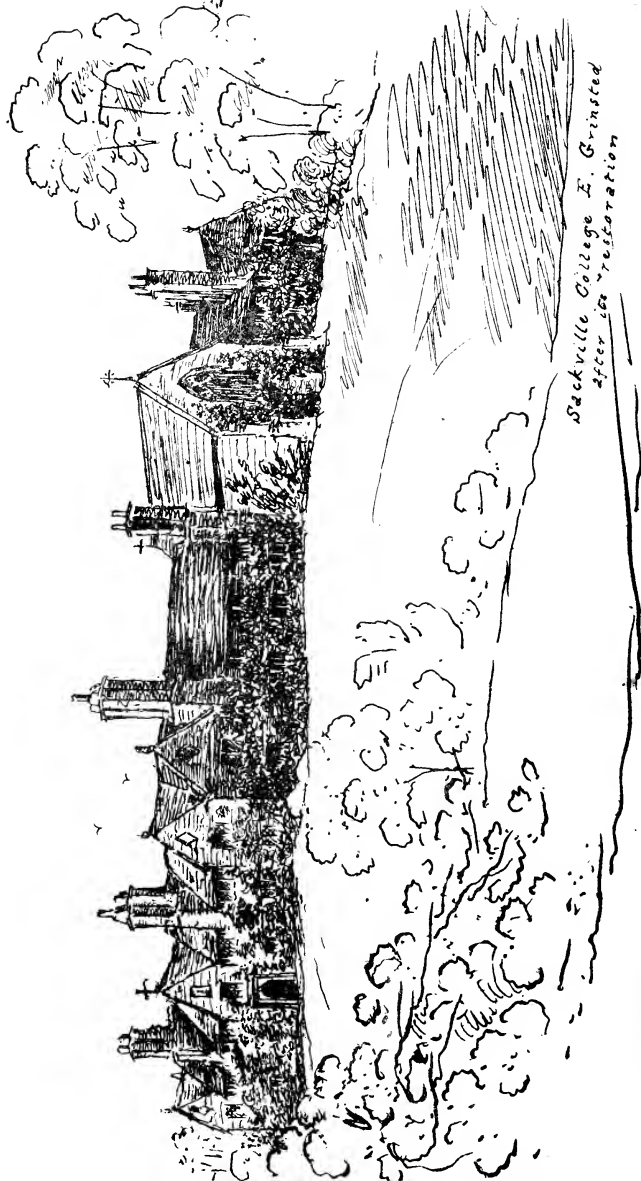
" We are apt to think of earth as one thing, and of heaven as another quite apart from it ; but he saw both at once in their true relation to each other. This marvellous power of second sight was one chief point in his character ; and the other remarkable feature was his steadfast endurance. Many were the obstacles which surrounded him, many the disappointments, and great the opposition which he encountered—but, nothing daunted, he went on quietly, perseveringly, patiently, seeing above and beyond all these troubles, the great spiritual forces which were on his side—' If God be for us, who can be against us ? ' And now, as I go up and down in this diocese, I hear of his work and how he is loved and honoured. In one town years ago whither his duty called him, he and the Sisters were mobbed and insulted. Again duty called him, and again he was mobbed and hooted and pelted. Some years after his death came an epidemic in that same town,

and Sisters went amongst the stricken people and tended them ; and *now* his name is a name to conjure with in that town, his memory beloved and honoured. So to-day let us learn from his life these two lessons ; first to search and ponder deeply when we read our Bibles, to seek out the hidden meaning of the words ; and secondly to go on patiently, perseveringly, whatever may be our difficulties, our trials : looking not at the things which are seen, but at the things which are not seen. . . .

“There are two questions which arise in our minds as we read of God's dealings and purposes, and there are two invariable answers to those questions. Sometimes we ask, ‘*Why* is this?’ and the answer is, ‘GOD is Love.’ Sometimes we ask, ‘How shall we do?’ and the answer is, ‘GOD is Almighty.’ The maiden asked, ‘How shall this be?’ The answer came at once, ‘The power of the HOLY GHOST,’ ‘The HOLY GHOST shall overshadow thee,’ and in this season of Whitsuntide we have set before us the power of the HOLY GHOST, and in His Almighty power let us trust, while we look not at the things which are seen, which are temporal ; but at the things which are not seen, which are eternal.”

*St. Margaret's Convent,
East Grinstead,
July, 1890.*





Sackville College E. Grinstead
after its restoration

John Mason Neale.

A MEMOIR—(*Continued.*)

1845-1846.

IN June, 1845, Mr. Neale took his M.A. degree at Cambridge. He notes, "A singular mixture of feelings on returning to Cambridge; the predominating ought to be thankfulness." His health appeared so far amended that he tried, and tried successfully, the experiment of remaining in England; and he never again had occasion to leave this country, except for occasional excursions.

In the June of this year also, he sent the first of many contributions to the *Christian Remembrancer*; it was on the history of the Church in Portugal. That country, probably from its connection with Madeira, possessed great attractions for him, and he went so far as to prefer its language to Spanish. He had already revised the Portuguese version of the Prayer Book for the S.P.C.K., and had translated Bishop Andrewes' Devotions into Portuguese. Later on, he wrote the volume on Portugal in Murray's series of Continental Handbooks.

The "Annals of Virgin Saints," begun the previous year, came out in the autumn of 1845. We shall gladly reproduce some considerable portion of this book, as it has long been out of print. The pioneer of many works written on the same lines, it has its own imperfections (due, in great measure, to the novelty of the subject), but also it has its own beauties, and is in some respects unrivalled by later writers.

During his stay in Cambridge we find Mr. Neale busy collecting materials for a new edition of Spelman's History of Sacrilege. In the "English Churchman," some time, apparently, about July, 1845, he writes thus concerning this work:—

“ Sir Henry Spelman's celebrated *History and Fate of Sacrilege* is about, for the first time, to be reprinted; and its Editors, proposing to continue it, solicit information from all who are capable of assisting them. The history of the book itself is curious. Sir Henry Spelman, in the beginning of the seventeenth century, became possessed of lands which had belonged to Blackborough and Wrongley Abbeys, in Norfolk. Everything connected with the property seemed (to use the common but profane expression) *unlucky*, and when it was taken from him by a decree of Chancery, he was thoroughly glad to be rid of it. This set him on the consideration (1) whether the possession of Church lands, by a layman, were not an act of sacrilege; and (2) whether the curses pronounced against the holders of such lands, at the original foundation of the houses to which they belonged, were not still effectual to their harm. The result was the design, and in part the execution, of the *History of Sacrilege*, or rather of the series of fragments which bear that name. Tracing the consequences of the crime from Apostolic times to his own, he endeavours to prove the following thesis:—

“ Property consecrated to God, in the services of His Church, has, when alienated to secular purposes, brought, as a general rule, misfortune on its possessors:—whether by strange accidents, by violent deaths, by loss of wealth, or (and that chiefly) by failure of heirs male! and such property hardly ever remains long in one family.

“ On Sir Henry Spelman's death, the MS. was left to the care of Jeremy Stephens, who, during the Great Rebellion, employed himself in making additions to it. At the Restoration it was sent to press; but news of the volume had gone abroad, and excited great uneasiness in the many noble families implicated in sacrilegious possession of abbey lands. The result was a private hint, from Government, to the printer, that no haste was to be used in getting the sheets through the press. The whole of the sheets—and, as it was then thought, the MS.—perished in the Fire of London. But a transcript had been preserved; and when Dr. Gibson was publishing Spelman's posthumous works, he had intended to annex that in question to the rest. But foul play, it seems likely, again prevented this. Shortly afterwards, however, the *History of Sacrilege* was published by some zealous son of the Church, but in so confused, ill-printed, and disjointed a condition as, without some study, to be almost unintelligible.

“ Now, the republication of such a book, and a continuation to prove that, at the present time, the curse is silently, and, it may be, slowly, but most surely, hunting down its victims, cannot but be useful. If men will not be led by their love to the Church to give her that which is her own, they must be shewn the fearful danger of withholding it from her. The families of Somerset, Seymour of Sudley, Palmer, Lee, Wriothsley of Southampton, Cromwell, Greville, Audley of Walden, Dacre of

Gilsland, Wentworth, Monteagle, Lumley, Montjoy, Talbot, Vere, Montague, Clinton, Ratcliffe, and hundreds more, are beacons to warn us from this Charybdis. If these men died the death of all men, or if they were visited after the visitation of all men, then the LORD hath not spoken. But if the LORD made a new thing”

TO THE REV. J. HASKOLL.*

“ My dear Haskoll, Trin. Coll., *July 23, 1845.*

I am going to ask you to do me a favour, if you can without much inconvenience to yourself. You may have seen the advertisement of Spelman in the E.C.; we have begun to reprint it here. Now in Watts' Bibliography, I found two editions named: one 1693, the other 1698. The only two copies we have (to my knowledge) in Cambridge are both of 1698: and from an expression in the Preface, I doubt if there was ever any other edition. Could you settle this point for me in the British Museum? There is no hurry:—when you happen to be going up that way will do very well. If you can send me anything in the way of additions to Spelman, I shall be truly glad.”

“ My dear Haskoll, Cambridge, *July 30, 1845.*

I suppose you know Lord Burghley's version of ‘ Bis dat, qui cito dat: ’—‘ If you give quickly, they will ask again soon.’ I am going to exemplify its truth.

I want you to join me in editing Spelman. I wish I could tell you of any profit to be gained by so doing—but to be without risk is all that I have been able to secure. Now I will tell you why I want this. . . . I feel more and more the necessity of some one in London who could in case of necessity consult the British Museum, and (which is equally important) be able to make *vivâ voce* inquiries.

The more county histories that are carefully looked through, the more valuable the additions; and though I work four or five hours a day at them, I make but little way.

* One of the earliest members of the C.C.S., and at this time Curate of St. Paul's, Walworth.

Don't think me a coward, and I will tell you. There is no doubt that the Devil has a particular objection to this book—the remarkable manner in which it has been more than once suppressed, and now the difficulty of getting it undertaken, is really surprising. I confess I should like to have the assistance of a priest in carrying it on in spite of him: for I do think, now, that he will stop it if he can.

I will tell you what it will contain—premising that size and type are nearly the same as Hierologus.

I. An Introductory Essay, giving a Catena, an Account of English writers, *pro* and *con*, a Statistical Statement, Arguments *à priori* and *de facto*, Answers to Objections, particularly that from such texts as 'The eighteen on whom the Tower of Siloam fell,' and that from accidents occurring in other families.

I am able statistically to assert that the average time each *individual* possesses Church lands is $15\frac{3}{4}$ years; each *family* about 32.

II. Spelman himself, thoroughly re-arranged, repetitions cut out, additional instances given, references verified.

III. An Appendix of Additional Examples in England.

IV. Tables.

1. Fate of Original Possessors of Mitred Abbeys in England.

2. Do. in Ireland.

3. Do. of Abbeys above £100 a year in England.

4. Tables of as many counties as I can do: merely giving name of Abbey, number of years since first granted, number of possessors, number of families. From these last tables I draw my statistical results.

Now I hope you will not say that you have not thought on the subject. Any one can consult county histories, and a little of it is very amusing work. I have picked up some very odd things. You will of course read the proof sheets—of which I have not yet had one; and you shall take what part of the Introduction you like. Let me hear at once that you will. I have given you most matter of fact reasons at present; but I do not forget that we have never worked together for the Cause yet."

FROM THE REV. JOSEPH HASKOLL.

“ My dear Neale,

I will do as you ask me. I shall feel it a privilege and a good work to help you in defeating the wicked one in one of his greatest strongholds. I quite agree with you that the Devil has used and will use all his strength to prevent the republishing of Spelman. Is it not a most curious thing that there should not be a copy in the Museum? and that Gibson should not have inserted the ‘Sacrilege’ in Spelman’s collected works? I think he omitted it for fear of offending the nobility; he hints as much in one part of the preface. You must send me a list soon of what additions I must make. III. and IV. would suit me well. You must tell me of the county histories which may be consulted. I think I can gather some curious facts from private sources as concerns families in the Isle of Wight, of which, from being a native, I know somewhat. Shall you stick to your plan of not coming down later than 1800? I know some curious facts since that time. . . . Let me hear from you soon again,

And believe me, yours very faithfully,

J. HASKOLL.”

TO THE REV. J. HASKOLL.

“ My dear Haskoll, Cambridge, *Lammas Day*.

Thank you for agreeing to my proposal. I do really now think that the thing will be done.

Of county histories, meaning to apply the term strictly, I have done Manning’s Surrey, Atkyn’s Gloucestershire, Dugdale’s Warwickshire, Halsted’s Kent, Morant’s Essex, and convinced myself that nothing can be done with Horsfield’s Sussex, Barnes’ Lancashire, and Thornton’s Notts. Blomfield’s Norfolk comes in to the editing Spelman. Now let me know what county histories you can get.

One may put down seven different periods of sacrilege.

I. Huss and his fellows in Bohemia.

II. The German and Belgian Reformation.

III. The English.

IV. The Great Rebellion.

V. The French Revolution.

VI. The Spanish and Portuguese Constitutions. I have omitted the real II., viz., the suppressing the alien priories under Henry V.

Now of I., II., I know nothing.

Of II. Spelman treats, and of course of III. ; IV. should be done from Walker's Sufferings; would you take that to begin with? Darling has the book; if you don't subscribe, get it out in my name. V. you could, I think, do—the works are such as Dorville's History of Sééz, Gerusey of Rheims, &c. What little is known of VI. I can manage.

I will try to-morrow to send you a detailed sketch of the Essay, according to my idea; you must *fatten* it, and then we can divide it.

You don't seem to know the difficulties the book has had to encounter. It was written in 1632. Jemmy Stephens began to print it in 1660 or so, but a damper was put on the printing by authority, and it lay in the press till the fire, when it was thought to have perished. A. Wood says positively that it was lost. Gibson, *it is said*, would have published it in the collected edition, but a bribe was offered to the printers, and it did not appear.

I told you, I think, that statistically the duration of Abbey lands in one possessor is about $15\frac{1}{2}$ years. I wish you could discover what is the duration of lay lands ditto.

To-day I have learnt that the proportion of marriages that have no children: those that have: : 20: 278.

I shall now go to work with double spirit, and hope to-morrow to send you sheet 1. . . .

I have a piece of good news. Paget offers to lend us a portion of Spelman's *original MS.* This will be an inestimable treasure. He bought it some years ago.

Cambridge, Aug. 5th.—I have a tract of observations on the Monastery lands of Staffordshire, by Sir Simon Degge, very good.

Think of this objection, that the frequent change of possessors arises from the flocking of the gentry up to town. Is there anything in it? Degge seems to say there is.

Aug. 9th.

We are in great difficulty for a publisher. Stevenson is dying. Palmer does not, I fancy, like to employ Walters, and Deighton would be afraid. Burns must be the man. Now will you call on him and settle the matter? He is not, you know, *to have any expense*—Palmer pays everything, nor will there be any immediate trouble, because the book cannot be out before October or November. He will perhaps undertake advertisements.

Will you undertake this matter? I think if Burns refuses, on the ground of odium, &c., we shall be in a difficulty. Tell him that we shall take care to avoid offence to any now living, &c. And be sure that you make no difficulty unless he sees one.

Are not these difficulties odd? The Devil appears to be looking out."

FROM THE REV. J. HASKOLL.

"My dear Neale,

I have seen Burns. He does not, I am happy to say, at all object to take Spelman; stipulating, however, that he shall have little or no trouble about it; in fact, he is going to Ramsgate for two months, and could not possibly see to it. So I told him that I would, as far as possible, take all the pains it would require in London, and that you would do the same at Cambridge. So far all is well, and by GOD'S help the wicked are defeated. I am glad Burns has consented to give his name, for it carries weight and respectability."

"My dear Haskoll,

Aug. 20th, 1845.

I am sending out letters of the enclosed form to every Monastery mentioned in Dugdale, concerning the first grantees, of which I can obtain no other information."

[FORM.

"Reverend Sir, Trinity College, Cambridge, *Aug. 18th, 1845.*

I hope that you will excuse my troubling you with a question to which I cannot elsewhere obtain an answer. In Dugdale's Monasticon it is stated that _____ was granted to

Are there any traditions in the parish as to this person? and

are any of his descendants known in it at this day? With many apologies for thus intruding on your time,

I remain, Reverend Sir,

Your very obedient servant,

J. M. NEALE (Clerk).

Should you be in possession of any information as to the fate of subsequent possessors of the _____ you would confer a great favour on me by acquainting me with it."]

Nov. 7th.

"You must have thought me asleep. But there has been a strike in Metcalfe's and Palmer's men (another difficulty). To-day I have the revise, however, of the ninth sheet."

"My dear Haskoll,

Jan. 9th, 1846.

You will be glad enough to hear my news. Masters came here to-day. He will take Spelman entirely, purchasing of Palmer what the latter has printed.*

Vig. Annunciation.

". . . . Masters is pushing on like a young elephant. So I send you the enclosed, and hope you will presently let me have the testimonies, for we shall want them very soon. . . ."

Monday in Holy Week.

". . . . Thank you for the parcel. You will be glad to hear that Spelman is absolutely now finished, *quoad* the writing."

The foregoing extracts give some idea of Mr. Neale's energy and diligence as an editor. From this time forth he continued on terms of great intimacy with Mr. Haskoll, and the correspondence between the two friends, which continued till death parted them, will afford some of the most interesting passages in this memoir. Mr. Haskoll was left literary executor to his friend, but survived him less than three years.

[The "History of Sacrilege" ran quickly through a first edition, and was soon called for again. The second edition also passed out of print long ago. The book was lately reproduced by the Rev. Dr. S. J. Eales. (Hodges.)]

* Burns had seceded from the English Church, in or about the previous September; another "difficulty!"

JOURNAL: "Nov. 4th, 1845.—Behold! I have the Seatonian! This is a most unexpected success, and I am most thankful for it. It enables me to give £20 at once towards Farncombe."*

"The Rev. Thomas Seaton, M.A., late Fellow of Clare Hall, bequeathed to the University (in 1738) the rents of his Kislingbury estate, now producing clear £40 per annum, to be given yearly to that Master of Arts who shall write the best English Poem on a sacred subject. The Vice-Chancellor, the Master of Clare Hall, and the Greek Professor (who are the disposers of this premium) determine the subject, which is delivered out in January, and the Poem is to be sent to the Vice-Chancellor on or before the 29th of September following. The Poem is to be printed, and the expense deducted out of the product of the estate; the remainder is given as a reward to the composer."

So runs the official advertisement. It should be added that the Poems are sent in anonymously, distinguished by mottoes. The prize was won eleven times by our founder. On one subject (Egypt) he wrote two poems, and the second, in hexameters, obtained an additional premium on account of its merit. † The author himself attached very little value to these productions, which were often hastily written—one on Sinai, containing 296 lines, having been composed and copied out fair in one day.

One year no premium at all was given, and on that occasion he had written what he considered the best of all his Seatonians, "On the Plurality of Worlds." The MS. was not returned to him, and probably is no longer in existence.

* St. John the Evangelist, Farncombe, a district of Godalming, was built by the exertions of the Rev. E. J. Boyce. It took seven years to raise the necessary funds, and the first stone was laid in May, 1847. Mr. Neale was present on the occasion.

† "My dear Sir,

Cambridge, Nov. 2nd, 1858.

I write with great pleasure to inform you that the Seatonian Prize has been again adjudged to you for the Poem with the motto, 'Qua ferar ignoro; copia que ipsa nocet.'

I have also great pleasure in saying that a prize of £20 having been adjudged to another Poem with the motto, "Magna per exactos renovantur secuta cursus," the adjudicators found that you were the author of this Poem also.

It is with great satisfaction that I find my last act of office to be to concur in awarding two prizes to one who has already gained so many, and who has earned so much distinction in other branches of literature also.

I am, my dear Sir, yours faithfully,

Rev. J. M. Neale.

W. PHILPOTT, V.C."

The Poems, which had been published separately, according to the rule, were collected into one volume in 1863, and dedicated, under remarkable circumstances, to the Bishop of Chichester. This book is still to be had, published by Masters. But a few extracts may be acceptable :—

I.

“ As Autumn-clouds, when day is almost done,
 Crowd from the West, in gloomy splendour dyed,
 And rear a death-pavilion for the sun,
 With purpler radiance clothing mountain-side,
 And flinging ghasstlier hues on ocean's tide ;
 While the great forest moans, for far and near
 The fitful breezes strip her summer pride ;
 Wilder the sky, the landscape grows more drear,
 And Nature stands in awe, and men's hearts fail for fear :

II.

So Earth hath reached her evening. Even now
 The shadows of her night are closing round ;
 The dimmed crown trembles on the kingly brow,
 Imperial cities totter to the ground,
 And all the Powers of Darkness are unbound ;
 For hearts held truest, rights deemed holiest erst,
 Weighed in the balances, are wanting found ;
 And Faith like chaff before the storm dispersed,
 And laws of GOD are scorned, and human ties are burst.

III.

Spirit of Truth, Who knowest all our fears !
 Prophetic light amidst the gloom display,
 To Whom one day is as a thousand years,
 To Whom a thousand years are as one day ;
 By Whose unerring touch, in far survey,
 The future woes Thy holy seers have kenned,
 That war, and warlike rumours, and array
 Of nation against nation, shall portend :
 These things must come to pass, and then shall be the end.”

—EDOM.

XIII.

“ Arm of the LORD that wast mighty of yore,
 What ! is the day of thy victories o'er ?
 Egypt and Egypt's innumerable force,
 Monarch and warrior, rider and horse,

Dared in the steps of Thy people to tread,—
 Sank in the mighty abysses as lead!
 Fiercer than Pharaoh the monarch that now
 Bids to his idols Thine Israel bow:
 Come to their succour, O GOD, as of old!
 Wilt Thou not fight for the sheep of Thy fold?
 Let not him, counting our gain to be loss,
 Spurn at the Monarch Who died on the Cross:
 GOD of all victory! rise and lay low
 As in the days of past ages, the foe!

XIV.

He wills not, as in other days,
 Such trophies of His might to raise:
 Another war must now be tried,
 O follower of the Crucified!
 This is the triumph *thou* must win,
 To suffer, rather than to sin.
 All pangs to bear, all woes to dare,
 To yield thy lingering breath,
 And with the SON of GOD to share
 The highest victory, Death!

XV.

Thou canst not, impotent of heart,
 Tax as thou wilt thy demon-art,
 So much inflict, as, be thou sure,
 A Christian Martyr will endure.
 Go! bid the theatre be deck'd
 As for a festal day,—
 And try thou, if the LORD'S elect
 Thy mandate will obey:
 Go! summon round the Cæsar's throne
 Thy chosen ones to bend;
 The GOD of Hosts is with His own,
 And will be to the end.
 Command each cursed engine near,—
 A woman shews no woman's fear;
 The child a sea of pain may stem
 For that eternal diadem:
 They well may shame and woe despise
 Who have a mansion in the skies.

XVI.

The legend was told in the days of old,
 How the fifty wise men met ;
 And in strength divine, Saint Katherine
 Was before the tribunal set.
 And she spake of the gods, (if gods they be,
 Whom we neither may love nor fear,)
 That have eyes indeed, but cannot see,
 That have ears, but cannot hear ;
 (And their power and their hate we may well contemn,
 Who can neither do good nor ill ;
 And they that make them are like to them,
 In spite of their boasted skill :)
 How the Cæsar sat on the judgment-seat,
 And called for the flame and the steel ;
 And bade them bind her hands and feet
 Upon the tormenting wheel :
 But the lightning flashed, and the thunder rolled,
 By the God of Vengeance sent,
 And the fire descended, as once of old,
 And the wheel in pieces rent ;
 And beautiful angels came down from on high,
 As in death she calmly lay,
 And bare her corpse to Mount Sinai
 In Arabia far away ;
 And they laid her within the rock-hewn cave,
 For the days of her strife were o'er :
 And the church that arose above that grave
 Shall be famous evermore !

XVII.

Thus saith the legend that we deem
 A lovely and a pious dream ;
 But this I doubt not—Angels' love
 Conveys them from the realm above,
 To succour those who nobly die
 A sacrifice to God on high :
 And doubly glorious, doubly blest
 Are they who take the martyr's rest.

XVIII.

Yes : and with many a martyr's fate
 Was Egypt's country dedicate.

They fled to many a cave and den,
 To many a waste and wild ;
 They trod in many an unknown glen,
 —The mother and her child :
 And then they laid them down to sleep
 The sleep that hath no ending ;
 And there were none to wail and weep,
 Beside their bed attending :
 The lip of infants vainly pressed
 And marvelled at the clay-cold breast,
 Until the soul, so free from stain,
 So loving and so tender,
 That dear, dear mother joined again
 In heaven's eternal splendour."

" This be thy triumph,—to endure
 Unmoved thy tribulations ;
 This be thy victory,—to ensure
 God's own blest crown of patience.

Think not the foe can e'er prevail,
 Albeit as victor greeted ;
 Think not, although thy battles fail,
 That thou canst be defeated ! "

—EGYPT, I.

" Bravely the brave old man goes forth with the tribes of the future :
 Casting his all upon GOD, Whose word is his light and his waymark
 Now, as in years long past : ' for certainly I will be with thee ;
 ' I will go down with thy steps, and again will bring thee to Canaan.'
 Thus, when an evening of calm, succeeding the day of the tempest,
 Pours through the rifts of the clouds the marvellous glory of sunset,
 Gilding each hard dark ledge, and melting the mist into silver ;
 Then earth sends to the sky her great oblation of incense ;
 Sparkles the tree and the flower ; the birds chant gladly their Vespers ;
 Greener the green mead glows, more azure the blue of the æther :—
 Thus is the calm fair end of a life so chequered with chances."

" Then from the Throne of GOD, that Throne, where the weary have
 refuge,

Where in the midst of distress there is calm, that mandate was
uttered,

—Mandate not uttered alone that day for the thousands of Judah,
But to all ages addressed, and to all generations,—' Go forward !'

FORWARD, when all seems lost, when the cause looks utterly hopeless ;
FORWARD, when brave hearts fail, and to yield is the rede of the
coward ;

FORWARD, when friends fall off, and enemies gather around thee ;
Thou, though alone with thy GOD, though alone in thy courage,
GO FORWARD !

Nothing it is with Him to redeem or by few or by many :
Help, though deferred, shall arrive ; ere morn the night is at darkest."

" Oh what a fight to the death ! What glorious conflict of martyrs !
Oh what a struggle with Satan ! What rage and despair of the
fiend-gods !

When to the rack men went, as the victor might go to a triumph,
Hugging each engine of pain as a bride ; in the theatre stood they
Waiting the rush and the roar of the beast, that terrible passage
Up to the Vision and Glory of GOD, the Sight Beatific.

Tier upon tier rose high with the pitiless multitude crowded :
Præfect and Consulars sat where the silken and delicate awning
Shielded the noon-day sun ; beneath, in the very arena,
He that is Martyr of martyrs again was crowned in His servant.
Nor with the steel and the torture alone was the battle decided :
Into the wilds they fled, to the desert and cavern and mountain,
Dying of hunger and thirst, the babe and the mother together,
Leaving their bones to whiten, a prey to the vulture and jackal ;
Till in the day, when the LORD shall descend in His terror to
judgment,

They shall obey His voice and be glorious for ever and ever.

—This is the way that they fought, those heroes of CHRIST and His
Kingdom ;

This is the way that they conquered, by toil and by patient endurance :
Therefore they now are before His Seat, where the River of Pleasure
Springs from the Throne of the LAMB That was slain, as glassy as
crystal ;

Where there is no more curse, but on either side of the River
Groweth the Tree of Life with her twelve fruits, each in their season ;
Where they shall see His Face, and His Name shall be in their
foreheads."

" What time the storm was black as night
 And rain was driving fast,
 And gulfs of cloud, from height to height,
 Were tossed before the blast :
 Hast thou not seen the rainbow-arch
 From North to South serenely march,
 And heard its own consoling cheer,
 ' Be of good comfort ! God is here ! '

So as they stood beside the palm
 Where Orpah bade farewell,
 Those accents full of love and calm
 Upon the silence fell :
 ' Whate'er of weal, whate'er of woe,
 Beset thy future way,
 Whither thou goest, I will go,
 And where thou stayest, stay :
 Where'er thou shalt have bowed the knee,
 Whatever path have trod,
 Thy people shall my people be,
 Thy GOD shall be my GOD :
 And when that darkest hour draws nigh,
 Yet be not thou afraid :
 For where thou diest, I will die,
 And there will I be laid :
 And GOD do so and more to me,
 If aught but death part me and thee ! '

Three thousand years have passed away
 Since first those words were spoken,
 And still, as on that very day,
 Their spell remains unbroken :
 The exile on an alien shore
 Drinks in their high devotion,
 The home-wrapped seaman cons them o'er
 Upon the Atlantic Ocean :
 The soldier grasps them for his shield
 Before the sign of battle ;
 They whisper comfort in the field
 Above the cannon's rattle :
 Watchword of woman's love, that still
 Will mock at space, and smile at ill :
 That, when the clouds close darkest round,
 Will only shine the brighter ;

That, when the rest are faithless found,
 Will only cling the tighter :
 ' The LORD do so and more to me,
 If aught but death part me and thee ! ' "

" Thou art praised in Sion, O GOD of Hosts !
 And to Thee they perform the vow,
 When they go to worship in Salem's coasts,
 And before Thine Altar bow :
 Thou visitest earth with a glorious birth ;
 Thou makest it plenteous indeed ;
 And the River of God shall fatten the sod,
 For so Thou preparest the seed :
 Thou waterest her furrows, Thou droppes the grain
 Into every little vale ;
 And Thou makest it soft with the drops of rain,
 Nor lettest the increase fail :
 Thou crownest the year with Thy goodness here,
 And Thy clouds drop fatness still :
 They shall comfort and bless the wilderness,
 And gladden each little hill :
 —The folds shall be full of sheep !
 The valleys so thick with corn,
 That for very joy they shall laugh and leap,
 When Thou liftest Thy people's horn ! "

—RUTH.

" Oh how near
 We tread the confines of the spirit-world !
 How thin the veil that hides it ! Who but feels
 Sometime, in night's dim silence and dead noon,
 Conscious that those we deem so far are near,
 The lost are present ? Who that has not heard
 Of strange mysterious warnings, or perchance
 The work of Guardian Angel, or belike
 Of friend who, having loved us, loves us still,
 And who, now free, would guard us, captives yet ?
 —Who has not felt, in hour of need or woe,
 Illapses more than earthly ?—This be sure :
 That when we solve—God grant we solve it well !—
 That last and greatest riddle, when our eyes
 Begin to open on the spirit-land,

Then we shall learn how mixed and interwined
 Thro' all our course, has been that land with this.
 —Who that has then stood ministering, and watched
 The strange on-coming of that fearful Thing
 Whose viewless presence fills the room, and makes
 Him that had never seen its advent yet,
 Say, as by some new instinct,—This is Death!—
 Who that has, awe-struck, marked the dying eye
 Follow through vacancy some form no sight
 Of living man could reach, but feels—' He now
 Is on the very point of making out
 The terrible enigma,—he is now
 Half in the world where flesh and blood come not.' "

" The incense needs
 Must feel the fire, or ere its sweetness lifts
 Her trailing cloud of beauty through the air :
 The violet trodden under foot gives out
 A more than double fragrance : and the string
 Racked to the full sends forth its sweetest sound."

—THE SEVEN CHURCHES OF ASIA.

In the autumn of 1845 Mr. and Mrs. Neale went to live at Reigate, where they remained till their final removal to East Grinstead in the following year.

On October 9th, 1845, Newman was received into the Roman Church, and many other secessions followed his. Our Church was passing through a great storm. Mr. Neale's quiet attitude may be gathered from the following letters addressed to one of his oldest and most intimate friends :—

" My dear—

Reigate, Oct. 19th, 1845.

As you do not see *The English Churchman*, you have probably not read Dr. Pusey's letter on Newman's secession. Let me have it back again. I cannot pretend to agree with it, because if the step was not very right it must have been very wrong ; but no one can help admiring its spirit. You see that no one of importance that I know of has gone.

I think Dr. Pusey's letter too much goes on the hypothesis that

GOD cannot raise up some one of Newman's talents in our Church, or do His own work without them.

As to me, this event can have no influence, excepting that naturally when one's mother is betrayed, however weakly or wickedly she may have acted (which yet in this case I do not see that our Church *as* a Church has done) one is more desirous than ever of working for her and serving her.*

"My dear——

Reigate, *Jan. 29th*, 1846.

I am sorry . . . that you still feel annoyed at what I said to you when you were last here. As to what you think about my seeing nothing but harm and faults of all kinds in our Church, that I cannot help, any more than I can the *Tablet's* saying that I 'must be the most impudent man living' to write so strongly in its praise. I hope the truth is with neither of you.

But what does concern me more is that you should say I discourage those who are doing all they can in their own ways for the good of the Church. Well, I could send you a good many letters—and from hard-working parish priests too—which speak very differently, but that is neither here or there. If I discouraged you I am sorry for it. Whether I said anything that needed to discourage you is a different question.

It seems to me that you place us both in a false position by your definition of a working priest. You mean a working parish

* The passage to which Dr. Neale refers in Dr. Pusey's letter on Newman's secession runs as follows:—"It looks as if some good purpose for our Church had failed; and that an instrument raised for her had not been employed as GOD willed, and so is withdrawn. . . . Our Church has not known how to employ him. And since this was so, it seemed as if a sharp sword were lying in its scabbard, or hung up in the sanctuary, because there was no one to wield it. Here was one, marked out as a great instrument of GOD, fitted through his whole training, of which through a friendship of twenty-two years I have seen at least some glimpses, to carry out some great design for the restoration of the Church, and now after he had begun that work among ourselves in retirement, his work taken out of his hands, and not directly acting upon our Church. I speak of it only as a fact. He is gone, unconscious (as all great instruments of GOD are) what he himself is. He has gone as a simple act of duty, with no view for himself, placing himself entirely in GOD's hands. And such are they whom GOD employs. He seems, then, to me, not so much gone from us as transplanted into another part of the vineyard, where the full energies of his powerful mind can be employed, which here they were not. And who knows what, in the mysterious purpose of GOD's good Providence, may be the effect of such a person among them."

priest, and everyone who is not that is, according to you, a theoretical man. Now no one can esteem more highly than I do the office of a parish priest. At the same time, if our Church had nothing but parish priests she would be pretty nearly as badly off as if she had no parish priests at all. If you say that I am not as truly, or rather might not be as truly a working priest as you are, then I think that you mistake an accident of the priesthood, namely parochialism, for its essence.

Tell me what I have said with reference to your peculiar theories that you have not said with reference to mine. Many things that I think of the greatest importance, roodcreens for instance, and the exclusion of the laity from the Chancel, you call absurd. Very well; I find no fault. Only, give and take is fair play all the world over. If you tell me again and again that my theory is wrong, you must not, or ought not to, mind my saying that yours is not perfect.

Again, I think I might reasonably object to your thinking me less practical than you. You have a narrower sphere, and you know it better. I have a wider one, and know it less perfectly. Beyond your own parish all is as much theory to you as to me.

Mind, I should be the last to find fault with a parish priest for rating parochial duty too highly, I mean comparatively with other duty. Only do not let it make you unjust to others, and you may, with my free leave, think it more important than the Episcopate itself. No man, of course, ever excelled in any pursuit without over-rating its comparative importance.

The end of all this is, that I wish you had come here instead of living a hermit's life at ——. And further, that you would do a good deed, both for me and for yourself, if after Church to-morrow you called to horse, and rode over here.

Your affectionate brother,

J. M. NEALE."

"My dear——

Reigate, *Candlemas Day*, 1846.

I am afraid that I must content myself with a short answer to a long letter. I am sorry you should think that I do not sympathize with your difficulties, both for my sake and for your own. I

will venture to say that none of your friends does so more. There is something in difference of minds. I, for one, should feel it a greater stimulus to exertion to be shewn how much I yet wanted to perfection, than to be spoken to of the advances I had already made. It may not be so with you. No one has oftener, I suppose, dwelt on what you have already done as a wonderful instance of what a priest relying (if not so entirely as I could wish, the marvel is the greater) on the Church's strength has been able, in spite of unusual difficulties, to effect. It is an example which I can never forget, and which I pray that I may be able to imitate. What I said was said generally. I do acknowledge the great rise of Church feeling. It is the LORD's doing, and it is marvellous in our eyes. But still I wish to forget the things which are behind. Only yesterday, in writing to Paley, I dwelt on this onward movement as the strongest argument against Rome. If I seemed to slight it to you, it is simply because I am haunted day and night with a beautiful theory, beneath which, oh how far, is our present, and present Roman practice.

By the way, you sadly misunderstood my words. I said that I could hardly bear to hear anyone speak either very strongly against our Church, or very strongly for it.

God forbid that I should ever presume to despise a day of small things. I am full of hope and cheerfulness for our Church. With hard-working parish priests even—though, like you, they may, in my judgment, be mistaken on some points, and want decision on others—we must come right.

Draw up any formula you will of confidence in our Church, and expectation that the glory of the second house will exceed the glory of the first, and I will sign it. I have said it, and written it, a hundred times.

You hardly seem to me to be able to put yourself into the position of Romanizers among ourselves. I am persuaded that a book written in the spirit of the 'Virgin Saints' would be just the thing which might allure them to stay, and that not a syllable in it could tempt any one to go. I wish, as a favour to me, you would read the lives of S. Etheldreda, S. Opportuna, and the Conclusion.

In thinking of those who are working to the same end as ourselves, I reckon you as one, and by no means the least. You are far happier than we in two respects.

1. That you are evidently where you have a call to be. We may be mistaking our own fancies for a call to work.

2. That you are working in a place and manner where you are not tempted to have any thoughts of self, whereas we, who work more in the sight of men, are the more in danger of that, and consequently of having our reward here." . . .

The following extracts from two of Mr. Neale's many contributions to the *Ecclesiologist* are also noteworthy:—

"The Present Ecclesiological Movement and the Spontaneous Growth of the English Church.

"We have always refused to enter into religious controversy. We set out with the principle of believing what the Church believes, and that creed we are not called upon to defend. But its symbolical and material expression is our peculiar province, and we are always ready to explain and maintain the position that we have taken with reference to this subject.

"We are evidently, however, like that famous ship of old—and more especially at this time—in a place where two seas meet; though we trust that we shall neither on the one hand 'stick fast and remain immovable,' by refusing all further advances in ecclesiological knowledge, nor on the other 'be broken by the violence of the waves,' and desert our present views as no longer tenable. On one side Mr. Close and the *Record* accuse us of being unfaithful sons of the English Church, because we are Ecclesiologists; on the other, Count Montalembert and the *Tablet* upbraid us as unreal Ecclesiologists, because we are sons of the English Church. Both parties are agreed in one thing—that we are wrong. . . .

"Now it is an acknowledged thing that when all Ecclesiastical principles seemed lost in the last century, if English Churches were bad, Romanist Chapels were worse. This Mr. Pugin has allowed, and we suppose, therefore, that his communion generally will allow it. The question consequently is, In which Church did a better taste first arise?

"We ourselves refer it unhesitatingly to the almost simultaneous formation of the Architectural Societies in the two Universities. Partial efforts might have been made here and there, both in one and the other communion, but they were evidently premature. They had no connexion with

each other, nor with anything else. They were the isolated efforts of minds in advance of their age. . . .

"Mr. Pugin met with no support, he received no countenance; rather, if report says true, he was laughed at and put down. Roman England would have nothing to do with him. 'This one fellow came in to sojourn, and he will needs be a judge.' He had no disciple, he had no follower, he had—nay, he has—founded no school. Chapels were still built like meeting houses; pews were coming in; chancels were held in dislike, if not rather utterly unthought of; and still the very worst of all the buildings wherein men professed to worship God, too often was that belonging to the Roman Church.

"In the winter of 1838-9 the Ecclesiological movement began in our own Church. Like all great movements one cannot trace its actual rise. Its first visible embodiments were the University Societies. Was this the deed of an individual? Was this a solitary work, or an unique building?

"England, from one end to the other, was moved almost as one man. The founders of the Architectural Societies were astonished at their own success. It was the LORD'S doing, and it was marvellous in our eyes. . . .

"A new science was springing up, and a new science demanded a new name; that name, *Ecclesiology*, was first heard in the English Church. . . .

"Let it be remembered that in January, 1841, Mr. Pugin (in an article in the *Dublin Review*, which he has since acknowledged) used the example of the English Church as an incentive to his own. 'The Establishment,' argued he, 'has chancels—much more ought we; the Establishment claims rood screens—shame on us if we do not; the Establishment is insisting on sedilia—let us do so too.'

"True, it may be said, but the case is now altered. Ecclesiology has since then been viewed with jealousy in the English Church; prelates have charged, divines have written, lawyers have decided, against it. But also a great number of Anglo-Romanists reject and dislike Mr. Pugin and his works. There has been with us opposition, just sufficient opposition to show whence the work comes; just sufficient to excite the energies of its promoters. One or two most important points are ruled, decided, disposed of. Chancels, for example, and open seats, and stone fonts in their right place. That the work should go on with the same fiery rapidity as at first is not to be expected, is not to be desired. But it is advancing surely. Not a Church is built in the United Kingdom which does not show great improvement, both in arrangement and design. The architect of a proposed Pagan Church was some months ago laughed at as being *ultimus Romanorum*. Meanwhile the Colonies are feeling the Revival, and some of them promise soon to rival the mother country."

(*Ecclesiologist*. Vol. II.—new series—No. VII., Jan., 1846.)

“Had we been brought up to worship in Churches such as those in which our ancestors worshipped, these perverse associations had never had a place. Had we been used to the glitter of York Chapter House, on going into King's Chapel as it is, we should have felt as if entering a magnificent chalk-pit. It is the unconscious working of the Puritan spirit that leads us to imagine that a negative is solemnity.”

(*Ecclesiologist*. Vol. I.—new series—No. V., Sept., 1845.)

JOURNAL: REIGATE. “*Dec.* 31.—And so we approach the end of another year—a year of more—oh how much more mercy than returns according to it! ✠ Et dixi: Nunc cæpi: o sit hæc mutatio Dexteris Excelsi! Et quid nunc dicam? aut in quo aperiam os meum? Quid respondebo, quia ipse feci? Inexcusatus, indefensus, proprio iudicio condemnatus sum. But I hope I do not feel this the less because I do not write about it more. And now, to close this year, let me record my hope in Him ✠ Qui nos liberavit a tantâ morte, et liberat: in Quo speramus etiam quia adhuc liberabit.

“1846. *Jan.* 5.—Anderdon came in before dinner, and mentioned accidentally that the Wardenship of Sackville College, East Grinstead, is vacant, and that the Incumbent is desirous of finding some one to fill it properly. It is only £24 a year—but has great capabilities—a refectory, though now disused (of course, a Chapel). When he was gone, I wrote to ask if he thought there was any chance of getting it. He seems to think there is, and is going to write about it at once. GOD order this matter for the best!

“*Jan.* 17.—A letter from West, of Withyham, asking me to send in my testimonials for the Wardenship: that looks like having it. Replied that I would first see if there be a house in the place. This we settled, all well, to do on Monday.”

Preliminaries were settled after some little delay, and Mr. Neale was presented to the Wardenship. The following account of a visit paid by him to the College before taking up his residence there, reads very curiously to those who are used to the present frequent train-service between East Grinstead and other places; London was not within an hour's distance then, nor for many years after, and there was no railway communication at all till 1857.

JOURNAL: "*April 21.*—A fine day. Started with Miss Gower at 7.56. On reaching Godstone found a coach, it being East Grinstead fair. On by it: in before 12. Spent all day in going over the rooms, and in something like work. . . . For the first time, read prayers: being forced to read a second lesson out of the Old Testament, for lack of a New. Then tea; then called on all the old people, whom, on the whole, I like much.

"*April 22.*—To College early; read prayers after breakfast; then came Bell. Going over the house with him took up till luncheon; then B. Webb, Carpenter, and Jenner, hungry enough. Over the Chapel, it occasionally raining very hard. When back to the inn, no horse to be had, Lord Liverpool having engaged two pair. Carpenter in great distress—he having an evening party. Finally, B. Webb, Jenner, he and Miss Gower to Edenbridge; I to Godstone, walking. . . . Back by the 6.41 train, having corrected a proof at the Godstone station."

On the 26th of May every year, the pensioners of Sackville College attend service at the Parish Church, and partake of a dinner, provided for by a clause in their late Warden's will, in commemoration of the day he first came to live among them, May 26, 1846.

And now that we enter on the story of the last twenty years of our founder's life, spent in a home, the name of which is only known to the world through its connection with himself, we pause in our extracts from his own writings to give a sketch of that dear College and its Warden as we remember them. It was written nearly twenty years ago, and therefore twenty years nearer the time to which it refers; and it formed part of the Introduction to the published collection of his sermons preached to the old people during his residence among them.*

"A large, low, grey old pile of building, lying on the brow of a rising ground at the entrance of the village of East Grinstead; the walls half hidden by ivy, and vines, and a profusion of cluster roses; the graceful east window of the Chapel being the first object to attract the eye. A pathway up the hill leads us to the

* Sermons preached in Sackville College, by the Rev. J. M. Neale, D.D.; 4 vols. Masters.

terrace which runs along the southern side of the building, and commands a noble view of the lovely country stretching away towards Saxonbury Hill, across Ashdown Forest. At the middle of this side of the College stands the gateway, flanked by wooden benches ; an iron plate fixed to the massy oak door is inscribed 1616 : the oldest date in the building. Above the gate is set a sundial, with the inscription : ' HORAS NON NUMERO NISI SERENAS.'

"In through the wicket, which is kept on the latch throughout the day ; and that one step takes us back in idea two hundred years ; so singularly unlike is this scene from those to which we are accustomed. We are standing in a paved porch, panelled on either side with oak, and opening into a large square of closely shaven turf, garnished with stone quoins. Peacocks are brightening the sunshine in their courtly way ; a flock of white pigeons flutter down from the roof of the hall. The well-house stands on one corner of the turf, mantled with a luxuriant growth of roses and honeysuckle. All round the quadrangle lie the College buildings, quaint, hoary, and still ; the great hall, the Warden's lodgings, the Chapel, the ' Collegians' ' rooms, the wood-house (formerly their dining-hall), and the Earl's lodging, built for the accommodation of the Dorset family in their progresses between Buckhurst and London.

"Suddenly a chime of four sweet bells breaks the stillness. From the opening doors of the pensioners' lodgings issue old men and women more or less infirm, who make their way towards the Chapel. The Warden in his study lays down his pen, leaves the high desk at which he stood writing, assumes his surplice, and passes through a curtained door to his place in Chapel. The clock strikes six, and Evensong begins.

"Sackville College is a charitable institution, founded in 1608 by Robert, second Earl of Dorset, for the shelter and maintenance of thirty poor and aged householders, under charge of a Warden and two sub-Wardens : the latter to be non-resident, the former to reside in the College. Interminable lawsuits consequent on sale of property reduced the funds of the establishment to an exceedingly low ebb within fifty years of its foundation : the inmates were reduced to starvation, and pitifully and urgently

petitioned Parliament for help. At last, after most complicated troubles, the affairs were arranged in a manner comparatively satisfactory, and the College, though shorn of a large portion of its original revenues, was enabled to afford a stipend of £14 per annum to each of twelve poor pensioners, and double that sum to the Warden.

“It was also determined that the Wardenship should be given to a Priest; and to this post the Rev. John Mason Neale was presented in 1846, by the Ladies Amherst and De la Warr, co-heiresses of the third Duke of Dorset. The next six years were spent in restorations of all kinds. On Mr. Neale's arrival at the College the building was fast falling to ruin, and some portions of it were in the last stage of decay. The great hall was barely held together by plaster, and timber supports, and iron cramps; the Chapel was in the most miserable and tumble-down condition, and many rooms intended for the reception of inmates were unboarded and uninhabitable. Mr. Neale's first step was to renew the practice of daily prayers, according to the Statutes; his next was to assemble the old people every Sunday to dine with himself and his family in the hall; and, until the number of ‘Collegians’ was sufficient to fill the tables, he always invited poor persons from the town to occupy the vacant spaces. This was only the beginning of a course of systematic charity and liberality towards those who were now placed under his charge; and for many a long year countless were the benefactions from basket and from store bestowed by himself and Mrs. Neale on the sick, infirm, and needy. The hall was excellently restored, at the expense of the patrons, and the noble old hearth, which had been blocked up with stewing-places (for the room had latterly been used as a scullery) was opened out again. The chimney corner was furnished within on each side with the snuggest seats, and great iron fire-dogs were set in the midst, fit to support the mightiest of yule logs. And a Christmas fire on that hearth is a sight worth seeing. Then the ruinous and vacant rooms were repaired, with a view to the reception of inmates who should find a home in the College, though not entitled to the College pay: a practice which had been partially

adopted some years before. By degrees, and with the help of those persons who were desirous to obtain such rooms for poor people in whom they were particularly interested, all were restored, and the number of inmates was largely increased.

“In 1850 the old Chapel, being absolutely unfit for purposes of worship, was taken down and re-built. The east end was thrown out about eight feet, which at once altered the shape from that of a square unsightly room. The flat-headed east window was replaced by one of late-pointed style with three lights, which was more recently filled with stained glass. The design of the building was Mr. Butterfield's, but most of the details were designed by the Warden, and carried out by local workmen with remarkably good success.

“The Chapel is divided into two portions by a roodscreen, within which are stalls for the pensioners, the unpensioned inmates being furnished with chairs outside the screen. The whole of the interior arrangements render the Chapel unique, but perfectly unaffected and exactly suitable to its purpose.

“Now to another part of the picture. Drawing aside a curtain in the ante-Chapel, already mentioned, we find ourselves in the Warden's study. And what a study! An absolute honeycomb of bookshelves. Lined with books, hung across with books, books in the middle, books everywhere; except in the space occupied by the reading and writing desks, the carved oak mantelpiece, (jewelled with a lovely collection of icons,) and a narrow passage allowing just room to move amongst the pervading bookshelves.

“Hither came scholars, and the letters of scholars, from far and near, Oxford and Cambridge, London and Dublin, Russia and America, propounding knotty points for elucidation in theology, politics, hymnology, liturgiology, canon law, and history. And the Warden, master of some twenty languages, and of an immense mass of varied learning, the first liturgical scholar of his day, and endowed with foresight amounting (as subsequent events have proved) almost to prophecy, writes there standing behind his desk, shy, retiring, assuming nothing but his own inadequacy to instruct, and yet ready with a satisfactory answer to almost every question. Besides replies to these individual applications, his unresting pen

pours forth work upon work with marvellous rapidity, learning, and versatility. Church history, theological essays, children's hymns, and stories, and catechisings, newspaper articles, Seatonian prize poems, translations into or out of Greek and Latin, pamphlets on questions of the day, Scripture commentary, historical tales, biographies, cantilenæ in dog-Latin, travels, and sermons.

“It was not a very unusual thing with him to have sixteen of these various matters on hand at once. Still less unusual to put them all aside for the sake of telling a story to a child, or releasing a mouse out of its trap.

“And Sackville College was in itself no unsuitable home for such a man. Quiet, withdrawn from the stir and bustle of ordinary life, it was well fitted for the abode of a scholar. That disturbances should in process of time be stirred up, false reports be circulated, and seeds of discord sown, was only to be expected, when the man who was their object was one of the most energetic and untiring restorers of the true doctrine and discipline of the English Church. As he laboured for his College and its little Chapel, so, and much more, he laboured for England and its Church. Not rightly appreciated, in either case, at the time. But over his study door was the inscription, ‘Through evil report and good report;’ and over his mantelpiece, ‘Per angusta ad augusta.’ As he once remarked, ‘he had a good deal of the evil report, and very little of the good.’ But what matter now, if through the ‘strait,’ he has attained to the ‘great?’”



Sermon.

(Hitherto Unpublished.)

JOSHUA 1. 9.

“Have not I commanded thee? Be strong and of a good courage; be not afraid, neither be thou dismayed, for the LORD thy GOD is with thee whithersoever thou goest.”

(New Year, 1857.)

THAT was the charge to Joshua at the beginning of his leadership; there can be none better for us at the beginning of this New Year. *We wrestle not against* the seven nations, not against walled cities, great and high, and that reach up to Heaven; not against the remnant of the giants—but *against principalities, against powers, against the rulers of the darkness of this world, against spiritual wickedness in high places.* And our comfort is the same as Joshua’s was: *Have not I commanded thee?* Look back, my dear Sisters, and see how GOD has led you forward in this way on which you have now entered. Look back to your first faint ideas, for they were hardly to be called desires, of serving GOD in this life. See how they deepened and strengthened; see how GOD has made the crooked straight before you, bit by bit, and the rough places plain. See how He still leads you on, how He has brought you to the opening of this year; how, not only by the promises He gives to all of a more glorious portion to those hereafter that have more fully served Him here, but by His providential dealings with each of you, He seems to say—*Have not I commanded thee?*

And what follows then? *Only be thou strong and very courageous.* These two things are not the same. Do not confound them for one moment; and neither will do apart from the other. Courage without strength, that is presumption; strength without courage, that is faintheartedness. *Be thou strong.* You have the helps to strength, dear Sisters, those that you again and again receive; there never was any greater for any Saint now with GOD; there never can be till the end of all things. But then it follows—*be thou very courageous.* If you have this armour,

you must put it on. If you have this sword, you must wield it. To say that you are never to be discouraged—that will be to say what, in this world of discouragements, would be an impossibility. But I do say, that you are never wilfully to allow yourselves to remain in that state, any more than you would wilfully allow yourselves to remain in a state of any open and grievous sin,—deceit, or anger. You will fall over and over again, I know it ; you will see others fall over and over again, I know that too ; and both from one cause and the other you will be ready to relax in your efforts, to think that they are hopeless and impossible. Well, if Peter once was thus discouraged, he at all events knew where to go for help. *When he saw the waves boisterous he was afraid, and beginning to sink, he cried, LORD, save me.* True, he heard those words of tender blame—*Why art thou so fearful, O thou of little faith?* But he gained the help he wanted. The water-flood did not drown him, neither did the deep swallow him up. Go, in your discouragements, to the same LORD of all help, and as with Peter of old, so it will be with you ; you shall be held up by that dear Hand, you shall be cheered by the same dear Voice.

Be not afraid, neither be dismayed. Two different things again. Afraid—in looking forward to uncertain difficulties and dangers. Difficulties and dangers—we know not what—that have not yet taken shape—rather things that may be, than things we know will be. Such difficulties as at the beginning of a year we may always conjure up : if so and so happens, then what shall I do ? If there be such and such a conflict of duties, then what would be my right path ? When we are like children in the dark, unable to see anything that we think will hurt us, but afraid there should be : when as it were, at a great distance, there ariseth a little cloud out of the sea, like a man's hand. Ah ! if we were but equally on our guard against sin—equally afraid of that, equally watchful not to do one action, to say one word, to think one thought that might possibly, or, as far as we could see, lead on to that ! That would be a blessing indeed : in that sense, *Blessed is the man that feareth away.*

But at last, some difficulty or danger does really come : the

little cloud grows and grows, till at length the heaven is black with clouds and wind, and there is a great rain. What then? Why, then, still GOD'S Voice, *Be not afraid, neither be thou dismayed. In the great water-floods, they shall not come nigh him.* Who shall not? Why, *they*, the only they that really can do him harm, the hosts of evil spirits whose delight it would be to destroy him, but who are held back from going one inch beyond their tether, whether we see it or not. You read in the "Pilgrim's Progress" that when Christian was going up to the House Beautiful, he had to pass between the two lions, there stationed to turn back pilgrims from the King's highway. "How-beit," it goes on, "the lions were chained: but Christian saw not their chains." *Dismayed?* Then, my dearest Sisters, when the trial really comes, the only place for us is at the foot of the Cross, where He indeed was dismayed for our sakes, where He was forsaken that we might never be forsaken, where He was cast down that we might not be destroyed. In those greatest of all water-floods, they *did* come nigh Him, *the waters* came in, as He Himself says, *even unto His soul*: but now, *the LORD sitteth above the water-flood, and the LORD remaineth a King for ever.* He sits there, above it, while we are still conflicting with it: and as surely as His morning has come, and He now stands on the shore, so surely will ours also come, and we shall be with Him. It is well said, then, *Be not afraid, neither dismayed.*

For the LORD thy GOD is with thee whithersoever thou goest. Yes: if we may only say or hope that of ourselves, how is it possible that we should fear? If, entering this year, He is at our right hand, if in all its changes and chances He is a very present help, if, when it shall come to its close, He shall still be with us to conduct us onwards; unless, indeed, before that time, He should have gone down with us into the valley of the shadow of death, where also, if He is with us, we shall fear no evil, His rod and His staff comforting us. *Whithersoever thou goest.* Oh how many *whithersoevers* there are into which no human love, no human sympathy can enter, in which the dearest earthly friend can give no help, in which it costs more to comfort our souls, so that he must let that alone for ever! But not so with Him. If He

calls us, and if it sometimes seems a hard saying—to follow Him whithersoever *He* goeth—at all events He has promised to be with us whithersoever *we* go. What ought we not to bear, what loss ought we not to count as gain, if we may but have such a companion? *Whithersoever thou goest!* Let it be with the Three Children in the burning fiery furnace, let it be with Daniel in the lions' den: *My GOD hath sent His Angel, and hath shut the lions' mouths;* and what Angel was that but the Angel of the Great Covenant, our LORD JESUS CHRIST? Let it be with the Apostles on the sea, in the night, and in the storm, and in the fourth watch, if He only may be there! Surely then it would be, *We went through fire and water, and Thou broughtest us out into a wealthy place.*

Is not this a text for the New Year? Is it not also a text for the Circumcision? For it is not as if our LORD called us to sufferings of which He knew nothing: had passed His earthly life in peace, and warned us to expect trouble: had been acquainted with pleasure, and yet told us that tribulation would be our lot. Here, in one week from His Birth, He That came to abolish the law, yet nevertheless, for our sakes submitting to the law, tasted of pain: He Who has willed that, for all ranks, and stations, and ages, there should be but one path to the Kingdom of Heaven,—suffering in one way or other,—vouchsafed to taste it as an Infant, as the pledge and earnest of those life-long sufferings which were only to leave Him when He, having done with all pain and mortality for ever, bowed His Head and gave up the ghost.

And now, let me ask each of you this one thing—GOD says it with an *only*—I may be well content, therefore, to leave everything else if I have but that. *ONLY be thou strong and very courageous:* and then it shall also be, *The LORD shall fight for you, and ye shall hold your peace.* He with you in war here, He with you in rest there: but He with you, now and always.

And now, &c.

REV. J. M. NEALE.

Conversion of St. Paul.

I FALL before Thy feet, O LORD, more utterly cast down than Saul before the gates of Damascus. Thy Hand hath touched me : and I worship it. O Almighty Hand, I love to see myself in Thy power. Strike, crush, beat down. I lay myself beneath this awful and loving Hand. As Thou dost cast me down, so enlighten me, quicken me, convert me, as Thou didst Saul. LORD, *what wilt Thou have me to do ?*

Make me ready to do anything or to do nothing, or to do little, to desire nothing and to desire anything, to suffer uncomforted and to enjoy the sweetest consolations.

I say not : LORD, I will perform great austerities, I will make great sacrifices, I will change my behaviour wonderfully. It is not for me to decide what I will do. I will wait on Thee and hearken to Thy will. My will is of no account ; it is lost in Thine. Only say what Thou wilt : for I will all that Thou willest. All is in Thy hands ; not only bodily penance, but humiliations, sacrifices of health, rest, friendship, reputation, sensible peace and spiritual comfort. Give or remove ; what matters it ? Only shew me Thy will, and leave me only to obey.

O LORD, I feel the truth and power of that word : *It is hard for thee to kick against the pricks.* Yea, it is hard to resist the drawings of Thy grace ! The soul Thou hast delivered from the bonds of sin can enjoy no peace, if by any reserve or delay she resists the sharp spur of Thy Spirit, urging her to interior detachment, childhood, and death. Nature rebels, and would prefer extreme austerities to the simplicity and *littleness* which GOD's children love. And how fierce is the struggle ! How it racks the soul !

But without this sacrifice, there is neither peace nor progress, but only the misery of a soul urged by GOD, and dreading to see whither GOD would lead her in order to wrench from her every stay of self-love.

O LORD, I will resist Thee no longer. I will not hesitate any more ; I will fear not doing enough rather than doing too much.

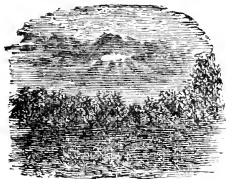
After what Thou didst do for Saul, there is nothing Thou canst not make of a sinful soul. Because I am so perfectly unworthy, therefore Thou wilt delight to do the greatest things in me. But whether they be great or little, matters not to me, provided I fulfil Thy will.

LORD, *what wilt Thou have me to do?* I think I hear Thee answer: I will that thou love Me, and that thou be happy through loving Me; Love, and do what thou wilt: for then thou wilt do what pure love leads detached souls to do, thou wilt love Me, thou wilt draw others to love Me, thou wilt have no will but Mine. So My Kingdom will come; so I shall be worshipped in spirit and in truth; so thou wilt sacrifice to Me both fleshly pleasures and mental pride: the world will be nothing in thy sight; thou wilt desire to be nothing thyself, that I alone may be All. This I will have thee to do.

But, LORD, how shall I do it? This task is beyond the power of man.

I hear Thee say within my heart: O thou of little faith, look on Saul, and put away all diffidence: he will tell thee, *I can do all things through Him That strengtheneth me.* GOD made him what he is; His same hand will make thee what thou oughtest to be.

FENÉLON.



Messages of the Evangelical Prophet to those called to the Observance of the Evangelical Counsels.

No. 2.

OF HOLY POVERTY.

CONTEMPLATE the going forth from Babylon, of the children of the Kingdom, the wondrous train of pilgrims bearing the vessels of the LORD, from age to age, from city to city. *Our feet shall stand in thy gates, O Jerusalem.* (Ps. cxxii. 2.)

O Blessed JESU, Who wouldest that, having nothing, we may yet possess all things, grant us, we beseech Thee, the grace of an entire detachment, that being loosed from that which is transitory, we may already in heart and soul abide with Thee in the possession of Thy love, and persevering to the end, may attain at length to an eternal inheritance with Thy beloved, Who livest and reignest with the FATHER in the unity of the HOLY GHOST, ever one GOD, world without end. Amen.

Our FATHER, &c.

I. Last week,* my dear Sisters, we were meditating upon one of the messages of the Evangelical Prophet as addressed to those called to follow the Evangelical Counsels. Let us to-day consider another message, first very briefly remembering what has been already before us.

We thought then of the beautiful garments, and specially of that robe of Charity or Holy Love which GOD'S children are called to wear, and of its inner lining of Holy Chastity; and were so brought to regard *Religious* Chastity as the lining of the Robe of *Religious* Charity. We considered, in connection with the strengthening character of that virtue, how the Prophet's exhortation to us to awake and put on strength, and all other right things which would be impossible apart from Divine Grace, are rendered reasonable by the call to Almighty GOD Himself to awake—a call

* See *St. Margaret's Magazine*, Part VII.

inspired by Him Who awaits but our desire for His succour to come indeed to our aid, and only so awaits that desire because it is morally impossible to give aid to those who live in a false self-sufficiency. Then, lastly, we dwelt briefly on the great comfort derived from the consideration of the freedom and fulness of Redeeming Love.

Now let us go on to consider that over against holy Love and holy Chastity there is set the captivity of sin. The elect people of GOD in old time, alas, went into such a captivity in Jerusalem before ever, as a consequence of that bondage, their enemies led them away captive to Babylon ; and it was not until they had thus gone into captivity of their own perverse will, that GOD chastened them by sending against them those who knew Him not. And thus it was not until they had already lost those beautiful garments which He had desired them to wear, that GOD caused them to be bereft of the material ornaments which they had worn in the time of a merely outward prosperity. So did He bring upon them outward ruin and outward captivity, that their false and merely outward prosperity being destroyed, they might be inwardly built up and made free indeed. He caused them to wear, instead of those robes with which they had adorned themselves in Jerusalem, a raiment of penitence, as *by the waters of Babylon they sat down and wept.* (Ps. cxxxvii. 1.) But whilst He did this, He desired that underneath that rough covering which they wore should be re-formed inwardly the beautiful garments of the soul ; the garment of a loving allegiance to Himself, the garment of severance from all the idolatries by which they had committed spiritual fornication against GOD. Now, as we have already seen in our previous meditation, there is mention made of a redemption : *Ye have sold yourselves for naught, and ye shall be redeemed without money.* (Is. lii. 3.) There was already to be granted to the children of Jerusalem the joyful anticipation of that day when *The glory of Lebanon shall come unto thee, the fir tree, the pine tree and the box together, to beautify the place of My Sanctuary ; and I will make the place of My Feet glorious. The sons also of them that afflicted thee shall come bending unto thee ; and all they that despised thee shall bow themselves down at the soles of thy feet ;*

and they shall call thee, *The City of the LORD, The Zion of the Holy One of Israel.* Whereas thou hast been forsaken and hated, so that no man went through thee, I will make thee an eternal excellency, a joy of many generations. Thou shalt also suck the breast of kings; and thou shalt know that I the LORD am thy SAVIOUR and thy Redeemer, the Mighty One of Jacob. (Is. lx. 13-16.)

But to return whither they had been implies, of course, that they must depart from the place of exile, and so by anticipation he tells already, that chastened and corrected, but not given over unto death, the chosen people should ultimately return to Zion. Yes, beautiful already upon the mountains were the Feet of Him that publisheth peace (Is. lii. 7); beautiful upon the Mounts of Vision and of Prayer, to which, as Daniel and Ezekiel testified, is access gained even in exile to the penitent. And the Prophet Isaiah cries, *Depart ye, depart ye; go ye out of the midst of her, be ye clean, that bear the vessels of the LORD.* (Is. lii. 11.)

II. And now, leaving the type, let us see the application of this exhortation to ourselves, and let us seek to learn, from another message of the Evangelical Prophet to those who are following the Evangelical Counsels, something that may, by GOD'S grace, help us in our Advent.

Because of sin, then, the beautiful garment of Charity is disfigured, its inner lining soiled, and so it is that the Church here is composed of exiles, and it becomes all Christians to think how we may less outwardly adorn our lives, which inwardly need to be robed afresh in their mystic garments. How fearful in the presence of this is that undue care about making the life outwardly graceful which is very prevalent. I am not now speaking of Religious, but of Christians in general. In the world, in any sense, our outward condition is one of exile; only as there is a departure from the world can the soul be inwardly arrayed afresh in Charity, and the beauty of Holy Chastity be upon it. St. John says: *All that is in the world, the lust of the flesh, and the lust of the eyes, and the pride of life, is not of the FATHER, but of the world.* (1 St. John ii. 16.) Now we know that the Church herself is, as the very word (*ἐκκλησία*) implies, "called out" from the world. *Depart ye, depart ye,* seems to be so written on her very name

that we can hardly speak it without thinking of this message. But alas, there has been so much of compromise in the relations between the Church and the world, that very often it is difficult to say which preponderates, the leaven of the kingdom of Heaven or the leaven of malice and wickedness ; a confusion none the less dangerous when the leaven of worldliness assumes that form of which our Master so emphatically warns His disciples to beware : *the leaven of the Pharisees*. (St. Matt. xvi. 6.)

In the light of these things, surely very privileged must seem the life of those who in the world are called to maintain a hard fight against its seductions ! But it is your case to be called to forsake the world altogether, and so altogether to forsake even such outward adornments as, though not unlawful in themselves, are at least incongruous with the state of death which they garnish. In exile it is best to wear an exile's aspect, and *by the waters of Babylon* not to sing the song of those who carry us away into captivity, nor openly for their sport to *sing the LORD'S song in a strange land*. This is surely a more wholesome way of life, and more real !

But *Depart ye* to the Religious involves the whole practice of Evangelical Poverty. There are three forms of this one departure :

1. Depart ye from the world to the cell.
2. Depart ye from the natural life to the supernatural.
3. Depart ye from that degree of Holy Poverty which belongs chiefly to external things and persons to a heavenly and truly Evangelical Poverty. *Go ye out from thence*. Depart ye altogether from the world. In these three particulars, then, this Counsel is to be followed.

1. There must be *no* possession in the world—none ; no property reserved for any private use ; all must be surrendered absolutely for the promotion of GOD'S glory, and what is spent upon the Religious must be merely what is needful for preserving a reasonable degree of health and strength, so *having food and raiment let us be therewith content*. (1 Tim. vi. 8.)

2. This first degree belongs to things mostly external, but without its practice in some reality the others can hardly be at all. This degree of Poverty would be of little avail, however, unless

the Religious sincerely seek to become poor in everything that belongs to the natural life. We all have special tastes and faculties of our natural character, and each of these needs to be mortified, so that whenever we find ourselves beginning to glow with any pleasure in their mere exercise, or worse still, to be moved to self-complacency when some one else seems pleased at their exercise, we ought at once to renounce the pleasure and make an act of lowly love to JESUS, in Whom alone we know are *the unsearchable riches* (Eph. iii. 8), to the possession of which we are called by the way of Holy Poverty. It is in possession of the unsearchable riches of CHRIST *alone* that the life is called by the practice of Evangelical Poverty. It would not be any use for us to have by our own will no *money* to spend on self, if we were to spend that with which GOD has endowed us for our own pleasure ; or to avoid gifts and external luxuries, if at the same time we accepted, for their own sake, words which bring consolation and soothing to the life. It would be a more subtle temptation, but because more spiritual not less wicked.

3. And, once more, as we must depart from the world's ways of possession to a voluntary poverty, and from that as a merely external practice to a more searching abandonment of all, so, too, in seeking to obey the LORD'S command to become *perfect* (St. Matt. v. 48) the Religious must depart from the elementary poverty of a soul exercised in interrupted and broken efforts after this great virtue into the pure and deep poverty of a life so *habitually* emptied that it learns, in an interior and spiritual sense, *Having food and raiment therewith to be content*. O what is that food, that nourishment which is essential to the soul, and that raiment which covers poor nature and hides its deformities? JESUS CHRIST gives us both these—nay, He is both. Think, then, of a person receiving a merely natural joy in the exercise of some taste, or in the praise accompanying its exercise, and consider how much of the emptiness of life appears for the moment to be filled up, and how the life is so relieved of, alas! *robbed* of, poverty. So, on the contrary, it is by repeated acts of the departing from all external consolations that the soul is brought into a deeper state of poverty and emptiness, and into that soul GOD

will pour the richest treasures of His grace. *Go ye out, be ye clean.* How much harder it is to our nature thus to go out of ourselves, and to be poor in those things in which, in a certain sense, we might be tempted to pride ourselves, not in the worst form of pride. Yes, we are tempted to value these things because without them we should hardly seem to be ourselves. O how hard it is to the flesh to seem to annihilate ourselves; to take those things which seem to belong to our very life, and to consent that they should be put in abeyance altogether—but that is the only adequate poverty of the Religious.

III. But notice what is the frame of mind in which we are to *go out*, for that is very beautifully taught us. *For ye shall not go out with haste, nor go by flight.* (Is. lii. 12.) They did go out from Egypt in haste, and by flight; they had not, then, time to finish making the bread in their kneading-troughs. Now what can give this calmness? I do not know anything more certain to give it than a true response to a Religious vocation. If a man see the world as a thing really dead, it makes it very easy for him to be calm. There is a great reality in this, in the truth that here it is harder at the beginning and easiest at death; in the world it is easiest at the beginning and hardest at death. Autumn fruits GOD gives to those who forsake all for His sake; spring-tide and summer fruits are for the world. There comes winter into the world, and just then, when the world is in its winter, is their time of rejoicing who are out of the world; just as JESUS was born in the winter, when the world was in its coldness and barrenness. Death is the great test; when we recognize how fearfully real it is, it seems almost as though only the things which survive that test are real at all. That life which comes from departing is the only real life! But it is not enough to say, "Very well, we die, and therefore nothing matters here." That is almost as false as to say, *Let us eat and drink, for to-morrow we die.* (1 Cor. xv. 32.) It matters very much indeed how we deal with things in this life, because it is part of our education. So it is not enough for a man to say, "I die, and I see that I must not *eat and drink and be merry*; because I die, therefore I will choose the better part and go out of the world." But if he have no vocation he will have to answer to GOD for what he has *not* done.

At the last day we shall have to answer to GOD as to why we left the world, why we did not marry, did not live in society, did not seek gain.

But, dear Sisters, we may go out with calmness if we have prayed with GOD, for if we have sought GOD's counsel there will follow, not haste, but unhesitating action.

And this is referable not only to the first going out, when it was resolved upon to leave the world, for there must never be a going out with haste. We must not inadvisedly begin some further practices of poverty, or in trying to go too fast we shall only fall down lower than we were before; if there is no time for delay there is certainly no time for hurry, for hurry wastes time. Dear Sisters, if our blessed LORD came and found you going out more and more and more into this life of Holy Poverty, He would not be angry if you had not reached its highest stage. He can take you out of the world and perfect you.

And what is the amount of the confidence which men can have besides the reality of it all, besides their having prayed it out with GOD and sought counsel from Heaven? Why, there is this sure promise: *The LORD will go before you, and the GOD of Israel will be your reward.* GOD before and GOD behind, GOD preventing and GOD following. And then what beyond? *The LORD hath comforted His people; He hath redeemed Jerusalem.* (Is. lii. 9.) Now one marked difference between those exiles who returned in old times and our return is this. They had to go out from Babylon to a Jerusalem which was laid waste, and they had to rebuild it; but you go out to a Jerusalem which is being built as you go, for you yourselves are building it, are being built into it as *living stones* (1 Pet. ii. 5), and when you arrive you will be at last in the Heavenly Jerusalem, having gone out altogether from Babylon by the practice of Holy Poverty; you will be in that City whose streets are of *pure gold* and, *as it were, transparent glass.* It is a simultaneous act, the going out and the entering in.

GOD give you grace to attain to that perfect joy in the Second Advent, when the cry shall be made: *Behold the Bridegroom cometh; go ye out to meet Him.* (St. Matt. xxv. 6.) Then those whose souls have been made poor in this world will be found to

have been made rich by Him Who for our sakes, though He was rich, became poor. Yes, that soul shall wear the golden robe of fair love, with the lining of Holy Chastity, which can only be worn by a soul which is weaned from the world for the love of JESUS.

O LORD, Who for our sakes wast made poor, that we might know the unsearchable riches of Thy Divine Love, and Who, by Thy holy Prophet, hast enjoined upon Thy servants that, departing from the Babylon of this world, they should seek the City which hath foundations, whose Builder and Maker is GOD: grant unto us, we beseech Thee, that Thou, being our Guide and our Rereward, we may in calmness and in confidence go forth; and that, being delivered from every form of earthly possessions, we may be also freed from everything which ministers to the satisfaction of the natural heart, that so we may share that blessing which Thou didst pronounce upon the poor in spirit, and may obtain an everlasting possession in Thy Heavenly Kingdom; Who livest and reignest with the FATHER in the Unity of the HOLY GHOST, ever One GOD, world without end. Amen.

Our FATHER, &c.

No. 3.

“MY SERVANT.”

CONTEMPLATE the Holy Child JESUS in the Home at Nazareth, obediently fulfilling the duties of one of the outwardly uneventful days in the life of the Holy Family.

Behold, My Servant shall deal prudently [or “prosper,” margin], *He shall be exalted and extolled, and be very high.* (Is. lii. 13.)

O GOD, Who knowest the pride and wilfulness of our souls apart from Thy regenerating and renewing grace, vouchsafe so to conform us to Thy SON our LORD JESUS CHRIST in all meekness and lowliness of heart, that, submitting ourselves one to another in Thy holy fear, we may seek at all times faithfully and resolutely to do Thy blessed Will; through the same, Thy SON JESUS

CHRIST the LORD, Who liveth and reigneth with Thee and the HOLY GHOST, ever one GOD, world without end. Amen.

We have already considered two messages of the Prophet Isaiah as they concern the Counsels of Religious Chastity and Religious Poverty. It remains that we consider to-night the exhortation with which this chapter lii. closes, and in which we have brought before us that which belongs more particularly to the Counsel of Holy Obedience. We shall have thus endeavoured to meditate upon each of the Counsels of Perfection in connection with the prophecies contained in one chapter of this most gracious gift of GOD the HOLY GHOST, this inexhaustible mine of evangelical truth, the Prophecy of Isaiah.

Consider then, my dear Sisters, in the first place, that the Messiah is here, as elsewhere, very plainly spoken of under the character of a "Servant." As Bishop Wordsworth notes in his commentary on Isaiah :—"The ancient Jews always connected these three verses with what follows in the fifty-third chapter, and applied them to the same Person, the Messiah (*v.* Pearson on the Creed, Art. ii.). And it is also applied to CHRIST by the HOLY SPIRIT in the New Testament, and by all ancient Christian expositors, *e.g.*, Justin Martyr, Origen, S. Augustine and S. Jerome. These verses begin the prophecy which is contained in the following chapter, which ought not to be separated from them ; accordingly, in the Arabic version there is a break here, and the following title is inserted : 'A Prophecy concerning CHRIST : His Crucifixion and the taking away of sins.'"

Our blessed LORD is, then, to-night before us as a "Servant." As in Phil. ii. 7, 8, we learn that He *took upon Him the form of a servant*—and in the epistle the word means, more exclusively, a slave—and *was made in the likeness of men ; and being found in fashion as a man, He humbled Himself and became obedient unto death, even the death of the Cross.*

The Christmas thought of GOD's becoming man, and the thought of His Passion, are here allied, but it is not in my mind to dwell to-night upon the Passion proper. Let us rather very briefly consider these three things—

I. The *Servitude* of our LORD,

II. His *Prosperity*,

III. His *Exaltation*,

as all these subjects are contained in this verse.

I. "My Servant." The *Servitude* of CHRIST was a great reality, because He subjected Himself in His Incarnate Life to all the conditions of our created nature, as that nature was conditioned by the consequences of the fall, sin only excepted; that is to say, He was not of course the servant of sin in any sense. Yet, even so, He yet submitted Himself to the conditions which sin had brought about, that He might serve in the bondage of Egypt as the true Joseph. And as Joseph in the prison-house suffered, though innocent, so JESUS in the prison-house of this world, even whilst He was Himself the Holy One of GOD.

He is said here to be "My Servant," that is, the Servant of GOD; every faculty of His Human Nature was wholly surrendered that it might be used for GOD's glory. He surrendered Himself thus that He might fulfil the will of His Heavenly FATHER without swerving. And that could not be done in this wicked world without involving Him in constant pain and frequent insulting opposition; through all this He was ever "My Servant." The things which were hard He received as in the way of *Obedience*, for as Man He was the Slave of the Divine Will; a servitude which was, whatever it involved of suffering, nevertheless, always a servitude of Holy Love. Nor was this servitude absent even when He did not as yet experience the opposition and antagonism which afterwards befell Him; but, as the Child, or Youth, at Nazareth, we see Him subject for love of GOD from the beginning to Mary and Joseph, to the Jewish teachers, to all who stood in any such relationship towards Him as would give them a natural claim upon the obedience of a youth. Even to obey Blessed Mary was no doubt sometimes to submit to checks and restraints in a way of which she may herself have been quite unaware, for we know there were many things concerning her SON which were as yet hidden even from her; and so as she and holy Joseph directed Him, doubtless there would be experiences in the Life of JESUS as a Youth calling for very real submission of His

Human Will ; and however loving, however holy they might be, " His parents " often could not know, they did not know, what was in His Sacred Heart, what was in that wondrous Mind of JESUS, and what was the wealth of that magnificent intelligence which so yielded Itself to the guidance of their minds. And if so, what shall we say of His obedience and submission as a Boy and Youth to the elders of the town, to those who held themselves to be the wise men of the place, nay, perhaps even to boys who were older than Himself? But JESUS submitted Himself to them all ! Yet whilst He was thus fulfilling the duties of His hidden Life, the Holy One of GOD was no doubt waiting patiently to perform in GOD's time what He was so greatly longing to fulfil ; as He said when He came to the last supper, *With desire I have desired to eat this passover with you before I suffer.* And so with desire had He desired to go forth that He might heal, that He might bind up, that He might speak peace.

And then, in His Youth and later on, besides the antagonism of men, think of our Divine SAVIOUR in His submission to the elements which were created by Him, for, *All things were made by Him.* Think of Him, co-equal with the FATHER and yet having taken upon Him the form of a Slave, feeling the power of those elements ; weather, heat and cold and storm, so that He Who could with one word still the winds and the waves made Himself a very Servant to His own creatures. Thus do we see that our Blessed LORD became, both by man's hand and by the hand of inanimate nature, slave to the Divine Will ; for, remember, that some movement of the Divine Will underlies every work of nature. So He was " My Servant " because He was never the Servant of man in these things. When, too, He says, *Foxes have holes, and the birds of the air have nests, but the Son of Man hath not where to lay His Head,* He declares to us how He was exposed to the inclemency of the weather, the cold, the dew at night, yet, nevertheless, He was not a slave to any of these things, but " *My Slave,*" the Slave of GOD. So did He teach us how, in submitting to the restraints of our life, or suffering even such inconveniences as those arising from natural causes, so often murmured against, we may in love obey GOD and learn obedience ; and it is in the recog-

dition of this truth that a Christian learns to love to be under a similar yoke. It is not the aim of one truly following CHRIST to escape from the restraints of home, nor from the restraints which come together with an enlarged intercourse with his fellows, which he experiences after his childhood is past ; but rather it is the desire of a Christian who is worthy of the name to become day by day conformed to CHRIST in these experiences. And it is the deep conviction of the blessings of a life of obedience to GOD'S direction as that is ministered to us by others, that has led men to seek to follow CHRIST in the pursuit of the Evangelical Counsel of Holy Obedience. Thus was JESUS seen to fulfil the prophecy, *Behold, MY SERVANT shall deal prudently.*

Let us then, in this first place, emphasize the truth that those experiences of roughness and restraint which accompany the practice of obedience, are, at the very least, not harmful to those who obey—that is a poor and inadequate way of putting it—but let us say it again, the roughnesses if they should come, the restraints which *must* come, which accompany the exercise of obedience, they are not injurious to those who obey. It is indeed the part of all in authority to temper the administration of authority with Love. But the difficulties cannot be abolished without the loss of that close imitation of CHRIST which is the very motive of the Religious Life. If the difficulties were taken away, and there were to be no hardships, at least much of the salutary effect of the practice of obedience would be gone ; much of that which makes the life to be an imitating of Him of Whom it is written : *Though He were a SON* (aye, and the dearly beloved SON), *yet learned He obedience by the things which He suffered.* As Man, He never could have learned obedience by things in which He obeyed, unless there had been also *the things which He suffered.* So if we could have obedience as we should naturally like it, always easy, then we should not learn obedience ; for that must be learned by the things that we *suffer.*

II. But let us go on to consider the next clause of this message, *Behold, My Servant shall prosper :* so it stands in the alternative reading. In His sufferings as a slave He shall deal prudently, or act prudently, and prosperously ; so we may include the mean-

ings of the term as it is applied to personal types of CHRIST, to Joshua, David, Solomon, and Hezekiah, and is rendered in our translation by *prospered and had good success* ; or again, it is applied to CHRIST Himself in Jer. xxiii. 5, *A King shall reign and prosper*. So then, we see here set before us just that which our Divine SAVIOUR taught us, viz., that *whosoever will lose his life for My Name's sake and the Gospel shall keep it unto life eternal, for the fear of the LORD is the beginning of wisdom ; a good understanding have all they that do thereafter : the praise of it endureth for ever*.

JESUS prospered thus by a holy *persistency*, as we were reading to-day in the same prophet in the service of the Church for this (Dec. 18) morning, Is. l. 7—*I have set My Face like a flint, and I know that I shall not be confounded*. He met with great trials, even from His first infancy and throughout His Life, and at the end He says : *I hid not My Face from shame and spitting ; for He had set His Face like a flint to bear all the shame, and to give His whole human nature to agony and at last to death, even the death of the Cross*. And yet, nevertheless, in all this He was prospering ; He had done prudently. What was it that underlay always the fulfilment of His holy obedience? The knowledge which He possessed that it was His Heavenly FATHER Who had willed to lead Him thus. We see that in the same connection in the fifth verse of that fiftieth chapter : *The LORD GOD hath opened Mine ear, and I was not rebellious, neither turned away back*. In which expression we have again these two things, obedience, and recognition of the One to Whom He was as a slave ; the same love of God's Will in connection with a state of servitude as we find in Psalm xl. 6 : *Mine ears hast Thou opened. . . . Lo I come to do Thy Will, O GOD*. Even if that opening of the ears meant only that He hearkened to GOD's commands, that thus His ear was opened, we should see this ; but there is good ground for thinking that it goes much farther. You know how we have it in the fortieth Psalm, sixth verse, Bible version ; in the margin we find "digged," for the ear of a slave who willingly became such to his master for ever was bored through with an awl (see Exodus xxi. 6). Look now at the same expression quoted in Hebrews x. 5, from the Septuagint : *A body hast Thou prepared Me ; and*

here we get it all cleared up, for we know that when He took that Body, as we have already read in Phil. ii. 7, He took upon Himself the form of a *Slave*. So does this wondrous prophecy unveil the secrets of the mind of JESUS to shew to us these two engrossing thoughts of obedience, and of confidence and trust in suffering: *For the LORD GOD will help Me, therefore shall I not be confounded. I have set My Face like a flint, and I know that I shall not be ashamed. He is near that justifieth Me. . . . Behold, the LORD GOD will help Me; who is he that shall condemn Me?* (Is. l. 7, 8, 9.)

III. Lastly, besides that present prospering which was being fulfilled in Him, even when to the world it seemed so different, there was to follow the exaltation. In the same verse we read, *He shall be exalted and extolled, and be very high.*

Now, dear Sisters, it is in immediate connection with this exalting that we are reminded of His servitude and sufferings; and it is a conformity to Him in the practice of Holy Obedience which is set before those called to the observance of the Evangelical Counsels, and which they are invited to pursue. O what a wonderful encouragement does this beautiful verse give to the Religious: *Behold, My Servant shall deal prudently; He shall be exalted and extolled, and be very high.* For He Himself tells us: *To him that overcometh will I grant to sit with Me in My Throne.* And in what way? *Even as I also overcame, and am set down with My FATHER in His Throne.* You know the way by which He came to sit down on the Throne, and the way by which He, the lowly One, overcame, was by the way of Holy Obedience. What greater pledge of final victory is there for us sinners than to overcome our pride by a holy, ungrudging, obedience? To make others submit to our will is indeed the instinct of fallen nature; but to desire to submit *our* will to others, for the love of GOD, in the imitation of CHRIST—that is indeed the fruit of Divine grace, and in the real practice of the Evangelical Counsel of Religious Obedience that *fruit* should be brought forth *a hundred-fold*. And just in proportion as this is being exercised bravely, generously, and simply, there is being developed in the life a power of a wholly heavenly character, to set the face as a flint to bear all things in the love of His Will. The remaining earthliness of

our hearts may delude us to think that we are acting rightly when we urge our own ways, our own choice, on another ; yet the holy angels grieve over us at such times, for instead of acting rightly we are losing the very grace we once possessed. When the disciples had disputed among themselves who should be greatest, JESUS sat down and called the Twelve, and said unto them, *If any man desire to be first, the same shall be last of all, and servant of all.* And then He called a little child and set him in the midst, and said, *Whosoever therefore shall humble himself as this little child, the same is the greatest in the kingdom of Heaven.*

See then, dear Sisters, see that this Advent be a time, as it were, for re-trimming your lamps. Soon you are to meet the Bridegroom ; may you be ready to go forth with joy. Your life here as religious, as with a three-fold cord, forms the wick in which rises the oil of holiness, kindled by the flame of the Love of GOD. Let the three strands of the wick, the strand of Holy Poverty, of Holy Chastity, and of Holy Obedience, be firmly plaited together, for each one demands the others to make the plait perfect ; and in the faithful observance of each let the whole natural life be offered up to GOD, just as was the natural Life of the Man CHRIST JESUS. I do not mean the natural life, as it is sometimes spoken of, as striving against the Life of CHRIST, but the true natural life as GOD made it to be ; and so offered let it be wholly consumed, to His greater glory, offered up as a whole burnt offering.

So let our last Advent thought be, *Let your loins be girded about, and your lights burning ; and ye yourselves like unto men that wait for their LORD ;* yea, like those holy ones, those wise virgins, who trimmed their lamps and went forth to meet the Bridegroom, and with Him entered in.

The doors are open now, but that Day will come when they will be shut for ever. GOD grant that, when it comes, those whom He has called to so close a union with Himself in this life in the imitation of the servitude of JESUS, may know the consummation of that perfect liberty of the children of GOD, the attainment of which must depend so largely, under GOD, on the generosity and reality of the imitation of JESUS CHRIST in a self-forgetting, self-sacrificing obedience.

Blessed JESU, Who desirest to win our hearts to a holy peace and to a heavenly strength by their increased surrender to Thyself: grant us, we beseech Thee, that we may ever embrace Thy Will for us by a prompt and ungrudging obedience to all in lawful authority in Holy Church, and to all those obligations which we have voluntarily undertaken in the pursuit of the Counsel of Holy Obedience, that so being victorious over the pride and self-will of our fallen nature, we may be delivered from its impotence and saved from its strife. Who livest, &c.

Our FATHER, &c.



The Château de Valbreuse.

BY SUZANNE DUBOIS.

Edited by the Author of "Charles Lowder."

(Concluded.)

AT the end of a week the Count de Lagny, a guest under such strange circumstances at the Château de Valbreuse, had almost entirely recovered from his wound. His two nurses had now little to do except to keep him company, and we spent much time by his bedside, Eugénie working at her embroidery, or trying to lighten with a little music the tedium of those hours of convalescence which are apt to be invaded by *ennui*. I had found in the library an old book on the transmigration of souls, and sometimes amused the Count by relating to him the theories contained in it.

"You, Monsieur, will certainly become a nightingale," I said to him one day.

"And why should that be, Dame Suzanne?" asked the young officer.

"It follows from the moral essence of transmigrations, which is not in the least doubtful. It is often believed that there is nothing more in Metempsychosis than the soul passing into an animal form. That would be no such great miracle!"

"Really?"

"No, indeed; but justice is displayed by the succession of existences which the soul must undergo. It is punished for its former sins by the new life which it must pass through."

"For example?"

"Well," I replied, "there is my master, Monsieur Montbrun; he has an excellent heart, but he is violent and passionate, except with Mademoiselle, to whom he is as submissive as a child. I find, after studying the lore contained in this book, that when he passes into another existence he will become a sheep, condemned to graze quietly in a field, without saying an angry word to anyone."

"And the author believed that souls remain upon earth, passing from one body into another?"

“He had no doubt of it. For instance, the former lords of this Château—where do you suppose he believed they are now? All around their lordly abode, which they cannot bear to leave. If you had read this ‘Treatise on True Science,’” and I tapped on the worn morocco binding, “you would know that the owls which you hear at midnight are the nobles who were formerly so vain of their honours and rank, and were for ever making a show and running after the Court; they are now forced to remain in their holes, and only leave them during the night.”

“And the ladies of the castle,” asked Eugénie; “what does your old writer tell us has become of them?”

“He informs us,” I replied, “that they are at the bottom of the castle moat.”

The Count and Eugénie both burst into a merry fit of laughter.

“What can they be doing there?”

“They are now fine carp of a hundred years old; but alas! they are condemned to perpetual silence for having used their tongues too freely, and are obliged to exhibit their brilliant scales at the bottom of the water without attracting any admiration!”

“Ah, *ma bonne*, you will certainly be a carp some day,” said Eugénie.

“Besides,” I continued, not noticing her interruption, “there were powerful barons here formerly, without religion or morality, obeying neither GOD nor the king. Well, in their new existence they have become oxen; yes, oxen, bending beneath the yoke, and obedient to the smallest child who leads them forth to labour.”

“But you have not told me, my dear lady,” said the Count de Lagny, “wherefore I am destined to assume the form of a sweet nightingale.”

“Because, Monsieur,” I answered, “having been at the wars all your life, and thought of little but destroying the largest number of people possible, it is only just that you should become the feeblest of birds, without either beak or talons wherewith to defend yourself.”

“And why did you beg of me the other day, after telling me that if I died of my wound I should fly away as a nightingale, to come and sing at your window?”

"Because the song of nightingales gives one a delicious sleep. See," I added playfully, "my window is on the first story of the second of the turrets which you can see from this."

"I must not deceive you, Dame Suzanne," said the Count. "Unless death should strangely change one's feelings, I fear I shall not sing beneath your window."

"Indeed!"

"I shall be sure to warble sweet airs at Mademoiselle Eugénie's casement."

"Why?"

"Because she is the best woman I know, because she saved me when I lay dying on that road—which would have been to me the road to the grave."

"Come, *ma bonne*," said Eugénie, laughingly, "do not be jealous of the preference accorded to me; and to show your generosity to our patient, go and get the soup ready, which he is to take at two o'clock."

"With half a glass of Burgundy," said the Count.

"Two thimblefuls only," said Eugénie, "and even so we must not tell the doctor."

"Don't be afraid; nothing that your fair hand pours into my cup can harm me."

"Here is my father coming to pay you a visit," interrupted Eugénie, as she saw Monsieur Montbrun at the door of the adjoining room. "No," she added, sadly, "he has gone out upon the terrace, and is going into the garden."

"He wishes, doubtless, to inspect his grounds, his fine domains," said the Count, with a strangely ironical smile. Then, in a different tone, he added, "You have never told me, Mademoiselle, how you like your new abode."

"We must be silent for awhile now," replied the girl; "the doctor has forbidden your talking, and you have already tired yourself."

"Very well; then I will listen to you. Tell me whether you find much to charm you in this domain of Valbreuse which has been given to you?"

"How do you know that it is a new possession?"

“Ah!—the doctor forbids me to speak. But answer my question.”

“I think the Château is charming, the gardens are beautiful, and the environs are very fine.”

“Will you allow me to tell you something with military frankness?”

“What is it?”

“That you are telling stories.”

“Why should you think so?”

“Because since you arrived here, you have been entirely occupied with me; my sufferings engrossed all your time and care, and you have seen nothing beyond my sick bed.”

“Hush! The doctor says you must not talk.”

“Well, then, since you cannot tell me anything about this place, tell me what brought you here; I am very curious to know.”

“Certainly,” Eugénie replied, “especially as the only way to keep you silent is to talk myself. Now listen to me.

“I had been accustomed to a very quiet way of living, when, on my father’s return from Germany after the Seven Years’ War, I heard for the first time of our change of fortune. My father had paid me several visits in my Convent at Paris, which I was soon to leave. One day, towards the end of the war—we were almost alone in the parlour—he drew me into a window recess, as though to see me better, and there, gazing at me with an expression I had never seen, in which joy, tenderness, and a sort of solemnity were mingled, he said to me: ‘My child, would you be very glad to take rank as noble?’

“I was surprised, and at first remained silent. I have not told you, Monsieur le Comte, that my father is simply a soldier of fortune, and only gained his rank as Captain after long service. He had always seemed to me inspired wholly by a generous ambition to serve his country, and by the desire, for himself, of making the name he bore honourable by his own merit. I was therefore astonished, and rather confused, by his question; but he added: ‘Answer me, my beloved daughter, would it please you to become a young lady of rank, like many of your companions? You would then be surrounded by respectful attentions; you would have a

coat of arms, such as are on those carriages (and he pointed to some carriages drawn up in the court of the Convent); you would marry a gentleman, perhaps a nobleman. Ah! a Countess's coronet would well become that fair head. You would be received in the highest society, and perhaps, who knows? presented at Court!

"Oh, if you had seen what joy and pride shone in my father's eyes as he said these words."

"And how did you feel about all these fine hopes, Mademoiselle?"

"Shall I tell you quite openly?" said Eugénie.

"Certainly."

"Well, then, I cared nothing at all about them. The riches and greatness of which he spoke to me did not make my heart beat quicker. But it would have been dreadful to let him see my indifference, and to damp the happiness which lit up his countenance, and of which his heart was evidently full. I should have felt as though I were killing something, and taking something precious out of my father's life."

"And so?"

"Well," Eugénie answered, "I told a fib; I pretended to be charmed."

"And then?"

"He left me hastily. A fortnight later he returned, looking radiant. 'My child,' he said, 'I have gained what I hoped for. The King, in his delight on hearing of the taking of the fortress of Fridberg, had given his royal word that he would bestow a fine property, with the right of nobility attached to it, to the officer who had first entered the place. And that officer, Eugénie——'

"'Oh,' I exclaimed, 'it was you, my father!'

"His answer was a tender embrace.

"'I have proved my right to the reward,' he continued, 'and I have just received from Louis XV. the legal title to the property of Valbreuse.'"

I observed that the Count started violently, but Eugénie did not perceive it. Recovering himself quickly, he begged her to continue her story.

"My father's words did make me very happy," she said. "He had gained this mark of royal favour by his courage and by an

heroic action. Is it not a very grand thing, Monsieur le Comte, to be the first to enter an impregnable fortress?"

"Are you not proud to be daughter to the man who accomplished this deed of arms?" was the Count's reply.

"I am immensely proud of it."

"And you would have loved this courageous officer—even had he not been your father?"

"I almost think I might," said the girl, laughing and blushing.

"Pray go on with your story," said the Count, quietly.

"And yet," she continued, in a graver tone, "this great advancement has been far from bringing happiness. On the contrary, for some time my father has suffered from the profoundest melancholy. During the two days that we were at St. Julien, on our way here——" Eugénie hesitated.

"Well," said the Count.

"I hardly know if I ought to tell you. But he had a sudden attack of such extreme depression, with occasional outbursts of violent anger, that he was almost like one out of his mind. The day of our departure, he insisted on going out to ride at nine o'clock in the morning; at twelve he returned. He was bathed in perspiration, covered with dust, and his horse was white with foam. We ought certainly to have put off our departure till the next morning, but my father was in a kind of agitation and fever which seemed to make rest impossible. So we set off. Oh, it was all for the best, since in the midst of the storm, and upon that dark road——"

"You found me, and saved my life, angel of goodness! But since you came here——"

"My father's depression does not lessen. He avoids everyone, even me sometimes. But I do not notice it, because, you see, if there are sorrows which one can soothe by sharing them, there are others which the sufferer cannot bear to have touched. One must always remember that. Besides, perhaps it is his old wounds which are making him suffer."

"Yes," exclaimed the Count, with much emotion; "you may be sure, sweet child, that he is suffering from wounds; and I can take my oath to you that they will be cured."

"Oh, you comfort me."

"However, Mademoiselle Eugénie, whether you will or no, you are become a lady Châtelaine, for it is true that the property of Valbreuse confers nobility on its possessor."

"I should much prefer its being famous for roses, peaches, and cherries," replied Eugénie.

"What use do you intend to make of your rank and fortune?"

"Well, as to that, I have a scheme."

"Do let me hear it," said the Count.

"One night lately," she replied, "as I was watching beside you, just here, and in this very armchair, I fell asleep. Then, in my dream, I thought that I made a vow never to marry."

The Count made an exclamation.

"Then I saw a crowd of poor little children coming to take refuge in this Château. When I awoke, the dream seemed to me prophetic. I have read somewhere that formerly, before St. Vincent de Paul's time, forsaken children were received into the nearest Château, so I thought of reviving this ancient custom. I will never marry, in order to be able to give all my time and all my affection to the unfortunate; and here in the great gallery I will found an asylum for children whom their unhappy parents have forsaken."

"That will be charming," said the Count, in a low voice.

"Will it not? If no buds were frost-bitten, every flower would bear fruit. If there were no children condemned to misery from their cradle, they would have more strength, when they grew up, to make a stand against adverse circumstances, and there would be fewer criminals and paupers."

"You were indeed worthy to be the possessor of this estate," said the invalid. "But your father?"

"My father has never had any other will than mine," Eugénie answered; "and the good which I hope to do will make him happy. Ah! you do not know him; you do not know how good he is, how humane, how generous, how simple in the greatness of his soul, how full of that delicate feeling which throws a charm over the greatest talent."

"No," the Count replied, "I did not know his character,

for I had not heard it described by you ; but tell me——”

“Not a word more at present ! For indeed, I have made you talk a great deal too much.”

“Just one word.”

“This is my only answer,” Eugénie replied, drawing the curtains round the bed. “Now sleep for three hours.”

“Must I sleep so long ?”

“It is quite necessary, in order to gain the strength which you will need to-day.”

“Why, what is to happen ?”

“Don't you know ? How frivolous men are, even about the most serious things ! This is the day when, according to the doctor's orders, you are to get up and go into the garden.”

“You are quite right,” replied the Count. “I must thank you for having reminded me of the fact, as well as for having made me forget it.”

Then, as Eugénie left the room, I heard him add, in a low voice, “Yes, I will get up to-day, for I must see Montbrun.”

* * * * *

“I am really angry with you, *mon enfant*,” I said to Eugénie as soon as we were alone in her little boudoir.

“And you look so, *ma bonne*,” she replied, seizing me gently by both shoulders, and pushing me into a *chaise longue*. “Now tell me what it is,” she added, planting her elbows on my knees, and leaning forwards, her fresh young face between her hands. “I really, really, really have not the most little idea what I can have done that is indiscreet.”

“How could you declare to that poor young man that you never meant to marry ?”

“And pray why not ? If I had announced to him that it was my intention to do so without delay, I could imagine your accusing me of indiscretion.”

“First, Mademoiselle, such a declaration is a perfect folly. Of course you must marry, when Monsieur your father has taken every precaution to provide a suitable alliance for his only child. Secondly, did you not see what pain you were inflicting on that

poor sick man? There is no doubt that he adores you. I have studied him carefully the last week, and have no doubt that he is *comme il faut* in every respect—a young man of the most excellent dispositions. I have also questioned the good doctor concerning his family and prospects, and I really see no reason against his becoming a successful aspirant, even for your hand, *mon enfant*. But it will be for Monsieur to decide whether the *parti* is in all respects advantageous.”

I flattered myself that this little speech was conceived with the utmost felicity; that it might suggest possibilities to Eugénie which would lead her to love the man who seemed brought to this solitude in order to be her suitor, while yet duly impressing upon her the duty of submission to her father's decision. But she only smiled and gently tickled my cheeks with her rosy little fingers.

“And yet I really mean that I will never marry,” she said quietly.

“My child, my child,” I exclaimed, “surely you do not mean that you have a vocation.” As I said these words my conscience smote me, for I knew I ought to be glad if it were so. Who could think more highly than I of those admirable nuns who had brought up Eugénie, and whose lives were a sermon? And yet—and yet—. I had been wont to rejoice with them over every promising novice received at the convent; but it was a different thing to dream for a moment of losing our only one. Anyone might go if only she might stay with us! I had never seen any signs of a vocation in her, and the nuns and I had all looked forward to her becoming a happy wife and mother. These thoughts rushed through my mind during the instant before Eugénie spoke.

“I do not think I have a vocation to be a nun,” she said, “or even a *Sœur de Charité*. I wish always to remain with you and my father, but I will tell you just what I feel. For a long, long time, when in our convent, every Thursday at Prime we sang the Psalm, ‘The Lord is my Shepherd,’ I used to think that the verse ending ‘my cup shall be full’ was made for me. I have never had anything but happiness. I had you, and the dear Sisters, and my companions, and my father's devoted affection. And

then I used to think, ought I only to carry this full cup to my own lips, or ought I not rather to forego, perhaps, some sweetness in it, in order to carry it to those who have not one drop of happiness in their cup. Then my father came and brought us away, and for the first week I confess to you that I thought of nothing but the delightful life which opened upon me. But his sadness and depression, just when he had gained all he desired, have recalled to me graver thoughts. I think of that day when he came to me in the convent, and wish that I had dissuaded him from attempting, as he thought, to fill up to the brim his cup of honour and success. He was always happy and cheerful formerly ; now when I am with him and that he sees me happy, and has received from the King the reward of his splendid gallantry—well, we have not spoken of it before, *ma bonne*, but you must see that he is miserable. It almost seems as though, in trying to carry too full a cup of joy to his lips, the whole contents had been dashed to the ground. And so this seems to me a warning not to forget my early convent longings ; they have turned into the scheme of which I spoke to the Count, and it has already become a fixed one in my mind. But we shall have plenty of time to talk about it, and now I must go out and explore the dear gardens, which I love better each day, and which I hope some day to see filled with happy children at play."

She left me with many new thoughts to digest. She was too young and inexperienced to be really alarmed, as I was, at Monsieur Montbrun's mental condition. A great change had come over him, and he was apparently tormented by some secret terror and anguish. It was scarcely three weeks since we had left Paris, and during that time he seemed to have grown twenty years older.

In the daytime he tried to conceal his anguish from Eugénie and from the servants, but the effort wearied him, and instead of retiring to rest at night he took advantage of those hours of solitude to give way to suffering ; wandering through the deserted galleries of the castle and the most retired walks in the garden.

I was miserably anxious about him, fearing that his mind was becoming deranged, and felt it my duty to watch him closely.

On the afternoon of this day the Count had taken a short stroll in the garden, with the help of my arm, and accompanied by Eugénie. He had begged us to leave him to rest alone on a comfortable garden couch, placed in a shady walk closely shut in by thick high yew hedges. It was late, and was becoming dusk, but the evening was too warm to fear any ill effects for our patient, and we complied with his request. As we were returning to the house I observed Monsieur Montbrun standing at an open window and apparently watching Eugénie. Her sweet face seemed at this time to be the only object which brought any relief to his troubled spirit, and he now came out on the terrace and seemed about to join us. Just then Eugénie, who had not seen him, ran back to the yew walk, saying she had forgotten her parasol, and that she would return to the house by the back entrance, which was on the other side of the walk, as she had a message to send to the village. I met Monsieur Montbrun, who passed me with a word or two, but there was something in his whole aspect which more than ever alarmed me, and knowing that he would probably not find Eugénie, I turned, after a few minutes' hesitation, and followed him. He was just entering the yew walk by one of the arched openings made here and there in the hedges on either side. Outside each hedge ran a broad walk of smooth turf, and my steps were inaudible as I approached softly, not liking that my master should know he was watched, and yet anxious that if possible he should not disturb the Count. I could hear his footsteps on the gravel path inside the yew hedge, and kept alongside of him on the other side. Eugénie was nowhere to be seen, but a slight rustling was heard in the dim twilight, and Monsieur Montbrun said gently, "Are you there, my child?" The words were still on his lips when I saw the Count de Lagny pass one of the arched openings in the hedge, a little in advance of where I stood, walking slowly to meet Monsieur Montbrun, who, seeing him, stood motionless, close to me, but unconscious of my presence, as I was effectually concealed by the screen of yew.

The first words I heard kept me spell-bound, and determined me not to move. "Am I assisting at a meeting between two madmen?" was the thought which flashed into my mind.

"You seem astonished to meet me, Monsieur Montbrun," said the Count, lightly, but with a strange ring in his voice. "Yet what is more natural than to find me on my own property?"

"Your own property?" said my master, shuddering.

"You know well that it is mine," said the Count. "Perhaps, in order to rob me of it, you are reckoning on murdering me in these dark walks, as you did upon the road down there; only taking care, this time, to deal a blow from which I should not recover."

There was a moment of terrible silence. Then Monsieur Montbrun muttered, almost inaudibly, "You refused to fight me."

"Yes, I refused," said the young officer. "I was determined not to fight with you, but rather to avenge both myself and the whole French Army, which you dishonour. We have not had time to come to an understanding since our return from Germany, Monsieur; but your conscience can scarcely need any words from me to tell you all the baseness of your conduct. However, I will recall it to your recollection."

It was easy to see that Monsieur Montbrun earnestly desired to put an end to this interview, and struggled in vain to assume the same haughty demeanour as that with which he was addressed. But he seemed to be irresistibly rooted to the spot, and no words came at his command.

"When, after two months' terrible siege," continued the Count, "our guns had at last shaken the walls of the fortress of Fridberg, at a quarter past ten in the evening you and your cuirassiers succeeded in scaling a breach in the smoking walls. The ramparts were perfectly dark; but, as you set foot upon that platform covered with *débris*, with the dying and the dead, the last guns of the enemy were still firing; and, by their lights, you saw me, Monsieur! I was there; I had entered the breach before you."

I heard a deep groan of anguish, but no words in reply to this terrible speech.

"I was there," continued the Count. "I had found an entrance through a breach on the other side of the citadel; and, at the head of my soldiers, I was the first to storm the fortress."

Monsieur Montbrun continued silent.

“General Chabrol had seen me enter the citadel. He had followed me along the path which we had forced through shot and falling stones. He was mortally wounded, but, on account of the importance of taking Fridberg, on which hung probably the fate of the war, he wrote a few lines declaring that I had been the first to gain the ramparts, and thus attesting that deed of arms, which I owed to fortune and to courage. That night the General died in the conquered citadel.

“You, Monsieur Montbrun, immediately on your return to France, hastened to claim the reward promised to the bravest soldier. You lie in saying that it is yours. But General Chabrol is dead—what does a lie matter when it cannot be brought home to you? You have a powerful friend at Court, and the King bestows upon you the promised title on the sole faith of your word.

“O, when a whole lifetime of brave deeds was yours, it was nothing that another should have been more successful than you; but to steal the reward of his success is an eternal shame! How could you end so many days of glory by the triumph of a lie? You have tarnished your real exploits by treachery unheard of in the army, and which a soldier who had but just joined our ranks would have scorned to commit!

“But in the midst of your unworthy happiness my letter came upon you as a crushing blow. You received it on your journey hither to take possession of this property. I told you in my letter that the last words written by the dying General prove my rights and your infamy, and that his attestation would be laid in a few days before the king; then ——”

“Yes!” exclaimed my master in a passionate outburst of despair; “yes! Then I hastened to meet you, and challenged you to fight for your life; for it was necessary that that document should be destroyed, and that your accusing voice should be forever silenced, or that I myself should fall! I asked you, I implored you with passionate entreaties, to grant me this satisfaction. You refused it. And in the night ——”

“O do not try to make the darkness an excuse. Yours was the blow of an assassin. I heard these words hissed into my ear, ‘You will not fight; well then, die!’ I felt the cold steel—and

remember no more. And after that, by a strange fate, it was your own daughter who, seeing an unconscious man lying upon the road, succoured and saved him. Your daughter, Montbrun, restored to life him whom you had well-nigh slain."

"And who else could have done it—under my very eyes? To recall to life the man ——"

"Who was to convict you in the eyes of the whole world of treachery and murder."

"Yes," replied Monsieur Montbrun, "you know well that in restoring you to life I chose dishonour and the scaffold. And yet I have done it, yielding to the influence of my daughter, the angelic child whose wishes are mine. When chance had brought me back to the spot from whence I had fled in horror, I allowed you to be carried under this very roof because my child so willed it. I have allowed you to return to life, triumphant, armed with full proofs against me, far more dangerous than before our terrible meeting, because my child so willed it, and because I bow in spite of myself before that irresistible charm which surrounds her like an invisible aureole! Now—well, I will yield again; I will endure the consequences of what is past, since she so wills it."

He leant, half exhausted, against the trunk of a tree, and added almost inaudibly, "O, my child! GOD is my witness that it was for her. Yes, through a foolish ambition for her, I committed the first crime. And it is through her that my punishment will come. GOD is just."

"And what do you intend to do?" said the Count.

"What would you have me do?" replied Montbrun. "I am lost since you are alive."

"That is true."

"Life is restored to you, you are in full possession of your faculties, and you possess those lines which are my ruin."

"The General's letter; yes, it is safe."

"And that means death for me."

"And infamy upon your name."

"Why then should you delay your work of vengeance."

"It will be but justice," replied the Count. "Your sentence, pronounced by a court martial, will be an example."

"Yet I swear to you that the sentence will not be executed."

"What do you mean?"

"I shall suffer neither military degradation nor the sentence of the court martial. There is always one way open by which to escape from infamy, and I shall take it. Yes, there is one way—Death! When my own hand has expiated my crime none will dare to reproach me; blood atones for all, and the world forgives him who executes justice upon himself."

He turned hastily from the Count, returned to the house, and retired to his own apartment. There I followed him, and gained admittance. I thought it best to tell him the whole truth at once, and implored him, by his love for Eugénie, not to bring upon her young life the extreme and irreparable sorrow of knowing that he had died in deadly sin, his last act a crime which left no place for repentance.

For a long time he was immoveable in his resolve. "I am glad that you know all," he said, "since to you I can explain all that I would have done, and to you I can impart with perfect confidence my last wishes concerning my child." But I refused to listen to him, and long, long I pleaded earnestly with him for his own poor soul. At length I obtained from him the solemn promise to do nothing for the present, in return for the promise which he exacted from me that I would keep silence until after his death, and that in any case I would guard Eugénie from all knowledge of his crime and disgrace. "The world must know it," he said, "but I will tell you the moment at which to return with her to Paris, and once in the Convent your affection will find a way to keep from her all knowledge which would be a permanent blight on her life."

We parted for the night, with my mind so far at ease that at least I knew the worst. I no longer feared that his intellect was deranged, and I had received his solemn promise to take no decided step without giving me warning.

The next day Eugénie awoke me early from a troubled sleep into which I had fallen towards morning, and begged me to come with her into the garden while the flowers were still glittering with dew. She had gone wild over the study of herbs and their

properties, and fancied this was the best time of day to gather them. I could refuse her nothing, thinking how short her day of happiness might be, and was soon ready to go out. But we had scarcely left the house when to our great astonishment we saw the Count de Lagny coming slowly along the terrace to meet us, dressed as for a journey.

He was still pale and weak, but upon his noble countenance there was an expression of fixed resolve which seemed to supply what was lacking of bodily strength.

He held in his hand a small, sealed packet.

"Mademoiselle," he said, as he approached Eugénie, "I am largely in your debt; you saved my life. And those days of suffering which followed my accident you changed into days of enchantment, which I shall never forget."

Eugénie made no reply; there was a kind of solemnity in the Count's expression which kept us both silent.

"But you would consent, would you not?" he continued, "that I should repay to your father the debt which I owe to you."

"Oh!" replied the girl, "his happiness is far dearer to me than my own."

"Well, then," said the Count, placing the sealed packet in her hands, "give these papers to Monsieur Montbrun. They contain a gift of equal value to that which I have received from you."

Eugénie said nothing, but thanked him by a glance and gesture full of gentle grace and dignity.

"And now," he said, kneeling for an instant as he bent to kiss her hand, "farewell, Eugénie, farewell for ever."

He turned away, re-entered the house, and in less than a quarter of an hour had left Valbreuse.

Monsieur Montbrun carried the sealed packet given to him by Eugénie into his own room. On opening it he found, as he told me that day, a few lines from the Count pledging himself, "for Eugénie's sake," to be silent as to the past. Enclosed was the letter of General Chabrol, the only proof which could have been used against my master. The safety which the latter had vainly

tried to secure by murder, had been won for him by the charm of his daughter's character.

* * * * *

Twenty years have passed since that day, and the history of Eugénie's life has been the realization of the dream of which she had spoken to the Count de Lagny. If I have ever regretted that no fair children of her own will make her old age as happy as she has made mine, I have comforted myself by reading the words which she has caused to be carved over the entrance door to the castle, and by knowing how truly they describe the sunshine of her life: "CALIX MEUS INEBRIANS, QUAM PRÆCLARUS EST."

"If the story of Eugénie were a novel instead of truth," my sister said, when I had finished the manuscript, "she would have been represented as in love with the Count, and giving up her hopes of happiness on learning her father's crime."

"That would not have suited," I replied, "with the radiant and unclouded expression in her portrait. When nature tries her finest touch such a character as hers is the result. I have seen it, though it is rare. The noble nature seems instinctively to pause on the very threshold of full earthly bliss, half feeling 'why so much for me, when others are left out in the cold?' half unconsciously refusing to give pledges to fortune, and mar the serenity of calm happiness. There is the feeling in such a one, rather than any conviction formed by reflection, that only the bliss of Paradise could fulfil her dreams; and she passes through life without losing her childlike joy in all which is but the faint shadow of that which will satisfy her heart when she awakes up in His likeness to Whom, in His poor, she has ministered during the days of her earthly pilgrimage."

Points for Meditation on the Great Antiphons for the Eight Days before Christmas.

BY THE REV. A. C. A. HALL, S.S.J.E.

O SAPIENTIA.

O WISDOM, WHICH CAMEST FORTH OUT OF THE MOUTH OF THE MOST HIGH, AND REACHEST FROM ONE END TO THE OTHER, MIGHTILY AND SWEETLY ORDERING ALL THINGS: COME AND TEACH US THE WAY OF PRUDENCE.

Wisdom viii. 1-7; ix. 10.

I. Man in the darkness groping for the truth of life, deceived by many falsehoods, promised delights, and vain guides, in despair exclaims with Pilate, *What is truth?*

Convinced that GOD could not mock man's desires and aspirations, that He must intend to reveal the truth concerning Himself, concerning man's true life, and his relation to GOD, earnest souls look upward and long for a word from GOD.

II. Worship the Personal WORD of GOD, Incarnate in our nature, the Utterance of the FATHER'S Mind, the Outshining of His glory, the Agent of Communication between GOD and His creatures. By Him all things were made: by Him therefore all are to be ruled. St. John i. 1-14; Heb. i. 1-3; 2 Cor. iv. 4-6.

He comes to act out man's true life, to be the Pattern Man, the Second Adam, Who is the LORD from Heaven. 1 Cor. xv. 47.

As both the SON of GOD and the Son of Man, He shews us at once what GOD is and what man should be.

III. Promise absolute submission to this revelation given in His teaching and example, however paradoxical it may seem. LORD, *I will follow Thee whithersoever Thou goest.*

Compare Josh. i. 16: *All that thou commandest us we will do, and whithersoever thou sendest us we will go.*

Ecclus. xxiii. 28: *It is great glory to follow the LORD.*

St. John viii. 12: *I am the Light of the world: he that followeth Me shall not walk in darkness, but shall have the light of life*
Prov. viii. ; Wisd. viii. ix.

O ADONAI.

O LORD AND RULER OF THE HOUSE OF ISRAEL, WHO APPEAREDST UNTO MOSES IN A FLAME OF FIRE IN THE BUSH, AND GAVEST UNTO HIM THE LAW IN SINAI : COME AND REDEEM US WITH AN OUT-STRETCHED ARM.

Ex. iii. 2 ; xx. ; Deut. xxvi. 8 ; Acts vii. 30.

I. Man in bondage to cruel tyrants, the Devil, the World, the Flesh, to whom he has sold himself, or by whom he has been overcome, calls for his true and legitimate Ruler to deliver him.

In obedience to His law alone can true freedom be found (*Cui servire est regnare*, "In Whose service is perfect freedom"), for this is the law of our nature. 1 St. John v. 3.

The miserable bondage of sin and evil habits. St. John viii. 34 ; Rom. vi. 19-23 ; vii. 22-24 ; 2 St. Pet. ii. 19.

II. To set man free the LORD Himself *comes down*, in pity for His people identifying Himself with their sorrows. Ex. iii. 7, 8 ; Isa. lxiii. 9 ; St. Matt. viii. 17.

The Seed of the woman shall crush the Serpent's head at the expense of His own heel being bruised in the struggle. Gen. iii. 15 ; St. Luke i. 74.

O RADIX JESSE.

O ROOT OF JESSE, WHO STANDEST FOR AN ENSIGN OF THE PEOPLE, AT WHOM KINGS SHALL SHUT THEIR MOUTHS, UNTO WHOM THE GENTILES SHALL PRAY : COME AND DELIVER US, AND TARRY NOT.

Isa. xi. 10 ; lii. 15.

I. The new shoot springing up from the hewn-down stump—

- (1) of David's line now in total obscurity,
- (2) of the human race sunk in miserable degradation,
- (3) of thine own past failures.

In Him all the promises are to be fulfilled, in Whom all nations shall be blessed. St. Luke i. 32, 33 ; Gen. xxii. 18 ; 1 Chron. xxii. 9, 10. He is the Second Adam, in Whom all are to be made alive. 1 Cor. xv. 22.

Who shall gather round Himself both Jews and Gentiles that were scattered abroad.

In Him they shall find peace and security.

He shall reverse the defeat of the first Adam. Gen. iii. 15.

II. As in self-will and independence we have fallen after the example of the first Adam, let us return and seek restoration in simple obedience to the rule of JESUS, the little Child, born King of the Jews (St. Matt. ii. 2), the crucified King, reigning from the Tree (St. John xix. 19-22), the Heavenly King (Rev. xvii. 14 ; xix. 16).

O CLAVIS DAVID.

O KEY OF DAVID, AND SCEPTRE OF THE HOUSE OF ISRAEL, THOU THAT OPENEST AND NO MAN SHUTTETH, AND SHUTTEST AND NO MAN OPENETH : COME, AND LOOSE THE PRISONER FROM THE PRISON-HOUSE, AND HIM THAT SITTETH IN DARKNESS FROM THE SHADOW OF DEATH.

Rev. iii. 7 ; Isa. xlii. 7.

I. Man imprisoned by sin and death (*in Adam all die*, 1 Cor. xv. 22 ; Gen. ii. 17 ; iii. 29), feeling within himself

the corruption of his being,
the rebellion of his appetites and passions,
the blindness of his understanding,
the earthliness of his affections,
the weakness of his will ;

knowing that he is daily advancing toward the dissolution of his soul and body ;

fearing what may be hereafter ;

in truth sitting in darkness and the shadow of death. Rom. vii. 24 ; Heb. ii. 14, 15.

II. JESUS the Conqueror of death, the Lord of life. *In CHRIST shall all be made alive.* 1 Cor. xv. 22.

Worship Him in His glorified, risen Body, as St. John beheld Him. Rev. i. 17, 18 ; ii. 8 ; iii. 7, 8.

He has conquered death, having paid the penalty, having tasted death for every man, and having risen free from its grasp because of His own sinlessness.

He has opened the Kingdom of Heaven to all believers. The Cross is the key that opens it.

He holds, as being invested with supreme authority, the keys of death and Hades. All is subject to Him. Death cannot really hurt those who are in Him. They, like Him, have an indestructible life. Rom. viii. 31-39.

III. Pray for all penitents, and for all who are not delivered from the bondage of sin. Ps. cxlii.

Examine thyself as to thine own freedom. He and He alone can give true liberty: dost thou seek it truly and rightly at His hands? St. John viii. 36; Ps. cxix. 32.

O ORIENS.

O ORIENT, BRIGHTNESS OF THE ETERNAL LIGHT, AND SUN OF RIGHTEOUSNESS: COME, AND LIGHTEN THEM THAT SIT IN DARKNESS, AND IN THE SHADOW OF DEATH.

St. Luke i. 78, 79; Mal. iv. 2; 2 St. Pet. i. 19.

I. Man pining away in his alienation from GOD begs for the cheering, quickening beams of the Sun of Righteousness. Ps. xix. In sin he has been averted from GOD: in penitence he is turned again toward GOD.

Turn us again, O LORD GOD of hosts: shew the light of Thy countenance, and we shall be whole. Ps. lxxx. 7-19.

II. CHRIST giving light to the penitent.

The promise is *to you that fear My Name.* Mal. iv. 2.

Look unto Me, and be ye saved. Isa. xlv. 22.

GOD, *Who commanded the light to shine out of darkness, hath shined in our hearts, to give the light of the knowledge of the glory of GOD in the face of JESUS CHRIST.* 2 Cor. iv. 4.

This is to be shed abroad more and more in the heart.

Now we have but the dawn. But how cheering and glorious is this! What shall be the glory and the beauty of the full blaze of GOD's unveiled Presence?

Awake, thou that sleepest, and arise from the dead, and CHRIST shall shine upon thee. Eph. v. 14.

Ps. cxxx. (Lie low and look up.)

O REX GENTIUM.

O KING OF THE GENTILES, AND THEIR DESIRE, THE CORNER STONE, WHO MADEST BOTH ONE: COME AND SAVE MAN, WHOM THOU HAST MADE OUT OF THE DUST OF THE EARTH.

Eph. ii. 14.

I. On the Apostle's Feast Day a prayer for Missions, that the princes of the peoples, the Gentile world, may be joined to GOD as the people of Abraham, in the true Israel, children of the FATHER of the faithful (Ps. xlvi. 9; Rom. iv. 11-16); that He Whom they ignorantly worship and feel after may be made known to them. Acts xvii. 23, 27; St. John x. 16.

II. The dignity of man as made in the image of GOD, to be conformed to His likeness. Gen. i. 26.

The inability of aught but GOD to satisfy man's longings.

Man's heart restless till it finds its rest in Him.

III. Pray for all who, taken out of the dust of the earth that they might be set with GOD's princes (the holy angels), are content to sink down again to the level of the beasts that perish (Ps. cxiii. 4-7); whether in sensuality and pleasure seeking, or in worldly ambition, or in scientific ignorance of GOD.

O EMMANUEL.

O EMMANUEL, OUR KING AND LAWGIVER, THE DESIRE OF ALL NATIONS, AND THEIR SAVIOUR: COME, AND SAVE US, O LORD OUR GOD.

Gen. xlix. 10; Hag. ii. 7; Isa. vii. 14; ix. 6.

I. Worship Mary's Child as indeed EMMANUEL. *Adeste fideles*. Nothing short of this can satisfy man, to be in true fellowship with GOD.

This can only be by GOD's first stooping to man, that He may raise man to Himself.

The Word was made flesh, and tabernacled amongst us, full of grace and truth. As many as received Him to them gave He the right to become children of GOD. St. John i. 12, 14; comp. Heb. ii. 16-18; 2 St. Pet. i. 1-4.

II. Consider how this is realized now in the Christian Church, the Kingdom of Heaven upon earth—

by Sacraments,
Ministry,
indwelling Grace.

St. Matt. xxviii. 20 ; St. John xiv. 18, 23.

III. How it shall be fully realized hereafter.

Behold the tabernacle of GOD is with men, and He will dwell with them, and they shall be His people, and GOD Himself shall be with them, and be their GOD. Rev. vii. 15 ; xxi. 3.

O VIRGO VIRGINUM.

O VIRGIN OF VIRGINS, HOW SHALL THIS BE? FOR NEITHER BEFORE THEE WAS ANY LIKE THEE, NOR SHALL THERE BE AFTER: DAUGHTERS OF JERUSALEM, WHY MARVEL YE AT ME? THE THING WHICH YE BEHOLD IS A DIVINE MYSTERY.

St. Luke i. 20-38.

Regard blessed Mary as the type and pattern of the elect soul in whom CHRIST is to be born according to the spirit. Gal. i. 16 ; iv. 19 ; S. Matt. xii. 47-50.

In us spiritually the mystery of the Incarnation, accomplished literally in her, is to be continually re-enacted, its grace perpetuated, and according to the same law.

The WORD of GOD is to clothe Himself in our nature by the operation of the HOLY GHOST.

I. Nothing short of the Divine holiness, truth, purity, love, is to be the standard of my life. I am made partaker of the Divine Nature. 2 St. Pet. i. 4 ; St. John i. 12 ; St. Matt. v. 48.

As I am a member of CHRIST, His likeness is to be reproduced in me. 1 St. John iii. 1-3.

This is to be the effect of my Meditations on His Life,

St. John viii. 12.

Communion of His Body and

Blood, St. John vi. 56, 57.

Religious Vocation to follow

His steps. St. Matt. xix. 21.

II. He is to be revealed in me, in my circumstances, with my gifts, disposition, &c.

As He was of One Substance with the FATHER according to His Divine Nature, so was He of the Substance of His Mother according to His Human Nature.

So in us. The Word is really to be made Flesh, to dwell among us, in all the fulness of His grace and truth, in the midst of our daily life and work. St. John i. 14.

III. This mystery is to be accomplished by the operation of the HOLY GHOST.

We shrink at the thought of our own incompetence and earthliness.

Fear not, Mary, the Angel says, the HOLY GHOST shall come upon thee, and the power of the Highest shall overshadow thee. St. Luke i. 35-37 ; St. Matt. i. 18-20 ; 2 Cor. iii. 5 ; Zech. iv. 6.

We are to rely not on human power, our own exertions, earthly influence, but on the power of the HOLY GHOST. St. John i. 13.

Our part is to yield ourselves unreservedly to His inspiration. Phil. ii. 12, 13.

In what particular is CHRIST'S likeness to be reproduced in me ?
How is He to be born in me this New Year ?



A Selection from Hymns for the Sick.

BY THE REV. J. M. NEALE.

Note to First Edition.

THE following Hymns have been written with the wish of setting before the Suffering and the Sick some of those sources of "strong consolation" which it has pleased our Heavenly FATHER to lay up for the afflicted in His Holy Church. . . .

It is not thoughtlessly that the writer has made choice of (for the most part) uncommon and difficult metres. He knows both from his own experience, and from the testimony of others, how often in illness, particularly in fever, verses written in a very easy and natural metre will run in the mind for hours together, and thus worry, instead of soothing. It was to prevent this effect that he has chosen measures not so likely to recur to, until they weary, the mind.

October, 1843.

I WILL SHOW HIM HOW GREAT THINGS HE MUST SUFFER FOR
MY NAME'S SAKE.

I.

Thy servants militant below
Have each, O LORD, their post ;
As Thou appoint'st, Who best dost know
The soldiers of Thine Host :
Some in the van Thou call'st to *do*,
And the day's heat to share ;
And in the rearward not a few
Thou only bidd'st to *bear*.

2.

A brighter crown, perchance, is theirs,
To the mid battle sent ;
But he Thy glory also shares
Who waits beside* the tent ;
More bravely done, in human eyes,
The foremost post to take ;
My SAVIOUR will not those despise
That suffer for His sake.

* I Samuel xxx. 24, 25.

Yea, rather, CHRIST Himself would teach
 His people, ere He went,
 That they were marked for grief, by each
 Thrice-blessed Sacrament.

2.

When we, endued with power on high,
 Began to live afresh,
 We vowed our wills to mortify,
 And crucify the flesh ;
 To count all earthly gain as loss,
 All earthly honour shame ;
 And we were strengthened with the Cross,
 That we might bear the same.

3.

Doth not the Altar call our thought
 To His expiring breath ?
 The woes that our Salvation bought,
 The Love as strong as death ?
 His precious Body makes not whole
 Till broken on the Wood :
 The Chalice could not cleanse our soul,
 Except it were His Blood.

4.

A MASTER suffering on the Tree,
 A servant at his ease !
 Oh, my REDEEMER, far from me
 Be thoughts and hopes like these !
 In me, and by me, every day,
 Thy holy Will be done,
 Till Thou shalt call my soul away,
 Eternal THREE in ONE !

 IN FEVER.

I.

There is a stream, whose waters rise
 Amidst the hills of Paradise,

Where foot of man hath never trod,
 Proceeding from the throne of GOD :
 Oh, give me sickness here, or strife,
 So I may reach that spring of life !

2.

There is a Rock that, nigh at hand,
 Gives shadow in a weary land ;
 Who in that Stricken Rock hath rest,
 Finds waters gushing from its breast :
 Oh, grant me, when this scene is o'er,
 Their lot who thirst not any more !

3.

There is a people, who have cast
 The strife and toil away at last :
 On whom,—so calm their rest and sweet,—
 The sun lights not, nor any heat ;
 Give me with them at length to be,
 And send me here what pleaseth Thee !

4.

O Thou, Who camest Death to spoil,
 And barest weariness and toil ;
 And just before his chains were burst,
 Fulfilling Scripture, saidst, " I thirst !"
 Who call'st Thy weary servants o'er
 The same rough road Thou trodd'st before ;

5.

Thou only Good ! Thou only Wise !
 Who dost so lovingly chastise,
 To give more strength, and add more grace,—
 Grant me Thy SPIRIT to embrace,
 The more,—the more that nature faints,—
 The glorious portion of All Saints !

6.

Thou wouldst not, LORD, ascend to reign,
 But first on earth Thou suffered'st pain ;
 And now, O FATHER, at Thy side,
 For us He pleads, for us Who died ;
 Shading from storm, and blast, and heat,
 With that Eternal PARACLETE !

FOR EVEN CHRIST PLEAS'D NOT HIMSELF.

1.

Why marvelling though the clouds be black,
 The path be rough to tread ?
 Why thus impatient for a track
 Of pleasure in its stead ?

2.

His Path, on Whom we fix our eye,
 Was never strewn with flowers :
 How can we think on Calvary,
 And give one thought to ours ?

3.

And was the Cross so soft a bed,
 The Reed so fair a gem,
 The Crown of Thorns that wreathed His Head,
 So bright a diadem ?

4.

Oh, who could bear to dwell at ease,
 Rememb'ring what He bore ?
 Oh, who would sigh for what might please,
 When He was tried so sore ?

5.

The Cross was borne by all the rest
 Of His Elected Seed :
 They clasped it bravely to their breast,—
 And why should we be freed ?

6.

Yea, in Thy Mercy, not Thy Wrath,
 Our trials Thou dost send ;
 Lest, if we should not tread their path,
 We might not share its end.

7.

Praise, in the Church's highest strain,
 To GOD the FATHER be ;
 And to the LAMB That once was slain,
 And, HOLY GHOST, to Thee !

 IN GREAT BODILY PAIN.

1.

Thou only Refuge from the heat,
 Thou only Rock wherein to hide,
 Thou only Shade when tempests beat,
 The Suffering, the Crucified :
 Captain of our Salvation, That couldst be
 Made perfect only through Thine Agony ;

2.

My sin is great,—my pain is sore,—
 My strength is gone,—my spirit fails ;—
 For me the Cross Thy great Love bore,
 For me the Scourge, for me the Nails ;
 For me the Crown around Thy Temples set,
 For me the Agony and Bloody Sweat ;

3.

Oh, while I tread these hard rough ways,
 Ways smooth to *Thy* way,—lead mine eye
 With holy, yet with steadfast gaze
 Into Thy Passion's Sanctuary ;
 Thy Wounds my cure,—my more than trust art Thou ;
 Hadst Thou not borne them, where had I been now ?

4.

Hear me, and save me when I call,
 By all those woes, now past away,
 Thy Precious Death and Burial,
 Thy Resurrection the third day ;
 Thy Triumph over death and all his host ;
 And by the coming of the HOLY GHOST.

5.

LORD, if Thou wilt, Thou canst forgive :
 Speak the word only ; set me free
 From sin, that so my soul may live,
 From suffering,—if it pleaseth Thee ;
 Or make Thou here whate'er Thou wilt my part,
 If there I may but see Thee as Thou art !

THE DAILY LESSON.

1.

Since day by day,
 O Heavenly MASTER, Thou wouldst have me learn
 Some lesson flesh and blood will scarce discern,
 And shrink away ;

2.

To Thee on high
 Morning by morning shall my soul draw near ;
 Oh give me, while I learn, the hearing ear,
 The seeing eye.

3.

I knew of old
 Thy beauty in green flowers and summer skies,
 And in the clouds where suns go down and rise
 With hues of gold ;

4.

Thy Wisdom, too,
That fixed the planets' course, and hung them round
To light the earth, and gave the sea his bound,
Right well I knew ;

5.

In tempests dread,
That at Thy bidding rise and hold them still,
And lightnings coming forth to do Thy will,
Thy power I read ;

6.

But oh ! Thy Love,—
Trial must teach me that, which ease could not ;
In earthly joys entwined, I had forgot
The things above :

7.

And who but Thou
So lovingly a straying lamb would seek,
Bind up the broken, and console the weak,
As here, as now ?

8.

What Arm but Thine
Could lead so gently, that I should not fear,
Midst paths so thorny, and midst scenes so drear
As these of mine ?

9.

Yea, only He
Who felt far bitterer woes than He doth send,
Could guard me by the way, and in the end
Deliver me !

10.

Could bring me nigh
That glorious throne, with Angels and with Saints,
To hymn, in love and praise that never faints,
The TRINITY.

THE COMMEMORATION OF THE DEPARTED FAITHFUL THE
ENCOURAGEMENT OF THE CHURCH MILITANT.

I.

Need it is we raise our eyes
Up from earth toward the skies,
Thinking of the Saints that rest
After toil in Abraham's breast ;
Lest we faint, in our distress,
Through exceeding heaviness.

2.

Thee in them, O LORD Most High,
Them in Thee we glorify :
Thine Apostles, worthy found
Of the Keys that loosed and bound ;
And the Truth, that none resists,
Of Thine Own Evangelists ;

3.

And Thy Servants that went Home
Through the Sea of Martyrdom ;
And the Saints, through grief and shame,
Brave Confessors of Thy Name ;
And the Doctors, help'd from high
In confounding Heresy :

4.

And the Teachers, sent to win
To the Faith the realms of sin ;
And the Bishops, now with Thee,
And the Virgins' Purity ;
And the Priests, Thy Truth's defence,
And the Holy Innocents.

5.

Glory, LORD, to Thee alone
Who hast glorified Thine Own ;

For their zeal, their truth, their sighs,
 Prayerful hearts and tearful eyes,
 Faithful lips and fearless breast,
 Love and Beauty, toils and rest !

6.

Strengthen us to run our race
 With a portion of their grace ;
 That when Thou shalt come with dread,
 Judging both the quick and dead,
 They with us, and we with them,
 May attain Thy Diadem !

 THE MINISTRATION OF ANGELS.

I.

They slumber not, nor sleep,
 Whom Thou dost send, O GOD of light,
 Around Thine Own the livelong night
 Their watch and ward to keep :

2.

They leave their seats on high,
 They leave the Everlasting Hymn,
 Where Cherubim and Seraphim
 Continually do cry :

3.

They come to guard the bed
 Whereon, while others wake and weep,
 Thou givest Thy beloved sleep,
 And hover round their head.

4.

Nor less they haste to soothe
 Their vigils, who, like me, distrest,
 Nor wake to strength, nor sleep to rest :
 And make the rough ways smooth.

5.

So peradventure now,
My eyes, if loos'd from flesh, might see
Such an immortal Company,
As ne'er to Monarch bow ;

6.

And this familiar room
Might seem the Gate of Paradise
And in its sorrow joy might rise,
And glory in its gloom.

7.

Thy Holy Name be blest,
GOD in Three Persons, both by those
That after toil in Thee repose,
And those by grief opprest !

THEREFORE.

1.

Therefore He loves thee not, because He smites ?
Ah, little know'st thou of thy FATHER'S ways !
His children share not in the world's delights :
Long nights of grief He sends, and weary days,
When love grows weak, and faith decays.

2.

Therefore He loves thee not ? Nay, rather this
His most sure sign, His most kind voice of call ;
He will not have thee sleep in earthly bliss,
But bids thee gird thy loins, lest after all,
Where some have fall'n, thou too shouldst fall.

3.

Let not thy fancied *therefore* dream of aid,
Just when thou wilt, whose time is always near
Nor deem *that* love, nor call *that* help, delay'd,
Which came too soon, if sooner it were here :
He will not cause one needless tear !

4.

Lazarus He loved, He loved the sisters twain ;
 Therefore He left him, all alone to die :
 He loved the Saints that battled with the main ;
 Therefore, till morn was almost in the sky,
 He would not listen to their cry.

5.

If it be Thou, O Blessed LORD, indeed,
 Then bid me cross, if needs, this angry sea :
 I know Thou canst not into evil lead,
 I know no waves too chill and dark can be
 O'er which I may but come to Thee !

 WATCHING.

1.

“LORD, if he sleepeth, he shall sure do well ;”
 So said they, knowing nought of that they spake ;
 Nor dreaming of the narrow cell,
 Nor of the slumber Thou alone couldst wake.

2.

“LORD, if he sleepeth, he shall sure do well ;”
 So say we, SAVIOUR, of Thy servant now :
 Not that our wills 'gainst Thine rebel,
 But that the GOD Who heareth prayer art Thou.

3.

REDEEMER, to Thy Saints, in times of old,
 The watches of the night Thy Love revealed ;
 Since still Thou carest for Thy fold,
 Speak but the word,—Thy servant shall be healed !

4.

Thou that with Jacob strovest all night long,
 That once through closed portals drewest nigh,
 That givest in the night Thy song,—
 Say now to us, REDEEMER,—It is I !

5.

Say but that word, or say,—Be not afraid !
 Then at the morning cometh joy ; and we
 Through these long watches, undismayed,
 Will wait in hope Thy saving Arm to see.

6.

Thee still, O healing Sun of Righteousness,
 Thee with the FATHER and the HOLY GHOST,
 Amidst this scene of pain we bless,
 As from their painless homes the Heavenly Host.

 THE VIATICUM.

1.

Depart, O Christian soul !
 Thy SAVIOUR calm thy fear ;
 Thou pressest to the goal,
 His Holy Church is near ;
 His very Flesh She comes for thee to break,
 The latest gift He gave, or thou canst take !

2.

Yea, thou must pass this sea,
 Though trembling at its surge ;
 His Church goes down with thee
 Unto the very verge :
 And when the cold dark waters touch thy feet,
 Her prayers attend thee to the Judgment-seat.

3.

Think yet, while thou canst think,
 Of all for thee He bore :
 The Cup that He would drink,
 The Crown of Thorns He wore ;
 The Garden, the Betrayal, and the Gloom,
 The Pavement, and the Mountain, and the Tomb.

4.

Be this His Flesh thy cure,
 His Bloody Sweat thy balm,
 His Blood thy soul assure,
 His Agony thy calm ;
 To-day thy fears and anguish pass away :
 Thy habitation be in peace to-day !

5.

CHRIST, That endured the Fear
 And Agony for thee,
 Have mercy on thee here
 In this thine agony !
 CHRIST, That arose the third day from the dead,
 To everlasting joy lift up thine head !

6.

Go, Christian soul, to Him
 That did at first create,
 That did thy soul redeem,
 And did regenerate ;
 Go, as the Saints and Martyrs went before ;
 Go to that strife, which ended, strife is o'er !

7.

Let GOD the LORD arise !
 And let Him judge the right !
 And let His enemies
 And thine be put to flight !
 SAVIOUR of souls, O hear our cry, that he,
 Now dying to the world, may live to Thee :

8.

With tender love behold,
 In this his latest shock,
 A sheep of Thine own Fold,
 A lamb of Thine own Flock :
 A sinner of Thine own Redeeming save ;
 A trembling servant ransom from the grave !

THE DEATH OF THE FAITHFUL.

1.

The LORD hath given, the LORD hath tak'n away,
 And the LORD'S Name is blest !
 We know not where our brother dwells this day,
 But this we surely trust,—he sleeps in Abraham's breast.

2.

We know not what sweet tones are round his ears,
 Bright things before his eyes,
 But yet we trust, yea, trust amidst our tears,
 Whate'er that region be, he rests in Paradise !

3.

The weary days, the weary nights are o'er,
 The strife, the thirst, the pain ;
 And he can now know anguish never more,
 Nor ever hunger there, nor ever thirst again.

4.

We would not seek to know what GOD hath seal'd,
 Content to rest on this ;
 That when the future Glory is revealed,
 We shall be like our LORD, and see Him as He is !

5.

Our brother—think we of him as one now
 From sin and pain releas'd,
 When in the presence of our LORD we bow
 Upon His Altar steps, or keep our All Saints' Feast.

6.

Thou, Who didst die and rise, that Thou might'st be
 LORD both of quick and dead ;
 Who to Jerusalem * so lovingly
 From Sion, step by step, Thy servant's feet hast led ;

* SION, *expectation*, commonly understood of the Church Militant : JERUSALEM, *the City of Peace*, of the Church Triumphant.

7.

Thy Grace in us, poor exiles yet, implant
To tread his steps aright ;
And while we wander through the desert, grant,
To us Thy Health and Peace, to him Thy Rest and Light !

8.

Both now, and with His servants' latest breath,
Praise to the FATHER be :
To Him that by His Death hath vanquished death :
Consoler of our hearts, Blest PARACLETE, to Thee !



Christmas Again.

SHALL we be wearisome if we tell our readers somewhat of our last Christmas? Besides the usual Christmas Tree at St. Margaret's for our own children and the elder visitors from the neighbourhood, a more novel entertainment was provided for the children of the Guild in the form of a huge snowball, artfully manufactured, and warranted not to melt; which, on being cleft asunder, disclosed a mass of gifts for the happy children present. The pen of a friend supplied the following little pleasantry, which was acted by some of the Guild children, to the great delight of their companions:—

SONG.

(To the tune, "*There's nae luck.*")

Old Christmas comes but once a year,
 The time for fun and mirth,
 When joy, goodwill, and charity
 Should fill each spot on earth.
 So here we stand to greet him fair
 With all our hearts and hands, (*clapping hands*)
 For he's the friend of young and old
 In this and other lands.

Old Christmas comes but once a year,
 The time for fun and mirth,
 When joy, goodwill, and charity
 Should fill each spot on earth.

(Enter Father Christmas, rolling his snowball. Stands in front of stage by the side of it, and waves his hands to children.)

Father Christmas:

"I've heard it said, each dog must have his day,
 That old time-honoured customs pass away;
 I don't deny I've thought the saying true,
 For I've seen good old fashions change to new."

But, little folks, you've just now sung a song
Which proves the proverb to be sometimes wrong,
For Father Christmas with his hoary beard,
Old Father Christmas, still is clapped and cheered.
Each year you welcome him with hearty glee,
As though he were some startling novelty.
He thanks you, one and all, with grateful heart,
And now to please you means to do *his* part.

(Points to snowball)

This first-class snowball, firm, compact, and neat,
Warranted not to melt in any heat,
And large as all your heads rolled into one,
He's brought to give his little friends some fun."

(The next six lines must depend on the weather. If there should be snow on the ground, they must be omitted.)

"To see a snowball now will make you stare !
How is it made? Where does it come from? Where?
Ah! Father Christmas knows a thing or two!
He doesn't wait for snow to fall, like you,
But makes *his* snowball, white and fine and round,
When not a scrap of snow is on the ground!"

(Peal of laughter from the back. Father Christmas starts, looks behind him, turns again to audience)—

"Here comes Jack Frost, that impish little boy!
To do some mischief is his greatest joy."

(Enter Jack Frost, capering and laughing, and trips to front of stage, snaps his fingers at audience)—

"'Tis I who make you shiver and freeze,
'Tis I who make you cough and sneeze;
I nip your nose,
I pinch your toes,

I run like cold water all down your back,
And then I laugh till my sides do crack.

When *I* come near you—Ha! ha! ha!

What a poor little shuddering set you are!

I powder the bushes like Christmas cake ;
 At early morning, when people wake
 And see my work on the window pane,
 They tuck their heads under the clothes again.
 When I come near you—Ha ! ha ! ha !
What a poor little shivering set you are !”

(Jumps back, sees snowball—is tripping up to it, when Father Christmas puts himself sternly in front of it.)

Father Christmas :

“ Now don't you touch my snowball, if you please
 For if you do I know you'll make it freeze,
 Until it is as cold and hard as—you,
 And e'en my hatchet cannot break it through ;
 And then my little friends' fun will be lost—
 None of your nasty pranks here, young Jack Frost !”

Jack Frost (sidling nearer, and looking up impudently in his face) .

“ Now don't you fuss, go off and get your hatchet,
 I'll sit beside the snowball, and will watch it ;
 You don't think I have come to spoil your jokes—
 Why, don't you know I love these little folks ?”

Father Christmas :

“ Do you think I'm going to trust you, Master Jack ?
(Begins to roll snowball away ; says confidentially to audience) —
 I'll fetch the axe, my dears, and soon come back.”

(Jack runs after him, dodging to get at it. Fairy Snowflake appears, white and glittering ; Jack falls on his knees, and holds up his hands imploringly.)

Fairy :

“ I am the Fairy Snowflake, and I throw
 A soft, warm mantle of protecting snow
 Over the earth, to save it from the ill
 Which that young lad there works at his wild will.

(To Father Christmas) —

Father, I'll guard your snowball, leave it there ;
 'Tis safe with me. *(To Jack) —*You touch it if you dare !”

(Curtain falls as Father Christmas makes a dignified exit, leaving the Fairy with her wand stretched over the snowball, and Jack—all his bounce gone—on his knees in a cowering attitude.)

SCENE II.

(Curtain rises. Snowball in front of stage, with a slit in it, Father Christmas beside it on the right, looking down at it, hatchet in hand. Behind the snowball stands Fairy, her wand still stretched out. Jack just a tiny bit in the background, on one knee, looking eagerly on.)

Father Christmas, to audience :

“ Well, little folks, I'm sure you never saw
A sight so wonderful as this before ;
Behold the snowball, worth its weight in gold,
Packed full of toys, as full as it can hold !
But stay, our party is not quite complete,
Though we have impish Jack and Snowflake sweet ;

(knocking without)

Here comes another friend, I hear him knocking—
'Tis Santa Klaus, Knight of the Christmas Stocking !”

(Enter Santa Klaus, dressed in a fur cloak—the fur outside—with a red woollen stocking for a turban on his head, a stocking round his neck, girdle of stockings round his waist, stockings dangling from his wrists—all different colours, if possible. He bows low to Father Christmas. They shake hands, then he takes his stand on the left of snowball, and speaks to audience. His voice should be gruff, as if he had a perpetual cold.)

“ 'Tis I who come when small folks sleep,
And into their rooms I gently peep ;
I fill their hose,
From knee to toes,
With crackers, and goodies, and Christmas plums ;
Oh ! what a chatter when morning comes !
When I've been near, hip ! hip ! hurrah !
What a chattering, joyous set you are !”

(Capers clumsily about, waving his stockings wildly.)

Father Christmas :

“ Now Santa Klaus, my friend, I want you here.
Empty the snowball ; and you, Snowflake dear,
Hand round the parcels—one for each small maid ;
This is the finest snowball ever made ! ”

(After distribution, Jack, who has been looking on, comes forward a little.)

Jack : “ Pleasure like this I've never seen or felt ;
I really think I must be going to melt ! ”

Snowflake (turning to Jack) :

“ Jack, we'll forgive you all the harm you do,
Because you see —— ”

Jack (interrupting her) : “ It is my nature to ! ”

Snowflake (taking hold of his hand, and holding out her other to Santa Klaus) :

“ No ; tho' you're such a naughty little boy,
We won't shut you out of our Christmas joy.
At Christmas time no faces should look sad,
At Christmas time all hearts should be right glad.
Oh, blessed Christmas ! come the world to fill
From end to end with joy, peace, and goodwill ! ”

Father Christmas has taken Jack's other hand :

They stand thus—

Santa Klaus, Snowflake, Jack, Father Christmas.

Wreck of snowball.

Everybody sings opening song again, “ Old Christmas Comes,” &c.

At one of our newly established Mission works, we had a lovely Christmas Tree for the children who had been gathered in. The decorations were sent from Germany, and gave quite an unusual character to the tree, which stood in beauty much longer than one night, and received much admiration from old and young.

But the reason for mentioning it here is that the children, on the first lighting of the tree, sang a Christmas Tree Carol (or rather, to speak accurately, three verses of it), by Dr. J. H. Hopkins, which is not perhaps much known in this country, and may be as acceptable to others as it was to ourselves. So here we borrow it.



1. Ga - ther around the Christmas Tree; Ga - ther a - round the



Christ-mas Tree! E - ver-green Have its branch-es been, It is



king of all the wood-land scene: For CHRIST our King, is



born to-day, His reign shall nev - er pass a - way.

CHORUS.



Ho - san - na, Ho - san - na, Ho - san - na in the High-est!

2.

Gather around the Christmas Tree!

Gather around the Christmas Tree!

Once the pride

Of the mountain side,

Now cut down to grace our Christmas-tide:

For CHRIST from heaven to earth came down,

To gain, through Death, a nobler crown.

Hosanna, &c.

3.

Gather around the Christmas Tree !

Gather around the Christmas Tree !

Every bough

Bears a burden now,

They are gifts of love for us, we trow :

For CHRIST is born, His love to show,

And give good gifts to men below.

Hosanna, &c.

4.

Gather around the Christmas Tree !

Gather around the Christmas Tree !

Tapers bright

In the branches light,

Till our eyes all shine at the goodly sight,

For CHRIST, our Light, is born to-day,

His glory ne'er shall fade away.

Hosanna, &c.

To be sung after the distribution of gifts.

5.

Farewell to thee, O Christmas Tree !

Farewell to thee, O Christmas Tree !

Thy part is done,

And thy gifts are gone,

And thy lights are dying one by one :

For earthly pleasures die to-day,

But heavenly joys shall last away.

Hosanna, &c.

6.

Farewell to thee, O Christmas Tree !

Farewell to thee, O Christmas Tree !

Twelve months o'er,

We shall meet once more

Merry welcome singing as of yore :

For CHRIST now reigns, our SAVIOUR dear,

And gives us Christmas every year !

Hosanna, Hosanna,

Hosanna in the Highest !

St. Columba's, Sunderland.

It is far from easy to convey a correct impression of what this northern parish, so lately taken up by the Sisters of St. Margaret's, is like. It contains a large colliery (one of the largest in England), ship-yards, glass works, quarries, and cornfields! Unless you had seen all these strange contradictions so close together, you would have thought it impossible for corn and glass, ships and clover, to grow and flourish within a few yards of each other; but so it is. The parish has lately sprung up on the outskirts of the town of Sunderland, under the shadow of the colliery chimneys, so that you have town and country, smoke and fields, all clustering round the new Church dedicated to St. Columba. Our Church was consecrated on the 9th of June last, St. Columba's Day, and very pleased we all were to have got what we had so long wanted—a Church. Hitherto our services had been held in a room over a pawnshop, which is still known as “the mission room.” There for five years the children of St. Columba gathered for worship, the pawnshop being always too small to hold them. At last, after many delays, the Church was ready, and the little band of worshippers migrated to their grand Church, only to feel too small for the ample accommodation they found. Our numbers have, however, increased wonderfully, and we hope the Mission lately held will still further add to our numbers.

Not only have we got the Church, but, we are proud to say, it is clear of debt, and now our energies are to be directed towards internal decorations; day schools (which are very much needed, and which the Sisters so much want); working men's club-house, also much needed.

As you will imagine, most of our people belong to the working class, and are thoroughly North country in their talk and in their habits. They are most loyal when once they have determined to like you, though at first a little distant in manner. One half of the parish consists of pit houses, that is to say, houses owned by the colliery and built for the miners. Our pitmen are always “miners,” never “colliers,” which latter means to North country

men a ship carrying coals. The houses for the most part are good (though with some exceptions, soon, we trust, to be rectified). They present a most cheerful appearance to a visitor, the most prominent feature being a blazing fire, which is never allowed to go out, as the men work on different "shifts" during the whole twenty-four hours, and are constantly coming home and demanding dinner. Before the fire, seated on a "cracket," you will find "Geordie," probably smoking, and preparing either for bed or for the pit; "the wife" you will probably find "all in an uproar," as they say: baking, or washing, or cleaning; and the "bairns," if at home from "skeul," nursing each other or helping their "ma." No bairns are so bonny as our North country bairns, and in them lies our great hope in the future of our Church. They are greatly interested in all that the Church does, and are already, many of them, greatly attached to the Sisters, at whose house several of the older ones attend classes.

The homes of the workers in ship-yards, quarries, and glass works are much like ordinary working men's houses, and need not be described. The work of the Church here for years to come must be slow, but the general attitude of the men towards the Church has improved greatly during the last few years, and many who are not yet pillars are excellent buttresses. The need for Sisters to work among such a population was strongly felt, and most significant was the way in which our girls seem to take to them "as ducks to water." But not only among the girls have they found friends, for the roughest of the pit men sing their praises while hewing their coal under the North Sea.

Their work and influence will of course grow very much in the years to come, but what has already been done during a few months makes us wonder how we were able to work so long without them.

Our great hope now is to start a girls' day school, in which both Sisters and Clergy can get a permanent hold of at least some of the children. A temporary building will probably be used until some kind friends help us to build a good Church School. We have long felt that it is impossible to teach the children well in the Sunday School, when the religious instruction during the week (if given at all) is entirely out of our hands.

Considerable difficulty was found in obtaining a house suitable for the Sisters, and the house at present used would hardly strike one as having been built for the purpose ! Still, many kind friends and warm North country hearts have made good many defects. A large Clergy House is to be built almost at once, close to the Church, and we shall hardly rest satisfied until the Sisters also have a house more suited for their work and less exposed than the present one.

BY ONE OF THE CLERGY OF ST. COLUMBA'S.

HYMN FOR ST. COLUMBA'S DAY.

"THEY THAT SAY SUCH THINGS DECLARE PLAINLY THAT THEY SEEK A COUNTRY. AND TRULY, IF THEY HAD BEEN MINDFUL OF THAT COUNTRY FROM WHICH THEY SET OUT, THEY MIGHT HAVE HAD OPPORTUNITY TO HAVE RETURNED. BUT NOW THEY DESIRE A BETTER COUNTRY, A HEAVENLY; WHEREFORE GOD IS NOT ASHAMED TO BE CALLED THEIR GOD: FOR HE HATH PREPARED FOR THEM A CITY."

St. Columba, who passionately loved his native country Ireland, took a vow of exile on account of a feud in which he had caused the loss of many lives. He sailed with twelve companions towards the coast of Scotland, and landed on the first island they came to; but on climbing a hill he found that Ireland could still be seen, and therefore he could not bear to remain there. At last they landed on the desolate island of Iona, near the caves of Staffa, and there built their wretched little huts. By him and his companions the whole of the North of Scotland, then occupied by the Picts, was evangelized; then the Lowlands; and finally, after Columba's death, the greater part of England. St. Aidan, the true Apostle of England, was a monk of Iona.



Who is this that comes o'er ocean, and his face is from the west,
 And a fire is in his bosom, and a light is in his eye ?
 He asks no earthly shelter, he seeks no earthly rest,
 But a land where he may labour, and a spot where he may die ;
 For he seeks a better Country than the dear Hibernian shore,
 And the music of its children soundeth sweetly evermore.

Who is this that climbs the mountain, and with longing eyes afar
 Gazes, gazes o'er the billows to the border of the main?
 Says, "I see our own dear towers; where those silent watchers are
 Is no home for us, my brothers; we must plough the waves again:
 For we seek a better Country than the dear Hibernian shore,
 And the music of its children soundeth sweetly evermore."

Who are these that beg a refuge from a bleak and barren land,
 Where nature's stern cathedral lifts its pillars to the sky?
 Neither house nor home nor shelter is upon that lonely strand,
 Yet, "this shall be the rest-house of our pilgrimage," they cry:
 For they seek a better Country than the dear Hibernian shore,
 And the music of its children soundeth sweetly evermore.

Who are these that thread the islands, foot the heather, mount
 the peak,
 Over highland, across lowland, on by loch and craggy glen?
 Be they glad or be they sorry, be they strong or be they weak,
 For themselves they ask for nothing, for their Master souls of
 men:
 For they seek a better Country than the dear Hibernian shore,
 And the music of its children soundeth sweetly evermore.

Lo, upon the rainbow staircase and within the pleasant Land,
 From the furthest winds of heaven who are these that thronging
 come?
 From Scotland and from England and from many a distant strand
 The sons of Saint Columba find at last with him their home:
 For he sought a better Country than the dear Hibernian shore,
 And the music of its children soundeth sweetly evermore.

All glory be to JESUS for His victorious grace,
 Who in His Saints hath struggled till He brought them to
 their goal;
 All glory to the FATHER Who prepares for them their place,
 All glory to the SPIRIT, for Columba's saintly soul:
 For he sought a better Country than the dear Hibernian shore,
 And the music of its children soundeth sweetly evermore.

The Half-Yearly Chronicle

FOR OUR ASSOCIATES.

AGAIN, dear friends, we anticipate the time of publishing our Magazine (which, you know, professes to appear on St. Agnes' Day), in order to offer you our best Christmas wishes, and to thank you for the assistance you have given us towards making many hearts happy at this coming Christmas-tide.

Since our last letter to you, the Neale Memorial has been completed; the final touches having been given to our Guest House, which was opened, blessed, and used for the first time on the Eighteenth Sunday after Trinity, being October 5th, the Octave of Michaelmas Day. The upper part provides accommodation for the Choir novices. Below are sitting and sleeping rooms for guests, which are really charming, and prove an untold comfort to our visitors. The Sisters desire to express their thankfulness to GOD and to those friends who have helped them to accomplish their founder's design, and to finish the work begun by the dear Mother Anne, who devoted her later years to collecting funds for the purpose. We earnestly ask all those who have assisted us in building this material house to further us with their prayers, that it may be the means of raising a better spiritual house: that more and more single-hearted women may be led hither to embrace the Religious Life, and to glorify GOD by their oblation of their whole selves to His glory and service.

CARDIFF. The Sisters at Cardiff write: "It is with great thankfulness we are able to report that the Mission School buildings (for which Lord Bute was good enough to give the site and £1,000) are actually being roofed in, and the bell tower is erected. The parents and children are looking forward with pleasure to the opening of the School early in next year, for the present accommodation is very unsatisfactory. The new School will admit about three hundred children, and funds to the amount of £650 are urgently needed in order to place it out of debt. It is hoped that those who are in favour of Voluntary



ON THE COAST OF CEYLON, NEAR COLOMBO.

Schools, where Catholic doctrine and gentle manners are taught, will come forward generously to help in this work.

“One of the Sisters, who has had successful experience among small boys in a London parish, has begun an evening meeting for little lads between eight and eleven years of age in order to civilize and Christianize them, and give them innocent recreation. About forty names are on the books, and we should be glad of contributions in the way of picture-books, table-games, &c. It is needless to say that a bagatelle board would be a most delightful treasure.”

“The work here has been going on as usual.”

VENTNOR.

That is, we may remind you, one sufferer after another has come in, sick to death of consumption, and has been tended through the last stages of the disease with all the comforts, spiritual and bodily, that could be provided for them. “We are glad to say that the adjoining property, consisting of space for building, a good garden, and two small houses, has been purchased; and now that a suitable site is available, it is earnestly hoped that funds for building will be forthcoming. In the first place, a wing to the present house is proposed. This will provide two wards for the accommodation of fourteen additional patients, separate rooms for special cases, and those rooms also which have long been so urgently needed for the Sisters and workers. Donations for this building fund will be gratefully acknowledged by Mrs. Willan, The Vicarage, Ventnor, or by the Sister-in-Charge, St. Catherine's Home, Ventnor.”

One of the houses above mentioned has been offered to the Sisters as a Home of Rest, chiefly for those who work in the hospital for consumptive patients, but also for others. It is to be ready for occupation before Christmas, and we should be glad of any kind help towards its plenishing.

We have parted from one dear Sister, only twenty-nine years old: Sister Annette, who died of consumption at St. Margaret's, on Tuesday, October 21st. She had worked some years at Ventnor; and had a severe attack of influenza, followed by inflammation of the lungs, which ended in rapid decline.

From Manchester we hear: "There is a good deal of sickness about, no doubt owing to the unusually mild weather during the early part of November. The heavy storm flooded many houses in the lower part of the town, so that the water stood five feet deep in the cellars from the overflowing of the river." And when we remember the utter blackness of that river, concerning which a witty writer remarked, "I have drunk of the Irwell, and therefore I speak ink," we are not surprised to hear of "the foulness and stench which the subsiding waters left behind them, presaging much illness in the near future. We can only hope that the sudden cold and frost may have staved it off. We have had a successful sale of clothing for the poor, thanks to the kind friends who have sent us bundles of garments new and old; and we hope to have another before Christmas. The cold, though more wholesome for strong people than the mild weather, involves great suffering for the old and weakly, and they will require, of course, as elsewhere, extra clothes and nourishment. We should like our friends to know that several first Communion will be made here on Christmas Day, after a Confirmation in December."

The Sisters have been asked to resume work at Miles Platting, and lack of workers alone prevents their doing so at once.

If tribulation is a note of blessing, we may hope for great things from Ceylon; but certainly the chastening for the present is grievous. There was a bull-cart accident; Sisters Joanna and Evelyn were thrown out; the former is still ill in consequence, and the latter was ordered home in consequence of the injuries she had received. It was doubtful whether she would reach England alive, but she did, to our great comfort, and has now been at home about two months, mending slowly, but, we trust, surely. There is great need in Ceylon of lady workers qualified to teach, who might make their home with the Sisters, without joining the community unless they felt themselves called to do so.

"St. MICHAEL'S, POLWATTE. — The third annual tea — chiefly for the Dhobies* who form the bulk of the Sinhalese congrega-

**i.e.*, Washermen and women.

tion of St. Michael's—took place yesterday, at 6 p.m., in the schoolroom adjoining the Church. Between four and five hundred men, women, and children, decked out in holiday attire, rose to greet the Bishop as he entered. After grace had been said in Sinhalese by his lordship, all sat down to a sumptuous tea, and were waited on by some of the ladies and gentlemen of the congregation who had been asked to help. The large plates of cakes, buns, plantains, &c., contributed by kind friends, vanished with marvellous rapidity, and after tea had been handed round by the energetic waiters, the speeches began. All present seemed to enjoy themselves. It was touching to notice the affection which seemed to exist between the poor women and the Sisters of St. Margaret. It would be a pity if the departure of two of the Sisters (announced by the Rev. Boyd last Sunday), owing to the serious illness of one, and the absolute necessity of her being accompanied by another on the voyage, should in any way interfere with the great and good work carried on amongst the poor Dhobies by them and Rev. Ekanayeke, whose heart is in his work. Many of the women and children are very intelligent, and the night school established in the parish is largely attended, and with good results, for the larger part of the women who go to the sewing and Bible classes held at St. Margaret's are able to read, and thus better understand the Bible lessons given them by the Sister. But better for them than the education they receive is the sympathy—which arises from it—between them and people out of the pale of their own little world, and the example set them of patient kindness and charity, which will, doubtless, in time do away with ignorant prejudices and distinctions.'

"The above is from a correspondent whose views are, no doubt, generally shared by other members of the congregation. Outsiders may try to persuade themselves—one of them recently wrote to a contemporary to that effect—that there never existed any necessity for the Church and the Services; but those who worship at St. Michael's have good reason to think differently. Many who used to attend one Service a Sunday, now attend two; and many who kept away from Church altogether, attend once at least. All this is apart from the gain and convenience to those in the neighbourhood, and the blessing to the Sinhalese population. At the Festival Services, the English congregation numbered 267 at Evensong on Sunday, the 28th ultimo; on Monday, at the 7-30 a.m. Service, there were 67 present, of whom 38 received Holy Communion; at 10-30 a.m. the congregation was 165, and at 6 p.m. 267 again. These figures hardly suggest a superfluous edifice or uncalled-for Services; and the attendance was nothing out of the way."—*Ceylon Examiner*.

The Rev. George Ekanayeke, the excellent young Sinhalese

Deacon working at St. Michael's, Polwatte, writes cheerfully of the Schools, &c. He says:—

“We opened a Night School for girls in August last. This was found necessary, as girls leave the Day School at a very early age. The work is still in its infancy, and has to contend against many prejudices against female education on the part of the villagers. The girls who attend are very eager students, and take great pains over their work.

“They are taught English and Sinhalese, and plain or fancy needlework. The School meets four times a week, at 6.30 p.m., and goes on till 8.

“Invaluable help is given to me in this work (and not in this work only, but indeed in all that I am trying to do among the poor Dhoby people) by the Sisters of St. Margaret's. The average attendance of the School is now fifteen, and is steadily increasing.

“Our Bible Classes for men and women, Needlework Class and Singing Class for boys and girls, have been carried on with but few interruptions.”

Six candidates for Confirmation were presented last year at St. Paul's, Milagraye. The Bishop was to hold a Sinhalese Confirmation at St. Michael's the day after Mr. Ekanayeke wrote, at which he was to present thirty candidates.

There are twelve Catechumens preparing for Baptism, and about the same number of “inquirers.” Ten adult Baptisms had taken place this year. All the above relates to pure Sinhalese work.

We have begun work in the North. A small
 SUNDERLAND. number of Sisters have gone to Southwick, a district of Sunderland, peopled chiefly by miners, glass-blowers, ship-builders, and iron-workers. The Sister-in-Charge writes:—

“We are beginning to feel quite at home in this Northern clime, and indeed we should be hard to please if we did not, for the people of St. Columba's have literally heaped kindness upon us, and from the very first have made us feel welcome.

“It is difficult to realize that the parish is only five years old, for we found a stately Church, hearty Catholic Services, and a devout and well-instructed congregation—Guilds organized, and in good working order. The preparation for the General Mission,

which has just been held in Sunderland, enabled us to make acquaintance with the people, who are mostly miners, and we were very much struck, wherever we went, to find how well they knew their parish clergy, even though they did not go to 'Coloomba's.' Although the Church is built *and* paid for—which seems almost incredible in so short a time, in a parish consisting almost entirely of working people—there is still a great deal to be done before the Church can be said to be completed 'in the beauty of Holiness.' Surely such energy and self-sacrifice as has already been shewn should meet with a response.

"The children are very amusing and very friendly, and many of them patter about bare-footed—from inclination, not from necessity. They always say 'The Da' and 'The Ma,' never father and mother. We hope soon to have a Day School for them, if only kind friends would find the wherewithal to build!

"We wish we could give you a better idea of our surroundings, but we think you will gather from what we have said that our lot has indeed fallen in pleasant places, and not the less pleasant because there is abundance of work to be done. Like all Mission Sisters, we are glad of help of any kind at The Sisters' House, St. Columba's, Sunderland."

Of our other works we have not much to say. They are going on quietly, and, we hope, are prospering. The nursing Sisters have, as ever, been very busy. One has been lately nursing in an epidemic of typhoid at Arundel, where she had many patients; another at Hinton St. George's, near Crewkerne, is nursing a village stricken with scarlet fever.

NEEDLEWORK
SOCIETY.

The Needlework Society has done more for us than ever. And we need its help more than ever, and so we are very thankful for the large parcels which have arrived, and we beg our friends not to slacken their energy or their interest in this good cause.

It only remains that we end, as we began, with our best and heartiest Christmas greetings.

*St. Margaret's, East Grinstead,
December, 1890.*

It may interest some to know that reprints in small form can be had of "The Vision of the Graven Stone," and of F. Hall's "Notes for Meditation on the Litany of the Holy Name," and on "The Great Advent Antiphons." These may be had at 6d. each on application to the Assistant Superior, St. Margaret's, East Grinstead.

ST. MARGARET'S NEEDLEWORK SOCIETY.

This Society is gradually but steadily increasing. The number of garments sent in this year is 1,343, as against 913 in 1889, and 535 in 1888. Two new Presidents are promised for next year, and it would be an excellent thing if one lady, at least, would offer herself for that post in every centre where St. Margaret's Sisters work. The contributions of the Society are more acceptable than usual this year, because, not only have the Sisters undertaken fresh Mission works, but the various strikes, especially in and about Cardiff, have brought deep poverty to very many families for whom the Sisters have to care. The community desires to express its hearty thanks for the kind help thus given them, and trusts that the Society will be encouraged to spread further and further year by year, and will find the truth of those well-known words—

"Ye who now will bless the poor,
Shall yourselves find blessing."

We are requested to point out that members are expected to send in their contributions of new garments by *October 20th* to their President or Vice-President.

List of Garments sent in for St. Margaret's Needlework Society in 1890.

Warm petticoats, various ..	166	Pillow cases	25
Crochet & knitted petticoats	60	Quilts	3
Shawls & cross-overs, various	43	Blankets and Rug ..	3
Men's coats and ulsters ..	13	Cuffs, muffatees, gloves, &c.,	
Man's trousers	1	various	91
Men's waistcoats	6	Knee caps	2
Men's shirts	34	Nightingales	2
Pairs socks and stockings,		Children's hoods, and bon-	
various sizes	106	nets, and caps	19
Comforters	36	Children's frocks, various ..	82
Vests, various sizes	32	Boys' costumes	2
Chemises	68	Pinafores	70
Flannel jackets	15	Babies' clothes, various ..	69
Night shirts and night gowns	16	Children's stays	25
Pairs drawers	7	Neckties, night caps, bags, &c.	15
Aprons	22	Old clothes, various	31
Pairs boots	2	Two lists too late for insertion	286
Sheets	6		

ST. MARGARET'S NEEDLEWORK SOCIETY, 1890.

				Garments.	Total.
<i>President</i> ,	Marchioness of Downshire	3	
<i>Vice</i>	„ Mrs. Willett, 10 members	—	3
<i>Vice</i>	„ Miss Otter	—	
					56
<i>President</i> ,	Viscountess Abergavenny	3	
<i>Vice</i>	„ Miss Mabel Herbert, 10 members	37	
<i>Vice</i>	„ Miss Dora Battye	8	
				—	48
<i>President</i> ,	Mrs. Frampton May	
<i>Vice</i>	„ Mrs. Bouverie Deedes, 10 members	
<i>Vice</i>	„ Mrs. Satterthwaite, 10 members..	
				—	46
<i>President</i> ,	Mrs. Meryon, 24 members	179	
<i>Vice</i>	„ Miss Darnell, 10 members	39	
<i>Vice</i>	„ Miss Royds, 10 members	35	
<i>Vice</i>	„ Miss Hammill, 8 members	29	
	(Mrs. Meryon sent afterwards 7 large cloth ulsters)			7	
				—	289
<i>President</i> ,	Mrs. Dendy, 11 members	51	
<i>Vice</i>	„ Miss Seward, 14 members	64	
<i>Vice</i>	„ Mrs. Brown, 10 members	38	
<i>Vice</i>	„ Mrs. Cecil Blaker, 9 members	38	
<i>Vice</i>	„ Miss Newall, 11 members	43	
<i>Vice</i>	„ Mrs. E. Howell, 4 members	12	
				—	246
<i>President</i> ,	Lady Ellen Lambart	
<i>Vice</i>	„ Miss Ethel Crofts, 10 members	49	
<i>Vice</i>	„ Miss Florence Drew, 10 members	47	
				—	96
<i>President</i> ,	Miss L. Vesey Fitzgerald	
<i>Vice</i>	„ Miss H. Vesey Fitzgerald	
<i>Vice</i>	„ Mrs. Cruikshank	
<i>Vice</i>	„ Miss Moreton	
				—	231
<i>President</i> ,	Mrs. Stewart Oxley	
<i>Vice</i>	„ (No name)	20	
				—	20
<i>President</i> ,	Miss Ida Carr	9	
<i>Vice</i>	„ Miss Hallam, 11 members	43	
<i>Vice</i>	„ Mrs. Mushet, 10 members	52	
				—	104
<i>President</i> ,	Mrs. Cartright	
<i>Vice</i>	„ Mrs. Vesey, 9 members..	
<i>Vice</i>	„ Mrs. Smallwood, 10 members	
<i>Vice</i>	„ Mrs. Wallaston, not sent	
				—	71
Collected by Miss Ruth Young	130	
				—	130

Total list of garments 1,343

Monies collected this year:—Per Mrs. Meryon, £1 2s. 6d.; The Lady Ellen Lambart, 10s.

RULES OF NEEDLEWORK SOCIETY.

This Society consists of Presidents, Vice-Presidents, and Members.

1. Each President shall find at least three Vice-Presidents, from whom she will receive the work collected by them from their respective Members, not later than November 1st; and forward the same to the Secretary, adding three articles of clothing as her contribution to the Society.

2. Each Vice-President shall find at least ten Members, whose work she will receive and send on altogether to her President, before November 1st, adding three articles of clothing as her contribution to the Society.

3. Each Member is bound to contribute at least three articles of clothing every year, forwarding them to her Vice-President BEFORE OCTOBER 20TH.

N.B.—Two shillings and sixpence may be sent in place of each garment, if more convenient to do so. Such donations will be expended for the purposes of the Society.

All parcels must be *carefully packed* and *prepaid*, addressed to the Secretary, Miss RUTH YOUNG, 4, Manor Park, Lee, S.E.

RULES OF ST. MARGARET'S KNITTING CLUB.

1. Each Member subscribes 5s. yearly, payable in advance, to the Hon. Secretary. Members can join at any time; but, once having joined by paying the subscription, they are requested afterwards to pay on or before November 1st. Wool provided out of the Club funds. Anything useful or warm may be knitted or crocheted.

2. Each Member is asked to give as much time as convenient, and, if possible, not less than two hours a week (twenty minutes a day), but this not obligatory.

3. The work is forwarded to St. Margaret's in November, for the benefit of the poor.

Honorary Members pay 5s. a year, and are not expected to send work.

The Hon. Secretary being obliged (through illness in her family, with which we earnestly sympathize) to relinquish her post, contributions should be sent, till further notice, to the ASSISTANT SUPERIOR, St. Margaret's, East Grinstead.



John Mason Neale.

A MEMOIR—(*Continued.*)

1846-1863.

IN June, 1846, Mr. Neale, with the Rev. Benjamin Webb, made his first visit to Oxford, the Architectural Society of that place having invited them as a deputation from the C.C.S. They both received *ad eundem* degrees on this occasion.

And now the Warden of Sackville College settled down with his family in the home which was to be theirs for twenty years, and which was to become exceedingly endeared to them ; but which, during the earlier part of that time, was to be the scene of much strife and sorrow. Mr. Neale's conscientious spirit could not but lead him to carry out in practice the principles he had long been advocating in theory, and, although others of the clergy in the same diocese did similar things with perfect immunity, he very soon became the object of his Diocesan's suspicion and distrust. The beginning of trouble was this. Sackville College had always been external to the Bishop's jurisdiction, and the patrons therefore dissuaded the new warden and chaplain from asking the license, which it was his own wish to have procured. The Bishop had very cordially consented to give a license in 1842, when Mr. Neale was presented to Crawley, and when his writings had already caused his principles to be well known. So there could be little apprehension as to whether he would give one now. But it was not asked, out of deference to the patrons' strenuous wish ; and this omission lay at the root of much that followed.

Far be it from us to stir up needless memories of those troublous times, or to give pain to any surviving friends of the actors in these scenes. But it has fallen to our lot to write an incident in

the history of the Church Revival, and the duty cannot be shirked. Only we will give the pen, as far as possible, into our founder's hands, and will re-publish the printed statements and letters which he put forth from time to time, illustrated by extracts from his journals and correspondence.

JOURNAL: "*June 22, 1846.*—I never should be surprised—(and I put it down here, in case the evil day should come, when it may be a comfort to me to know that I anticipated it)—if, from one side or the other, we have a very considerable storm to conquer. However, we have the right on our side—and that is the comfort."

As early as July, 1846, we find him writing: "A letter from W., still pressing the dropping of the candles. . . . One ought to have the greatest lenity for men who have yielded such points, for none can tell the temptation who has not been tried. This, I trust, is not any sign of my yielding. Here, of course, every one against me."

"*Sep. 20.*—Just before dinner some Priest came, a thorough Protestant, who asked Anne if this were a 'Protestant' or 'Popish' College. 'Sackville College, Sir.' He had some talk with me."

Here is the first sermon, or rather address, given to the old people in Sackville College by their new Warden, on his coming among them in 1846:—

"My dear friends,—It is but natural, on first coming among you, that I should wish to say, and that you should wish to hear, something about the manner in which we are to go on together. Both you and I have new duties given us by GOD, and new privileges; duties which we have to perform, and privileges for which we shall one day have to give an account. I have never yet had the privilege of living in a place which, like this, is set apart for the immediate service of GOD by supplying the wants of those whom He loves and for whom He cares; of dwelling in such a place, and being one of you, so as to have our cares, and thoughts, and wishes very much in common. And you have never had the privilege of having a Priest dwelling among you, to be entrusted with the care of your souls, and to minister to you the Holy Sacra-

ment and the Word of GOD. We read, in the Old Testament, of one who said, *Now I know that the LORD will do me good, seeing I have a Priest in mine house.* And it was a just and a true feeling. And I would always wish you to remember that, however unworthy be the person who has the Priest's office, it is the office, and not the person, to which you are to look. If a messenger came to you from a great and mighty king, you would not consider what his appearance was, or what his manner was, or whether he spoke well or ill, but you would think of the king that sent him, and, if you honoured his master, you would honour him.

“Now, in the first place, I wish to say that I came among you for the sake of doing as much for you, in all ways, as lies in my power. And I wish you to believe that it will be not only my duty, but my great delight, to read to you, and to pray with you, and to pray by you, at any time, and at all times, that you may need it, or may wish it. Now that I am among you, my time is not more my own than yours; and therefore I do trust that none of you will hesitate about coming to me, or sending to me, when my seeing you could do you any good, or give you any pleasure.

“As to what it is my wish to do among you, I will say a few words. We are bound, no less as Churchmen by the Laws of the Prayer Book than by the Statutes of this College, to attend Morning and Evening Prayers in the Chapel. I intend that they should be in the morning at 9, and in the evening at 6, unless I should hereafter find that any other time would be more convenient to the greater part of you. On Wednesdays and Fridays, beginning from next Friday, the case will be somewhat different. You all, perhaps, know that it was never intended that the Morning Prayer and the Litany should be said together. They were meant to form two different Services. And though in Parish Churches, and other places, where people have a great deal of worldly business to attend to, it has been found more convenient to join the two together, yet here, where we have little else to do than to give ourselves up to the worship of GOD, Who has been pleased so graciously to give us a home, and so many other blessings, here, I say, it is much better to keep the Morning Prayer and the Litany separate, as they were intended to be separate. Therefore, hence-

forth, on those days, I shall read the Morning Prayers, as usual, at 9, the Litany at 11, and the Evening Prayers, as usual, at 6.

“Next, as to Sundays and Saints’ Days. We shall continue to go to the Parish Church on these occasions; but it is my purpose to administer to all such as shall be religiously and devoutly disposed the Holy Communion at 9 o’clock on these days. About this I shall hope to speak more particularly to you, each by himself, and therefore will not say more now.

“Lastly, forasmuch as all the feasts of the Church, whether Sundays or Saints’ Days, are intended to be days of rejoicing and gladness, I shall hope to see all of you, who are able to come, to dine with me in the hall, on Sundays and Saints’ Days, at one o’clock. And thus, I trust, that we shall the more feel to be, as we are indeed, one family. It is this feeling that has the power of changing what might be otherwise disagreeable in our position into comfort and pleasure. A family like this is, as it were, a little type of the Church. *Whether one member suffer, all the members suffer with it; or one member be honoured, all the members rejoice with it.* And GOD grant that we, who now are to dwell together on earth, may, in His good time, dwell together in Heaven, for JESUS CHRIST’S sake.”

And here follows (with omission of some unimportant details) a copy of the published document which Mr. Neale felt it his duty to draw up, under the title of—

“A Statement* of the Late Proceedings of the Lord Bishop of Chichester against the Warden of Sackville College, East Grinstead.” †

“Sackville College, in the town of East Grinstead, was founded by Robert Sackville, second Earl of Dorset, by his will, bearing

* “The Statement, I ought to observe, has in a certain sense the Bishop’s *imprimatur*. For he told Newland that he was sufficiently well satisfied with it to think of asking me to let him have some copies to distribute.”

Letter from J. M. N. to Rev. James Carnegie.—[EDITOR’S NOTE.]

† Masters, 1853. “*Notice prefixed to edition of 1850.* The first edition of this Statement was printed, but not published, in 1849. So many persons have inquired for copies, and the whole case has been so much misunderstood, that it is now thought necessary to reprint, with a continuation to the present time, what was at first intended for private circulation only. Feb. 28, 1850.

date February 8, 1609 :—and is mentioned by Dr. Willet, in his *Synopsis Papismi*, as one of the most liberal foundations which have had their origin in the Reformed Church of England.

“An Act of Parliament was passed for its establishment in 1624. A Charter was granted by King Charles I., in the year 1631 : a Corporate Seal was given to the College : and the Statutes, drawn up after the death of the Founder by Lord William Howard and Sir George Rivers, were based on the will, which had been confirmed and authorized by Act of Parliament.*

“It consists of a Warden, five brethren, six sisters, and two Assistant Wardens : (the latter, householders, resident in or near the town). Besides these, fourteen probationers are accommodated with rooms in the College.

“On the 26th of May, 1846, the Earl and Countess De La Warr (joint representatives of the Founder with the Earl and Countess Amherst), being anxious better to provide for the spiritual as well as the temporal welfare of the inmates of the College, appointed the Rev. J. M. Neale, M.A., to the office of Warden, that post having twice before been filled by a person in Holy Orders.

“But the arrangements of the Chapel would seem to indicate that it was intended for the ministrations of a Priest : there had been an altar ;—the chancel was divided from the nave by a rood-screen, bearing date 1619 :—and there were stalls within this screen, while the seats for the poor people were without. It seems probable that, when the Earl of Dorset was staying in the College, his Chaplain read prayers, and administered the Holy Communion ; while, at other times, the Warden read prayers to the Collegians morning and evening. It is also not unlikely, from a bench pinned into the east wall, and only removed by the present Warden, that the—so called—Communion was administered in the Chapel after the form of the Directory.

“It had also been generally understood that the College, from its very nature, was exempt from episcopal jurisdiction. Half of the north side of the quadrangle was appropriated to the reception of the Earls of Dorset on their way from their seat at Buckhurst

* “Lords' Journal, vol. iii. p. 430.

to London ;—and the portion so designed is to this day known by the name of the *Dorset lodgings*. In the same manner, two halls were erected in the building :—one for the use of the brethren and sisters ;—the other for that of the Earls, on their occasional visits. It was, therefore, to be presumed that the Warden, if in Orders, became *ipso facto* a kind of Chaplain to the Patrons—and, as such, was entitled to officiate, in the College Chapel, without episcopal license.

“Again, the privacy of the institution, both as regards its outward construction, and its internal constitution, had always led to the same conclusion. It might also be added that it has been customary to use a prayer in the Chapel Service for the Patrons of the College and their family—a thing inadmissible in a public service. The fact of the Warden being in Holy Orders did not seem to affect the question ; for if the Service in the Chapel were public in the case of a Clergyman, it were so also in the case of a layman, and both were illegal ; and to assert that a Service was *public* in a *private* Chapel (for such it must be considered, as orders had been given that the College should be closed during Service, and can never be entered, except on ringing a bell, and admission by the porter), were a manifest contradiction.

“The present Warden, on coming into residence, turned his attention to the best means of rendering the charity as effective as possible both to the temporal and spiritual welfare of those with whom he was connected.

“The first of these objects he endeavoured to promote in many ways, which—although well known in the town and neighbourhood of East Grinstead, and to others ready and anxious to bear testimony to the facts—may, for obvious reasons, be omitted in this narrative.

“With regard to the spiritual welfare of the inmates of the College, the Founder had thus ordered :—

“Statute 6. ‘Item : that the said Warden shall carefully see the said brethren and sisters morning and evening to meet at a certain due hour in the Chappell : there to pray, serve, honour, and praise Almighty GOD, according to the true intent and meaning of the said Robert late Earle of Dorset, expressed and mentioned

in his last will and testament ; and the said service and prayers there to be made by the said Warden for the time, or such of his brethren as he shall thereunto appoint.'

"This statute, which, be it remembered, *was verbally copied from a document that had been confirmed by Act of Parliament, and, therefore, has itself the authority of an Act*, was, it appears, obeyed till the late Warden, through ill-health and infirmity, contented himself with reading prayers twice a week—on Tuesday and Thursday mornings.

"The present Warden, on his appointment, commenced the Services in the following manner. On common days, morning prayers at 9 a.m., evening prayers at 6 p.m. On Wednesdays and Fridays, the Litany, additionally, by itself at 11 a.m.

"On Sundays, the Holy Communion was administered in the Chapel at half-past nine a.m. :—the Warden and Collegians attended morning prayers in the Parish Church at 11 ;—and after prayers at 6 p.m. in the Chapel, the Warden preached. But, on the first Sunday in the month, when the Holy Communion was administered in the Parish Church, it was not celebrated in the Chapel.

"On other holy days, besides morning prayers at 9 a.m., and evening prayers at 6 p.m., the Holy Communion was administered by itself at 11 a.m. The Warden also frequently preached after evening prayers—either on the eve of a holy day—or Saturday evening—or when a death in the College or any other important event had occurred.

"In order that these Services might be carried out, it was necessary that the Chapel should be restored ;—as from damp and disuse it was in a thoroughly dilapidated state. This the Warden did, to some extent, at an expense of about £100 ;—and, also, at his own expense, provided lights and a fire during the time of Divine Service in winter.

"The Warden had all along—though believing that his position was legally tenable without it—been anxious to procure episcopal license :—and, accordingly, in June, 1846, he had applied to the Patrons for leave to solicit it from the Bishop of Chichester.

"The Patrons, however, were of opinion that such a proceeding

was unnecessary, and could not be taken without injuring their rights and those of the College. The Warden, therefore, though his wishes remained the same, did not consider himself at liberty to carry them out; and he was the more disposed to acquiesce in the decision of the Patrons, from having discovered the following letter, addressed by the secretary of Dr. Buckner, then Bishop of Chichester, to Mr. Palmer, the late Warden:—

“ Chichester, 18th January, 1814.

“ Sir,—The Bishop of Chichester has desired me to say in answer to your letter to his Lordship of the 3rd instant, that he does not consider your office of reading prayers in Sackville College to be subject to his episcopal jurisdiction.

“ I am, Sir, your obedient Servant,

(Signed) “ WILLIAM LEEVES.’

“ In this state affairs remained for nearly eleven months;—the Services in the Chapel going on with the utmost regularity; and the whole tone of the Institution rising in consequence of the pains taken with it. On Michaelmas-day, 1846, the Earl and Countess De La Warr officially visited the College, dined in the Hall with the brethren and sisters, and attended evening prayers; and during the winter—a winter of remarkable severity—every attempt was made by the Warden to alleviate the distress of the poor, by inviting the largest possible number to the Sunday dinners at the College, by occasional doles of bread and beer in the College porch, and by placing the Hall and his own parlour at the disposal of the Committee for the distribution of soup to the poor.

“ Towards Christmas, a Clergyman from the neighbourhood of London, Mr. H., came to reside in the neighbourhood of East Grinstead, but not in the parish, *nor in the Diocese*. He visited Sackville College, and was, out of courtesy, allowed to see the Chapel:—after which he called on the Warden, and told him that he should feel it his duty to present its arrangements to the Bishop.*

* “ The arrangements, if by this term be meant additions to the original structure, being merely a wooden Cross on the rood-screen, and an Altar with Cross and Candlesticks, such as are to be seen in several Churches in the Diocese of Chichester.”
[The Altar Cross and Candlesticks now adorn All Saints' Church, Houghton.—ED.]

Mr. H. kept his word ; and on the 8th of February, 1847, addressed a letter to the Bishop, which did not reach him till the 16th. After saying that he (Mr. H.) had visited Sackville College, he proceeded thus :—

“ ‘On looking further about me, I found the Vulgate Edition of the Scriptures, and a Roman Breviary. I should at once have concluded it to be a Roman Catholic Chapel, had I not found the English Bible, though this was a Bible with notes.’

“ ‘These charges will be explained presently ;—here it is only necessary to remark that Mr. H. did not mention the fact that there were plenty of Prayer Books in the Chapel, besides one large one, on a lectern, and another on the Litany desk ;—but he implies, and indeed more than implies, that there were no Prayer Books—for he says that his only reason for not thinking the Chapel to be Roman Catholic, was that he saw an English Bible in it : whereas, surely the presence of Prayer Books in it must have been an equally good reason for the same belief. The addition, *though this was a Bible with notes*, could have no meaning, unless it were intended to raise a prejudice in the Bishop’s mind, as if the Bible in question were not of the English version, or at all events had Roman Catholic notes. The logical sequence of the sentence requires this meaning.

“ ‘The Bishop received the meaning that was intended ; and on the 13th of March wrote to Lord De La Warr, as one of the Patrons of the College. The following is an extract from this letter :—

“ ‘I need only mention that a casual visitor at the College observed in that Chapel a copy of the Latin Vulgate, and an English Bible with notes. Of this latter, the text *may* have been that of our authorized version ; but the Roman Breviary was also found there ; and this, together with the erection of a large Cross on the screen justify the suspicion that this Bible may have been a copy of the Douay version, or of some other translation of a Romanistic character.’—

“ ‘Here is Mr. H.’s inference put into words.

“ ‘Lord De La Warr lost no time in requesting, as one of the

visitors of the College, some explanations of these charges from the Warden.

“It then appeared that a copy of the Vulgate was constantly kept in the Chapel, and was frequently used by the Warden, one of the brethren usually reading the lessons.

“With respect to the Breviary (whatever degree of blame was due if it had lain there for reference, and intentionally), it appeared that the Warden was then, and had been long occupied on a work treating of the Liturgies and other offices of the Eastern Church :— that his study was full of Liturgies and Offices of all sorts both of East and West ; that the Breviary in question was frequently referred to by him ; that, repairs at that time going on in the Chapel, he was frequently in and out of that building : and it had thus accidentally been left by him there. At the same time the Warden protested very earnestly that, had the case been otherwise, he was no more to be blamed than if any other unauthorized book of Prayers or Hymns had been found in the Chapel : as, for example, the Selections of Hymns and the ‘Companion to the Altar,’ so very frequently found in Parish Churches.

“As to the Bible, it was an old one purchased about 1790, by the then Warden, Mr. Knight ; and furnished with ‘family notes’ by the Rev. Thomas Bankes, without date, but dedicated to the then Bishop of Hereford, Lord James Beauclerk, and therefore published between 1746 and 1788. It is, of course, the authorized version ; the notes are violently anti-Roman.

“With this private explanation Lord De La Warr was satisfied : it soon appeared that the Bishop, to whom it was communicated, was not.

“On the 14th of April, 1847, the Warden received the following letter from the Bishop of Chichester :—

“ ‘Palace, Chichester, 12th April, 1847.

“ ‘Reverend Sir,—Having been informed that you have recently come to reside at Sackville College, in East Grinstead, I write to request that you will have the goodness to communicate with me before you officiate, if it be your wish to officiate, in any Church or Chapel in this diocese.

“ ‘I remain, Reverend Sir, your faithful Brother,

“ ‘Rev. — Neale.

(Signed)

A. T. CICESTR.’

“The Warden, in his reply, said, with respect to the above letter :—

“‘If it were intended, as I cannot but fear it was, as a mark of your Lordship's displeasure, I am deeply grieved that you should have thought it necessary to pass such a censure on me : though, as far as the matter of fact goes, I have very seldom officiated, and was not likely to officiate, in the Diocese of Chichester.’

“And further on :—

“‘I should mention that, notwithstanding the exemption of this College, I was very anxious to have had your Lordship's license before entering on the duties of Warden, and this I thought might have been effected without compromising the rights of the patrons ; I twice (at least) mentioned the subject to Lord De La Warr :—and Mr. Sackville West's reply was, that the patrons did not think the application for such a license desirable.’

“To this letter the Bishop returned no answer, and thereby apparently acquiesced in the claim of exemption on the part of the College—which indeed up to that time had never been disputed.

“On the 7th of May, the Bishop held a Confirmation in the Parish Church of East Grinstead. What passed on that occasion will be best related in an extract from a letter written the same day by the Warden to Lord De La Warr—of the correctness of which three friends, present at the whole scene, expressed themselves satisfied.

“‘In the Vestry, before the Confirmation, the Bishop inquired whether I had any objection to his visiting the Chapel after service.

“‘I said, Certainly not.

“‘*Bishop.* I may tell you, that I may possibly be advised to inhibit your officiating in my diocese.

“‘I said, Your Lordship may undoubtedly do so ; but that will have no effect on my officiating in the College Chapel.

“‘*Bishop.* That is the very question I wish to try, and such an inhibition will try it.

“‘I said, We of course claim exemption. Yet it is but fair to tell your Lordship that it was my wish to have been licensed by you ; and that I actually applied for that purpose to Lord De La Warr.

“‘*Bishop.* I ought to say that I probably might not have been disposed to grant the license. I could not, if the reports which I have heard of Romanistic proceedings in the College be true.

"I said, The application, had I had my own way, would have been made to your Lordship before a single change had been made in the Chapel.

"After service, the Bishop walked down to the College. . . . There were present the Bishop, Mr. Nevill (the late Vicar of East Grinstead), Mr. H. (the complainant), the Bishop's Chaplain, myself, and a London Clergyman, a friend of mine.

"When we came into the Chapel, I said,—Now, my Lord, as Mr. H. has asserted that I used the Douay Bible—there is the Bible—your Lordship can examine it. *

"*Bishop.* You are mistaken. I suggested that it might be the Douay Bible: Mr. H. simply said that it was not the authorized version.

"I said, Then I misunderstood Lord De La Warr, my Lord. But if Mr. H. said that it was not the authorized version, he said what was contrary to fact.

"The Bishop examined it: This is the authorized version, but it has notes.

"*Mr. H.* Yes, my Lord; that was the reason why I mentioned it to your Lordship.

"I said, One question, Mr. H. Did you or did you not say that the Bible was not the authorized version?

"*Mr. H.* I said so—because it has notes—and the notes are not authorized.

"I said, That is quite enough. Your Lordship will see that the charge is false.

"*Mr. H.* That was not the chief thing. I am sure!—to find a "Protestant" Chapel thus ornamented, or to find a breviary in it—

"*Bishop.* I am not here with visitatorial authority: if I were, I should sweep away all that—(pointing to the Altar).

"*Mr. H.* Flowers and all, my Lord.

"I said, The Altar, my Lord?

"*Bishop.* I know nothing of Altars; the Church of England knows nothing of Altars or Sacrifices: I would retain a decent low table. I would not feed CHRIST'S little ones with the wood of the Cross.

"I asked, You would retain the table?

"*Bishop.* I have said so already. But, to be candid with you—all that our Church does not authorize, she prohibits. But, as I said, I have no visitatorial authority. *Ex parte loci*—that is, I have none; whether I have not *ex parte personæ*, is a different question, and I shall take advice.'

* "The unavoidable delay in the private circulation of this Statement, occasioned principally by the long and serious indisposition of the Bishop, enables the writer to mention in this place that his Lordship's impression of the conversation at Sackville College differs in some degree from the account of it given above; the discrepancy, however, does not appear to be in the least material to the main point at issue.

“The above conversation has been given with so much minuteness, because it formed the sole and entire ground of the subsequent proceedings against the College, as will be seen in the sequel.

“The Bishop meanwhile, now on his tour of Confirmations, addressed the following inhibition to the Warden :—

“ ‘ Frant Vicarage, 8th May, 1847.

“ ‘ Reverend Sir,—I feel it to be my duty to inhibit you, and I do hereby inhibit you, from celebrating Divine Worship, and from the exercise of clerical functions in my diocese.

“ ‘ I am, Reverend Sir, your well-wisher in CHRIST,

“ ‘ A. T. CICESTR.’

“The inhibition was accompanied with the following letter :—

“ ‘ Frant Vicarage, 8th May, 1847.

“ ‘ Reverend and Dear Sir,—I cannot transmit to you the following inhibition without adding a fervent prayer that GOD may be pleased to open your eyes to the dishonour done to Him by supposing that His spiritual service can be promoted by presenting to the eyes and thoughts of worshippers the frippery with which you have transformed the simplicity of the Chapel at Sackville College into an imitation of the degrading superstitions of an erroneous Church.

“ ‘ I remain, Reverend and Dear Sir, your faithful brother,

“ ‘ A. T. CICESTR.’

“Lord De La Warr, on being informed of what had passed on the 7th of May, and of the inhibition, thus replied :—

“ ‘ Upper Grosvenor Street, May 11, 1847.

“ ‘ Dear Sir,—I beg to acknowledge the receipt of your two letters, and to thank you for saving, as far as in you lies, the rights of the College. Into the general question between the Bishop and yourself, it would be obviously improper for me to enter at present.

“ ‘ Pray believe me, yours most truly,

(Signed) “ ‘ DE LA WARR.’

“The question now was, What course was to be pursued? And after much consideration, it was determined that the Warden should carry on the Services in the Chapel of Sackville College as usual, scrupulously abstaining from officiating either in the parish

of East Grinstead, or in any other part of what was, confessedly, the Bishop's diocese.

“1. The Warden came to this conclusion under the impression that the Bishop did not expect that his inhibition would be obeyed as far as the Chapel of Sackville College was concerned; his Lordship having said, as the Warden believed, that an inhibition would try the right of exemption for the College.

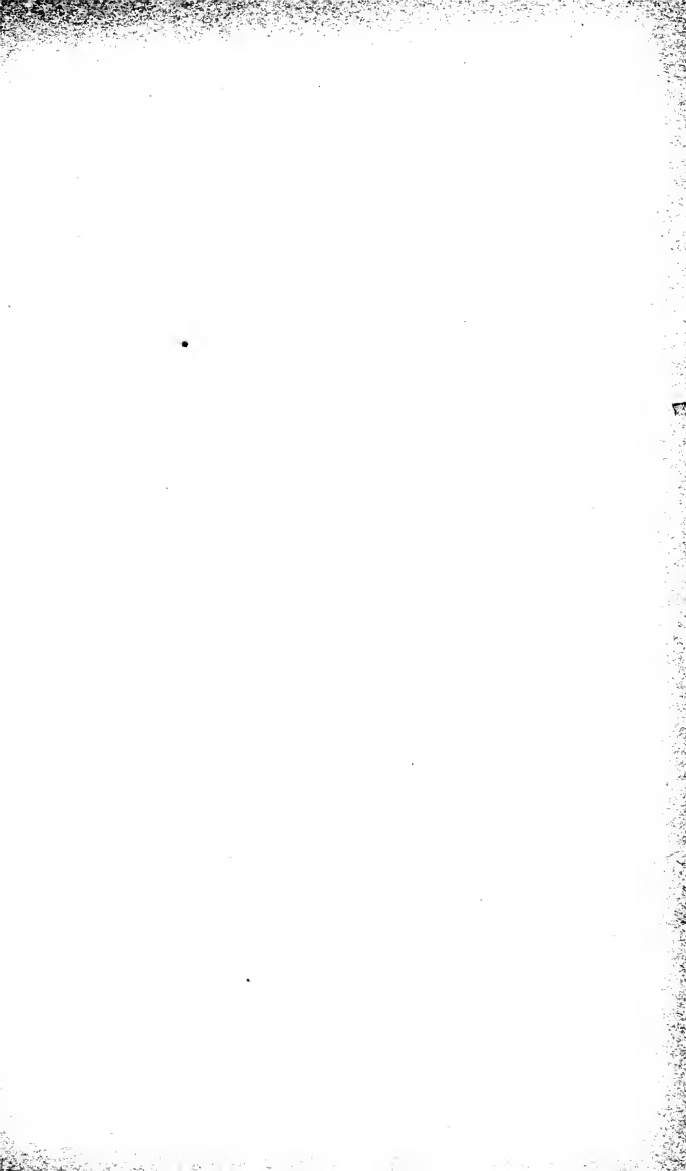
“This is made still plainer by the following extract from a letter written by the Bishop to Lord De La Warr, dated March 20, 1847 :—

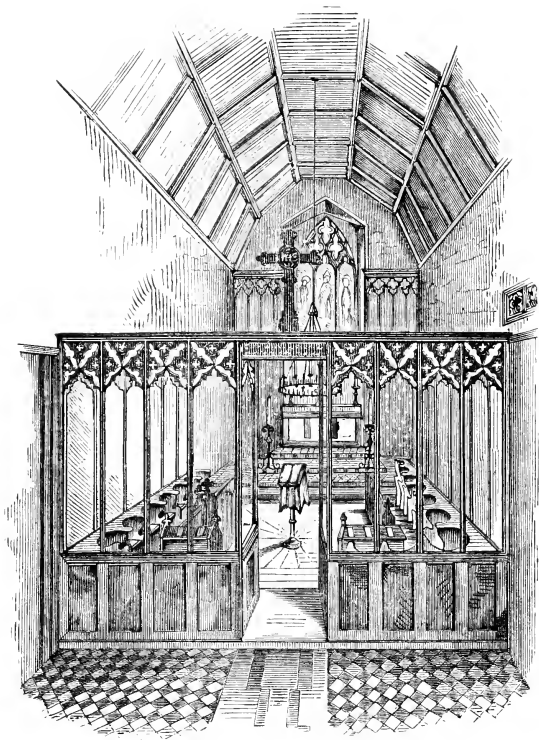
“‘I purpose writing to him’ (the Warden), ‘requesting that he will abstain from officiating in any Church or Chapel in my diocese, *if he should be requested to give such assistance*, until he shall previously have communicated with me.’

“Now it is clear that the Warden could not be ‘requested to give assistance’ in his own Chapel, and therefore equally clear that the inhibition was not, at that time, intended to refer to that Chapel.

“2. The Warden, when placed in his present position, was placed there with the full understanding that he was to defend its rights and privileges, in as full and complete a state as he had received them. It mattered not whether exemption were or were not undesirable—were or were not an anomaly;—a right of the College it was supposed to be, and the Warden, believing that right to have been invaded, thought it his duty to defend it.

“3. If it be said that, the case being so, that the Warden could neither yield without betraying a trust, nor persevere without seeming to oppose the Bishop of Chichester, it was his duty to resign his office, the following facts should be taken into consideration. The Warden had been entrusted with the spiritual care of a number of persons, for whom he was responsible; persons, not in the ordinary condition of parishioners, but (for the most part) with one foot in the grave;—persons to whom the ordinary means of grace in the Parish Church were, from infirmity and deafness, inaccessible; persons who, if deserted by him, were left to their own resources in preparing for their own great change.





SACKVILLE COLLEGE CHAPEL.

It is not argued that these, or that any, considerations could make right a step in itself wrong : but simply that, where the whole question seemed to be one of expediency, such arguments may and ought to have great weight in its decision.

"4. It is to be assumed that the Bishop of Chichester wished for his simple right, and for nothing beyond it. But had the Warden observed the inhibition so far as regarded the College Chapel, what that right was could never have been known. The carrying on the services in that building was therefore no more to be regarded as wilful disrespect towards the Bishop, than the institution of a friendly suit in a civil court supposes hostility between the parties concerned in it.

"In a few days, the Bishop wrote the following letter to the Churchwardens of East Grinstead :—

"" Hastings, 12th May, 1847.

"" GENTLEMEN,—IN CONSEQUENCE OF WHAT I SAW IN THE CHAPEL OF SACKVILLE COLLEGE, I have felt it my duty to inhibit the Rev. J. M. Neale from celebrating Divine Worship, and from exercising clerical functions in my Diocese.

"" You have no jurisdiction or authority within the walls of that establishment. Nevertheless, you must have means *by inquiry*, if not, by reports, *which, without inquiry*, may reach you, of learning whether Mr. Neale obeys the inhibition, or continues to officiate there; and you are the fittest persons to whom I can apply for such information.

"" I will be obliged to you then to inform me, by letter directed to me at Chichester, *if you hear of his doing so* : and to state the days and hours of the day when the offence was committed, if you are able to learn them.

"" It is important also to me to know whether, in past times, and especially since Mr. Neale officiated there—the Chapel has been open at the hour of Divine Service to others besides the inmates of the Hospital;—whether any person who chose could walk in and be present.

"" I am, Gentlemen, your faithful Pastor and Servant,

"" A. T. CICESTR.'

"The first sentence showed what was the whole origin and ground of the inhibition, nowhere, however, to be found in the articles exhibited against the Warden, although obscurely hinted at by the Judge who tried the cause.

"The Churchwardens waited on the Warden, to ask what they were to do. The Warden declined to reply to any questions con-

nected with the performance of Divine Worship in the Chapel, on the ground that the Bishop had himself said to them, 'You have no authority or jurisdiction within the walls of that establishment.' But with regard to the other question, 'whether any person who chose could walk in and be present' during prayers, Mr. Neale informed the Churchwardens—what they already knew—that strict orders had been issued to the contrary, and that these orders were very well known in the town.

"One of the Churchwardens declined to reply to the Bishop's inquiries, on the ground of refusing to act as a spy :—the other, from a general principle of obedience to the Bishop, sent such particulars as he was able to collect.

"Nothing further occurred *for five months*.

"On the 14th of November, 1847, the Warden received intimation that articles were to be exhibited against him in the Court of Arches (the cause being transferred thither by letters of request from the Bishop's own Court), for administering the Holy Communion, for preaching, and for publicly reading prayers, in a certain unconsecrated building commonly known as Sackville Chapel, notwithstanding an inhibition on the part of the Bishop of Chichester.

"It is to be observed, that the office of Judge was not promoted by any of the inhabitants of East Grinstead, who might have been supposed interested in the case.

"Legal advice being taken by the acting Patron, Lord De La Warr, and the Warden, it appeared that the administration of the Holy Communion could not technically be defended ;—that preaching was doubtful ;—but that the reading of morning and evening prayers could not be an ecclesiastical offence, unless it were *public*, *i.e.*, open to all comers. This, it was evident, it never had been.

"Pending the proceedings, Lord De La Warr had more than one interview with the Bishop, in which offers were made by him as the acting Patron, with the concurrence of the Warden, for the removal from the Chapel of such decorations as might be thought objectionable.*

* "Lest the Warden should be supposed to have introduced any unusual decorations into the Chapel, the following extract from the Bishop's letter to Lord De La Warr, of March 20, 1847, is given :—' P.S. I advise the removal of the Cross.

“The Bishop’s answer was as follows :—

“‘2, Hyde Park Place, 23rd January, 1848.

“‘ My Dear Lord,—With much anxiety, and with every desire to stay my proceedings against Mr. Neale, if I could in any way come to a conclusion that I may do so consistently with my view of duty, I have thought over the proposal your Lordship made to me on Friday.

“‘ When I state that my view is that I am bound to endeavour to effect the removal, or the silencing of Mr. Neale in my Diocese, if practicable, either immediately, or at no distant time, your Lordship will perceive that I cannot entertain a hope that the conference proposed between the legal advisers on either side will lead to a conclusion to which I could give my consent.

“‘ If such an issue as I have intimated could be contemplated, I would be far from objecting to its being accomplished through the Visitors ; but I could not reconcile myself to an arrangement which should stop short eventually of this result.

“‘ Believe me, my dear Lord, yours very faithfully,

“‘ The Earl De La Warr.

A. T. CICESTR.’

“Lord De La Warr urged that, supposing the Bishop successful in every particular, the Warden would not thereby be removed ; that the only difference would be that the aged and infirm inmates of the College would be deprived of the daily ministrations of a Clergyman and of the weekly Communion : and, to several, access to the means of grace would be rendered well-nigh impracticable.

“The Bishop replied that he could not help the consequences ; and the suit went on.

That symbol has been allowed to remain on the outside of our Churches, and even in them, in places where there can be no danger of abuse. She (our Church) does not recognize the lawfulness of using any material symbol anywhere (but in the two Sacraments as ordained) for the purpose of acting on the memory, or the thoughts, or feelings of those who worship in her Communion. She uses the sign of the Cross in Baptism not in this manner, and carefully explains her use of it there. In the Homily against the peril of Idolatry, the worship of Images is distinctly affirmed to have grown out of the hazardous practice of employing them for such purposes. And in the third part of the Homily, wooden Crosses are specially mentioned. We may remember, too, that the Cross has attained to the honours of Saintship, in the Roman Calendar. I would again ask, then, is this Cross put up for no end? and no purpose? or, for such a purpose as is hinted above? In any case I advise its removal. Our Church recognizes no material helps to devotion.’

“And in another letter :—

“‘ When I entered the Chapel and saw the degrading character of Romanistic observances so decidedly exhibited, I felt it to be my duty by whatever power I might have, to stop Mr. Neale from continuing to debase the minds of these poor people with his spiritual haberdashery.’

“Two circumstances occurred, while preparations were making, which may not pass unnoticed. The great difficulty with which the Bishop's lawyers had to contend, was the attempt to prove the prayers public. A gentleman attended from Chichester, sent privately for witnesses from the town, took down the names of the Warden's servants, inquired for the names of the servants of some relations who had been staying the previous summer at the College, and, when there was a difficulty in finding the residence of a maid servant, who had formerly lived in the Warden's family, the witness was informed that the reason for all this anxiety in ascertaining where she resided, arose from *her having come into a fortune*.

“As it appears that proof could not thus be collected, another attempt was made. The Chapel of Sackville College has, at its west door, a curtain projecting inwards, and forming three sides of a square, for the purpose of keeping out the wind. Behind this curtain a stranger secreted himself during the beginning of evening prayers; and during the first lesson endeavoured to slide quietly into the remotest and darkest seat. The Warden fortunately saw him, and gave orders that he should be requested to withdraw. Had he not so done, it might have been said that the prayers in the Chapel were public.

“All preliminaries having been arranged, the Commission of Inquiry was opened in the Parish Church of East Grinstead, on Monday, the 4th of April, 1848. To those who are not acquainted with the method of the Court of Arches, it may be proper to state, that a proctor attends on either side, and a sworn examiner. All the questions are by interrogatories, and written counter-interrogatories; so that according to the system pursued by the Court, a real and *bona fide* cross-examination is impossible. The examination is quite private; and the answers only known when, having been fairly transcribed, they are communicated by the Examiner to the proctors on both sides. The great aim of the Bishop's proctor was, to prove that strangers had been admitted into the Chapel, and that it was consequently public. The proctor had given notice that he would have four witnesses examined; he had a long private conversation with all these witnesses before they went in to the examiner, and finding that one of the four witnesses would

not serve his turn, he would not allow her to be examined: and the usual method of proceeding admitted of no remedy for this.

“On Saturday, June 3, 1848, the case was heard in the Court of Arches.

“For the Warden, the Queen's Advocate and Dr. Bayford contended that Mr. Neale was bound by the Statutes of the College to read prayers morning and evening; that these prayers were strictly private, as being confined to the inmates of the College, and such friends* as might be paying a visit to the Warden; that on two occasions strangers had been actually turned out of Chapel, and in many more, warned that they could not attend it; that this prohibition was known in the town; that with respect to the administration of the Holy Communion, it had been done without license, because a license was believed to be unnecessary; that it could not be a crime in itself; that preaching to such a congregation was not public preaching, but merely private exposition, in itself praiseworthy, and not ecclesiastically forbidden; that the notion of the exemption of the College, if a mistake, was not a mistake of Mr. Neale's, but had been believed and acted upon for years; that it would therefore be unjust to punish him for what was in itself laudable, and if technically wrong, technically wrong only from a mistake which came down to him by a tradition of two hundred and forty years, which was believed by the Patrons of the College, and maintained as a part of their rights.

“For the Bishop, Dr. Addams and Dr. R. Phillimore contended that the Chapel of Sackville College could not be shown to be, according to the Seventy-first Canon, ‘dedicated and allowed according to the Ecclesiastical Laws of this Realm’; the Holy Communion had nevertheless been celebrated, and sermons preached in it; the Charter was nothing to the Court; the

*“It would not be difficult here to show that the Bishop himself never considered such attendance in Chapel as public, any more than the attendance of Lord and Lady De La Warr and family, after a visit to the College, and a dinner in the hall, on Michaelmas Day, 1846; or even the attendance of the children of the National School, when invited to a Christmas party by the Warden—all which circumstances were well known to the Bishop.

praiseworthiness of the action was immaterial to the present inquiry.

“ The following is the judgment of Sir H. J. Fust :—

“ The learned judge said that the question was one not confined to Sackville College, but of general importance. He should like to have had some authority stated to him upon which the Court could rely, for saying that any Clergyman had a right to perform Divine offices, save to his own private family, without the license of the Bishop. There was nothing to satisfy him that the inmates of this College formed one family establishment. There was, however, something in this case behind what appeared on the face of the papers. He collected it from an interrogatory addressed to one of the witnesses, who stated in reply that the parishioners of East Grinstead were composed of two parties, the high and the low Church; that by the former Mr. Neale was highly esteemed, and by the latter equally disliked. The Seventy-first Canon was conclusive on the point before him. There was no proof whatever that there was in this College any Chapel dedicated and allowed by the Ecclesiastical law of the realm. Mr. Neale, according to the evidence, was the Warden of the College; but why the Court was not to have laid before it in the usual course of pleading the foundation of the College, and why Mr. Neale claimed to himself a right to officiate in spite of the Bishop, he (the learned judge) could not conjecture. In one sense the inmates of the College might be said to be under the same roof; they might have private apartments and a common dining table, but that would not constitute them a private family. Occasionally other persons, certainly not very numerous, had been permitted to attend the Chapel. Under what pretence had they been introduced? That of taking tea with Mr. Neale. It also appeared that the rev. gentleman administered the Sacrament three Sundays in every month; that he read the Litany on other occasions, and that he read prayers every Sunday afternoon. If this were not a private family, these ministrations must be regarded as public. Those persons who were stopping, as it was termed, with the rev. gentleman, might be considered as part of his household, but the performance of these Divine offices, not only without a license from the Bishop, but against his positive injunctions, was in his (the learned judge's) opinion an ecclesiastical offence. What might be the motives of the Bishop he knew not, but doubtless his Lordship was justified in instituting the proceedings. Something might have turned on the production of the charter if it had been exhibited. It was said that the Warden was compelled to perform the duties; it appeared, however, that the predecessor of Mr. Neale was a layman, and that he read prayers twice a week in conformity probably with the statutes. Mr. Neale was liable to ecclesiastical censure, but the Court would be satisfied

with admonishing him to abstain from officiating in future without due authority, that authority being the license of the Bishop. Mr. Neale must also be condemned in the costs of the proceedings.*

“By way of contrast to these proceedings, within ten miles of East Grinstead, and in the same diocese, is a chapel in a very similar situation with that of Sackville College—itsself unconsecrated, its Clergyman unlicensed—yet neither interfered with by the Bishop, and all the Services therein notoriously public.†

“Sackville College is, therefore, now left in a very anomalous condition. A Warden in holy orders, eager to carry out all the privileges of the Church in its daily prayers and weekly Communions, yet unable to officiate in the College Chapel; poor people who have in some degree learnt the value of those privileges, who are tottering on the verge of the grave, and are forced to content themselves with the morning and evening prayers, as read to them by one of their brethren;—sermons prohibited, though from deafness and infirmity the inmates of the College reap little benefit from those delivered in the parish church: the means of grace in the Celebration of the Holy Communion withheld from them within the walls of their asylum.

* *From the Rev. B. Webb.* 3rd June, 1848. “My dear Neale,—You never told me the time of the trial. I got there soon after 11, and was late . . .

“Neither of the advocates, nor the judge, got up the case. Dodson clearly had not read it through. I never heard such astounding ignorance on all sides: such a mockery of justice. There was not a single good thing said on either side. I think Fust meant to be fair; and if the Statutes had been produced and I had been your advocate, you would have established the right of reading prayers.

“It seems to me that you may now exclude the Collegians, keep the Chapel key, and use it for your own oratory:—and no great loss.

“West said, ‘What a judgment: he may not read prayers, and yet is ordered to do so!’ This is just the point: but for this absurdity you may thank your own advocates. They never even pleaded that you were bound to read prayers, at least twice a week.

“In short, the humbug of the proceeding would have made me low-spirited had not I remembered that the fate of the Court is sealed. I came out, and immediately saw the posting-bill of the *Dispatch*, ‘The infamous Ecclesiastical Courts,’ and went home to read a stinging article in the *Times* against them. (How much the Court resembles a basilica: bema, chorus, arch of triumph!)” . . .

J. M. N. to Mrs. Neale. “Sunday in Oct. Asc., 1848. My dearest love,—You will have heard from B. W. this morning the result of the trial. Remember that

It is not ignominious to be wronged . . .

I am now going about the testimonials in all spirit.”

† “And this is still true. February, 1853.

“And for what reasons? The Bishop has already assigned them:—‘In consequence of what I saw in the Chapel of Sackville College, I have felt it my duty to inhibit the Rev. J. M. Neale.’ The reader will gather from the preceding statement what the Bishop really did see, and will draw his own conclusions as to the comparative weight of the offence and of the punishment.

“In the nine months which followed the writing of the above Statement, several attempts were made to induce the Bishop to grant a license to the Warden; or at all events to withdraw the inhibition, and allow matters to resume their old footing. The two following letters conclude the correspondence.

“‘Sackville College, March 26, 1849.

“‘My Lord—Holy Week now drawing on, a time in which, above all others, the poor people here have been accustomed to prayers and instructions, from which this year they will be debarred, I am induced to make one more appeal to your Lordship for them and for myself.

“‘If in anything that I may before have written, I may either have inadvertently said what has given your Lordship offence—or if I have been carried away by what seemed to me the necessity and the hardship of the case, to say more than I intended, or more than I ought, I earnestly hope that your Lordship will forgive it. I should be unworthy to be a Priest in our Church did I not severely feel the deprivation of the power of acting as one where I am placed: and, what I feel strongly, I may possibly have expressed too strongly. Your Lordship will, I am sure, and more especially at this time, forgive me if such has been the case: but above all things will not visit that fault of mine upon those amongst whom I am.

“‘Every offer that I could imagine your Lordship could even wish, has been by Lord De La Warr and myself already made. I have nothing more in that respect which I can do. I can but say again, that every arrangement of which your Lordship might disapprove should—so far as I am concerned—be altered. I can but again protest that there is no one, in the whole Church of England, more faithful to her than I am: no one to whom it would be more impossible to desert her for Rome. Why am I not to be believed when I assert this? which I do most strongly, and as in the presence of God. I may safely challenge any one to show a single passage I have ever written which looks Romewards; while I can point to many and many intended to satisfy the doubting as to the claims of the English Church. Your Lordship will allow that the *Dublin Review* ought

to be a good judge of what has a tendency to Rome. In reviewing the first two volumes of my "History of the Eastern Church," they say, of one account:—"It can only be explained on the hypothesis of strong prepossessions against Rome." And of another, that "it presents more decided indications of a partizan spirit, and a greater leaning to the anti-Roman side than any other portion of these volumes;" and so through the whole review, which is of some thirty pages.

"My Lord, all we ask is, that the suspension may be withdrawn as far as regards the College. We ask for no formal removal, only for a tacit allowance. I have neither time, strength, nor wish (except so far as the removal of a mark of disapprobation must necessarily be pleasing), to officiate elsewhere in the diocese. But in this place, to be able to officiate, there is nothing right, nothing allowable, that I would not say and do—no trouble that I would not willingly take. Your Lordship speaks of interference in another man's parish. Surely, if the Vicar does not feel the intrusion, there can be none. I am now taking the very lowest grounds, and I am very much mistaken if—did the decision rest with him—it would not be in my favour. Nothing is further from my wish than to interfere with him; as he, I am sure, would be the first to confess. When he has been willing to accept my services he has had them, and shall have them.

"In conclusion, I would entreat your Lordship to reconsider a case which you owned to Lord De La Warr "seemed a hard one." I appeal to your Lordship's generosity, because the power is entirely on your side; to your Lordship's sense of justice, because a year's suspension is considered sufficient punishment for very flagrant offences: to your Lordship's dealings in similar cases, for few Clergymen coming for institution could produce higher testimonials than those which Lord De La Warr submitted to you: and lastly, if your Lordship has felt hurt, or has been injured, either by the lawsuit, or by any behaviour of mine—to your remembrance of Him Who at this time set us an example of forgiving: and on all these grounds I ask your Lordship, as earnestly as a man ever asked anything, to allow me, on what conditions you please, to officiate in this place (I say nothing of the diocese in general), it being clearly in your Lordship's power at any moment to withdraw that permission, and to restore the present state of things.

"I remain, my Lord,

"Your Lordship's obedient and faithful Servant,
"J. M. NEALE."

"43, Queen Anne St., 28 March, 1849.

"Reverend Sir,—In reply to your letter received this morning, I beg to say, that I never have alleged that you have given me any offence, and that I should hope I have neither said or done anything which should

lead to the conclusion that I have been influenced by any such motive. With respect to the request now again proffered by you, nothing has occurred in the interval since my last reply to alter the position in which respectively we are placed; neither do I think the situation of the inmates of the Hospital a ground on which to call upon me to take the step you propose.

“ I remain, Reverend Sir, your faithful brother,
 “ Rev. J. M. Neale. A. T. CICESTR.’

* * * * *

“ So ended the first edition of this Statement: the correspondence that follows will bring it down to the present time (1853).

“ During the three succeeding years, many attempts were made both by Clergy in and out of the diocese, and by a Prelate in some slight degree connected with it,* to induce the Bishop either to state the charge on which his inhibition was founded, or to withdraw it, but in vain.

“ At the end of 1851, the inmates of Sackville College, without the knowledge of the Warden and his family, forwarded the following memorial to the Bishop. It should be premised that the majority are aged and infirm people—some heavily afflicted with blindness (*three are stone blind*), deafness, and the many ills of decrepit old age.

“ There are only about *half* that can attend the service in Church (which is open on Sundays alone), and of those who do so many cannot hear.

“ *The Memorial of the Pensioners and Inmates of Sackville College, to the Lord Bishop of Chichester.*

“ “ May it please your Lordship,—We, the undersigned, inmates of Sackville College, humbly implore your Lordship's pardon for presuming to address you, but we cannot forbear representing to your Lordship the great hardship which we suffer, in consequence of your having seen fit to forbid our Minister to officiate in the Chapel. We do not doubt that your Lordship knows best what is right—better than we do: but if your Lordship will condescend to make inquiries, we are quite sure you would find Mr. Neale an excellent Minister, as well as most kind to his people, and very much beloved by them. And if your Lordship would give him leave to read the Service in Chapel as he should do, we should be very much comforted, and very grateful to your Lordship, and pray that your Lord-

* Bishop Wilberforce.—ED.

ship may long live in health and happiness here below ; and finally after this life, attain everlasting joy, shall be the prayer of your Lordship's humble servants.

(Signed)

Sarah Andrews	} Sister Pensioners.
Elizabeth Hooker	
Elizabeth Alcock	
Jane Beard	
Mary Wren	

William Everest	} Brother Pensioners.
George Taylor	
Richard Jenner	
William Wren	
Edward Martin	

Sarah Leith

Elizabeth Histed

Mary Anne Leith

Mary Jenks

Sarah West

Lucy Grayland

Anne Hoare

Charlotte Skeates

Sarah Ongley

Abigail Martin

Elizabeth Ongley

Emily Wells

Arabella Swaysland

Benjamin Chapman

Elizabeth Bish

John Trice.'

"The Lord Bishop of Chichester to the Pensioners and Inmates of Sackville College.

"To the Inmates of Sackville College, East Grinstead, who signed an Address to me, dated 23rd inst.

"Dear Christian Friends,—I have read your address several times since I received it—each time with a renewal of pain and sorrow. I know not what I can do to help you. I am sure those who designated Mr. Neale to the office of Warden in your College, with the intention that he should minister to you in holy things, believed they were acting for your good. I cannot, however, approve of the way in which he conducted those ministrations ; departing, as he did, from the simplicity of our ordinary Church Services, and perplexing your minds, for such cannot but be the result, with new and strange shows and observances, different to all you have been accustomed to from your youth. The knowledge of these proceedings grieved me, and obliged me to consider what it was in my power to do to relieve you from the ill effects on your religious views which I apprehended from them.

"The institution of which you are members has no Chaplain properly belonging to it. The Warden is appointed to be taken from among yourselves, and to read prayers and lessons, the collegians being assembled in the Chapel. It is right that the inmates of such a house as yours should daily offer prayer to God in social worship, and provision was thus made for their fulfilling that duty ; but they were in no degree withdrawn from the full spiritual superintendence of the Incumbent of the parish, or of the Bishop of the diocese.

“Disapproving then, as I did, of what I heard and saw of Mr. Neale's proceedings among you, I had to choose between appearing to countenance them, by abstaining from interfering, or manifesting for your benefit, and that of all who observed what was going on, my disapprobation, by the adoption of some step, which would be considered, I hoped, as a warning and a caution against the views and practices he was introducing among you.

“I need not extend my letter further. It remains only that I should say that I have no reason for supposing that, if I were to remove the restriction I felt it my duty to lay upon Mr. Neale, his views are so altered as that I might hope you would be safe from injurious influences from them. I much deplore your situation; but I cannot bring myself to be a party in placing you under the guidance of Mr. Neale.

“You have your Bibles and the Prayer Book of your Church in your hands. Read diligently in that precious Book of God's Word, with humble prayer to Him that He will be pleased to incline your hearts and to open your understandings, that you may profit thereby. Attend the public worship of your Church as often as age and infirmities will permit you. And may God of His mercy give you support, patience, and consolation in the trial He is pleased to lay upon you, in your being made the subjects of an unhappy difference, whereas we ought to be all of one heart and of one mind before Him.

“I remain, your faithful Pastor,

“A. T. CICESTR.

“Palace, Chichester, 27th December, 1851.’

“The next document is not given without some little hesitation. Its language will speak for itself; and the warmth of some of its expressions may be, if not excused, at least palliated by the grievous wrong under which these poor people had been labouring for five years.

“*The Pensioners and Inmates of Sackville College to the Earl De La Warr.*

“To the Right Honourable Earl De La Warr.

“My Lord,—We, the undersigned Pensioners of Sackville College, feeling ourselves disappointed, and our condition in no ways bettered, by the answer of the Bishop to our Petition that he would let Mr. Neale read in Chapel as he ought to do—we now pray your Lordship, as our patron, to settle to us that we may not any longer suffer this wrong, but, according to the ordering of the Statutes, we may have the Warden to read prayers in Chapel, which are now only read by one of ourselves, and all because (as we suppose) of the Bishop's dislike to Mr. Neale.

“We all heard the Bishop's letter read in the hall, and it did in no ways

“All other means having failed, the Warden drew up a petition to both houses of Convocation. At the earnest entreaty of one of the most eminent of English Bishops* (who himself has interceded warmly with the Bishop of Chichester for the College), it was never presented.

“A very long correspondence which has taken place on the subject of this petition, between the Bishop and the Rev. H. Newland, Rector of Westbourne, is not here inserted, partly because it throws no light on the original ground of suspension, although elucidating some detached facts in connection with it; but chiefly because of the great length to which the foregoing Statement has necessarily run.”

In November, 1857, Mr. J. D. Chambers, Recorder of Sarum, gave it incidentally as his formal opinion that the inhibition had no legal value, inasmuch as it contained no statement of any cause why it should be imposed.

It may be added here that, though in November, 1860, the Bishop virtually withdrew this sentence, it was never formally removed till *November, 1863*. As no definite reason had been given for its infliction, so none was given for its removal. “So—I hope”—wrote the Warden then, “ends a battle of more than sixteen years; I having neither withdrawn a single word, nor altered a single practice (except in a few instances by way of going further).”

This painful chapter can hardly be completed more fitly than by the Sermon preached in the hall of Sackville College, on Whitsun Day, 1848. Here it follows:—

“REMOVAL OF MEANS OF GRACE.

*“A Sermon preached in the Hall of Sackville College, Whitsun Day,
June 11, 1848.*

“It seems strange to all of us to meet, on the Sunday evening, in this room, instead of in the House of GOD; it seems strange to us not to have heard the prayers to which we have been accus-

* Bishop Wilberforce.

tomed, in our Chapel ; most of all, it seems strange to us on such a great Festival as this, when, had not this change happened, we should have been joining in the Psalms of our Church, in praising and magnifying the great gifts which GOD the HOLY GHOST has given to man.

“But, whenever any misfortune happens to us—for I am sure that we all feel this that has come upon us to be a misfortune—we may be sure that GOD has some lesson to teach us by it. It is not our duty to sit down idly and grieve about it, still less is it our duty to be angry and quarrelsome about it, but it is our duty so to consider it, that we may apply our hearts to wisdom.

“Now, when we find our power to receive the Holy Communion, and to hear sermons, and to have prayers read by a Priest in our own Chapel taken away from us, the natural question that our own hearts would ask is, Whose fault is this? Let us ask the question ; it is a very good one, and we may learn much from it. Whose fault is it that the privileges we have hitherto had are taken away from us?

“Now, the answer I shall give to that question is not a very pleasant one, but it is a very true one. It is what Joseph's brethren said when they were in trouble: *We are verily guilty concerning our brother.*

“It is by our fault that we have lost what we once had, and that we have deserved to lose it. I do not say yours only, but ours—mine as well as yours, a fault which we cannot confess too much, and for which we cannot be too sorry. And what fault is this? That we have not valued our privileges enough—that we have not improved them enough. And some of us may have done worse than this. Some of you may have said, as the Jews of old, ‘*What a weariness is it, to have to go so often to Chapel, to hear the same prayers over and over again, to have to attend GOD's House so often!*’ And now see what happened. GOD seems to have said to each of you—‘It shall be a weariness to you no more. These things shall be taken away from you ; you shall be much more at liberty to forget Me : you shall be much more at liberty to do as the rest of the world ;’ and this, I fear, would be like what we read about the Jews in the Book of

Psalms, *He gave them their hearts' desire, and sent leanness withal into their souls.*

“And again, those of us who have in some degree valued these privileges as we ought, and I know that there are some among you who have done so, have to ask this question, ‘Have we improved them as we ought? What have we, who went to Chapel twice every day, done better than those who went to Church only once or twice a week, and perhaps not that?’ We ought to have remembered this, that to whomsoever much is given, of him shall much be required. We ought to have remembered that while the servant who did not know his lord's will, and therefore did not do it, was beaten with few stripes, he that knew it, and yet did not do it, was beaten with many stripes. If any one has ever been able to say of us, ‘These people go to Chapel twice a day, and yet are no better than I am who never go to Church at all,’ then we have been doing great dishonour to GOD, and great dishonour to His Church; and, instead of so letting our light shine before men, that they may see our good works, and glorify our Father Which is in Heaven, we have been so displaying our evil deeds, that they have greatly injured His glory.

“Now, in cases like these, where people have had great privileges, and have either been weary of them, or have not improved them, what does GOD do? His Prophet Isaiah tells us, and as we so often find in the Bible, he tells us in the shape of a parable or story. He tells us that GOD *had a vineyard, on a very fruitful hill*: that *He fenced it*, just as He has fenced us in here from worldly cares, by making provision for us, and giving us a comfortable home: that *He gathered out the stones thereof*, as here He has taken from you the temptations which so many have to sin: that *He planted it with the choicest vine*, as here He gave you all the privileges you could desire: that *He built a tower in the midst of it*, as here He gave you one of His priests to watch over you and to take care of you: and after all this, the prophet goes on, *He looked that it should bring forth grapes*: and what else could He reasonably look for?—but *it brought forth wild grapes*: that is, it not only did not bring forth what it ought, but

it brought forth what was worse than nothing—wild grapes, which are poisonous. And in the same way, He may have been looking to us that we should bring forth, as our Prayer Book speaks, all such good works as He hath prepared for us to walk in : and instead of that, we have brought forth such evil works as He hates, and such as the Devil would have us to do. Thus, GOD in Isaiah Himself speaks :—He says : *And now, O inhabitants of Jerusalem, and men of Judah, judge, I pray you, betwixt Me and My vineyard: what could have been done more for My vineyard, that I have not done in it? wherefore when I looked that it should bring forth grapes, brought it forth wild grapes?* And that is not all. GOD proceeds : *And now go to ; I will tell you what I will do to My vineyard : I will take away the hedge thereof, and it shall be eaten up ; and I will break down the wall thereof, and it shall be trodden down ; and I will lay it waste : it shall bring forth briers and thorns ; I will also command My clouds that they rain no rain upon it.* That is, all these privileges will be withdrawn : and the grace of the HOLY GHOST, given by them, shall cease to be poured forth.

“This is a sad view to take of the matter. There is a more cheerful one which perhaps may be also true.

“The last time I spoke to you in Chapel, I took for my text that saying of our LORD'S : *It is expedient for you that I go away : for if I go not away, the Comforter will not come ;* and I showed you from that verse, that it may be sometimes expedient, that is, profitable, that our LORD should go away from us for a time. Let us see how that will apply to the present case.

“Now it has pleased Him to leave us, in a certain sense, for the present. You cannot, morning and evening, be absolved by the mouth of His Priest for the sins of which you truly and earnestly repent ; you cannot hear of Him in His house, as Sunday after Sunday, or festival after festival comes round—above all, and which is infinitely more sad than all, He cannot now be known to us every Sunday, as He was to the disciples of old, in the breaking of bread. Thus it may be said in a certain sense, that He has gone away from us. The question remains—Can it be said in any sense, that it is expedient or profitable that He should go away from us ? I think it can. Let us see how.

“However much we may have valued the privileges we have had, however much we have tried to profit by them, still the best of us might have valued them a great deal more, and might have profited by them a great deal more. It is expedient for us that we should learn to do this. And if we can only learn to do this by having those privileges taken away from us for a time—then, doubtless, it is expedient for us that they should be taken away from us for a time. Hence it may be no proof of God’s anger, but on the contrary, a proof of His love, that He for the present deprives us of them. He sees that by missing them for a time we may value them the more, and He judges that it will be expedient for us to miss them for a time, that at the last we may value them the more.

“However, it is our clear duty to answer the question, ‘By whose fault has this been done?’ by this reply, ‘By our own fault.’ If we had improved our opportunities more, for aught we can say, we should have had them still. And if at any time we are apt to think that we have been unfairly dealt with by others, we are bound only so far to think this as it may lead us to pray for those persons who, we may fancy, have not dealt kindly with us and with ours. If this be so, they need our prayers all the more. God knows that we offend Him hourly much more than they have ever offended us, and if we think harshly of them, consider that we cannot with any true faith say, ‘Forgive us our trespasses, as we forgive them that trespass against us.’ Remember this also. It is written of our LORD JESUS CHRIST that, *when He was reviled, He reviled not again: when He suffered He threatened not, but committed Himself to Him that judged righteously.* If we, in this case, have been judged unrighteously, so much the more are we like Him, provided only that we do not speak ill, or have hard thoughts of those by whom we think we are injured.

“And now let us also take comfort from this day. Our LORD, you know, before He went away from His disciples, said, as we have just heard, *If I go not away, the Comforter will not come unto you; but if I depart, I will send Him unto you.* He went, and for some time the HOLY GHOST did not come. Think how

long those ten days between Ascension Day and that first Whitsun Day must have seemed to them! Their LORD was gone away from them, and yet the HOLY GHOST was not come. They had lost the one, and had not gained the other. But He came at last, and then they knew that their LORD had spoken truly, and that it was expedient for them that He should go away.

“And so we may hope that, in GOD’S good time, He will restore to us what we have lost: that He will give us back our Holy Communions, our sermons, our joining together in Chapel as we have been accustomed. David, in one of his psalms, seems to have been in much the same condition that we are now. Hear what he says: *Now when I think thereupon*—that is, while I think on what I was once, and on what I am now—*I pour out my heart by myself; for I had gone with the multitude, I brought them forth into the house of GOD, with the voice of joy and thanksgiving, among such as keep holy day.* And how does he go on? *Why art thou so full of heaviness, O my soul; and why art thou so disquieted within me? Put thy trust in GOD, for I will yet give Him thanks.* And so we, too, I doubt not, shall yet praise Him, as we have been accustomed to do, in His House.

“And this we must remember—that although He has taken away much from us, He has still left us much. He has left us the power of hearing prayers morning and evening; not read, it is true, by one of His Priests, but yet, I well trust, read with His blessing. GOD never requires impossibilities of us. In the present case it is impossible that one of His Ministers should offer them up; therefore, doubtless, He will graciously receive the prayers which one of you offers up. GOD the HOLY GHOST, to Whom we keep this day holy, is not tied to time, or place, or circumstances. He generally works by means; but, blessed be His Name! He can work without them also. We must use them where we can, but, where we cannot, we must trust to His infinite mercy that He will accept us without them. Thus it is His pleasure, generally speaking, to forgive His people their sins, not immediately from Himself, but from the mouth of His Priests. But now, when you humbly confess, morning and evening, that you have left undone those things which you ought to have done,

and that you have done those things which you ought not to have done, and that there is no health in you, He can as well pardon you immediately as if I in His name could tell you that He pardoneth and absolveth all them that truly repent. And this comfort also we may take. It is *from* our own fault that we have been deprived of our privileges; but it is not *by* our own fault. There is a great difference between these two things. It is *from* our own fault—from our carelessness and inattention, and our little improvement of the means GOD has given us; but it is not *by* our own fault—that is, we have done nothing, so far as man is concerned, to deserve it. And we may therefore hope that, if we call upon Him, He will restore to us what He has taken away, and, as He did to Job, will bless our latter end more than our beginning.

“In the meantime, may that Blessed SPIRIT, Who with the FATHER and the SON together is worshipped and glorified, descend upon us—that, whether we are again restored to what we once had, or whether it be His pleasure that we remain as we are now, we may so please Him in this life, that finally we may attain to that heavenly kingdom where there shall be no more interruption to His service, because *His servants SHALL serve Him*; for JESUS CHRIST'S sake. Amen.”



Annals of Virgin Saints.

BY A PRIEST OF THE CHURCH OF ENGLAND.

(REV. J. M. NEALE.)

COR IN CRUCE,
CRUX IN CORDE.

[EDITOR'S NOTE.

THE Book of which a first instalment is here reprinted may be called the pioneer of all the works on kindred subjects which have since flowed in such abundance from the English Press. It is difficult to realize that, as lately as 1846, the restoration of the Religious Life amongst us was little more than a fair dream, just possible of fulfilment at some indefinite period in the far future. In the then state of public opinion, no small amount of courage and conviction were needed for the production of such a work as this. Two reasons lead now to its reproduction verbatim, including some passages in the Introduction which the lapse of forty-five years has rendered no longer applicable; first, that those readers whose memories cannot look so far back may see and thankfully acknowledge the great advances made since that time in Catholic practice: and, second, that they may see and thankfully acknowledge that Catholic principles were then and are now one and the same.

The book was a labour of love, chiefly written during the author's enforced withdrawal from active work, owing to the state of his health, and was published without his name.]

P R E F A C E .

THE work which is here presented to the reader, simple as its character, and unpretending as its size may appear, has yet been the result of no little thought, and the cause of considerable anxiety. It was proposed to the writer to undertake a series of the lives of VIRGIN SAINTS, in the hope of interesting in Primitive and Mediæval Church history, and influencing by Primitive and Mediæval example, the minds of some, for whom as a class nothing has as yet been done: those, namely, who from their sex, and their circumstances, would feel a closer interest in the subject of our biographies. It was a task of which he partly foresaw the difficulties, and on which he should not, of his own accord, have ventured; but, invited to undertake it, and anxious to do what he might in the service of our Holy Mother, he was unwilling to decline it.

It seemed proper to render it as much an Ecclesiastical History as the character of a biographical series would allow. And for this reason, among the many Virgin Saints of whom it would have been delightful to

write, those have not always been selected whose Acts have been in themselves the most interesting. It has rather been endeavoured to leave no century without its own biography, and to avoid the narration of two lives which should occupy nearly the same portion of Church history, or involve the consideration of the same great event. Thus, for example, S. Marcellina, the holy sister of S. Ambrose, does not form one of our biographies, because the same ground, the early monastick, or rather celibate, life is better occupied in the story of S. Eustochium. Thus, on the other hand, the lives of S. Scholastica and of S. Catherine de Ricci are related, rather for the historical importance, in the first instance, of the character, in the second, of the time, than for any minute particulars which have descended to us of lives, holy indeed, but uneventful. For a similar reason we have omitted the mention of such Saints as S. Catherine and S. Margaret, of whom, whatever their fame in the Church, no genuine Acts, and no authentick traditions remain. And one or two lives, as that of S. Teresa, have been omitted, because it was impossible to add anything to the biographies which have already appeared in English, nor to curtail, without injuring them.

In four instances, the lives of those have been related, who could not claim the title of *Virgin* Saints. S. RADEGUND introduces us to one of the most delightful of Ecclesiastical Historians, S. Gregory of Tours, and occupies an important historical position. S. MARGARET of CORTONA was chosen as a rare example of what could not elsewhere be given, energetic effectual penitence; S. ISABEL, as a pattern of wedded love, and charity to the poor; and S. JANE FRANCES DE CHANTAL as coming nearer to our present time and circumstances than perhaps any other of whom we write.

In the introductions to the various Lives, we have endeavoured to keep in mind the character of those to whom they are addressed. Thus, observations on musick, on needlework, on the influence conferred by personal beauty, seemed by no means out of place.

It is hardly needful to remark that, in all cases, with two or three exceptions, these Lives are derived from the original acts or biographies. From these they have been carefully and most faithfully translated; with an endeavour, however, rather to catch their spirit than to paraphrase their words. For it is certainly truer—as giving a truer idea of the times—to describe a real scene by means of an imaginary conversation (as for example in the Life of S. Potamiana), than, by a spiritless version of the historian's words, to conceal or lower the historian's meaning. It is impossible, in such a work, to translate literally at all times without so far offending against the refinement of a too refined age, as to render that distasteful which in itself is most true and beautiful. If any one doubts this, let him endeavour to translate literally the Acts of the Passion of S. Agatha.

In many instances, considerable discrepancy as to dates and other

matters of a similar kind will be found to exist between the present lives and Alban Butler's most laborious and useful collection. We have followed, almost implicitly, except where later writers have clearly proved them to be wrong—the Bollandists. Considering the character of those for whom we were writing, it seemed unnecessary to refer to authorities at the bottom of each page; the table of contents may perhaps sufficiently supply them.

Thus, then, we send this little book into the world, with a deep sense of its unworthiness of the subject, but not without the hope that it may, in some;small degree, and among those for whom it is written, effect its end.

INTRODUCTION.

I.

It was a good and holy custom in former days, that the pilgrims of this world should not only have their eyes and hearts continually directed to their happier brethren, already entered into rest, but should be in a yet closer and lovelier manner united to the Communion of Saints. That those Blessed Ones with God, once, like ourselves, hard beset with temptations of the Ghostly Enemy, and a body of death; once struggling against fightings without, and fears within; once falling seven times a day, and yet rising again;—that they take a deep interest in the trials, and in the sufferings of their militant brethren, that they are permitted to succour and console, and defend us, to defeat the malice of the Powers of Darkness, and to intercede for us before the Throne of God, no Catholick doubted, no Catholick doubts. Herein we agree with our ancestors, herein we attain to their faith, that we, too, look on this intercommunion of happy spirits with ourselves as one of the most blessed things yet vouchsafed to this fallen world. From this, it may be, that much of the springs of joy that we cannot explain—much of that gladness with which a stranger intermeddeth not, have their rise; from this, that the summer twilight, the autumn sunset, and the winter night, speak almost audibly to us of that Immortal Beauty, of which they are the faint, yet sweet figures. We may well believe that in solitary places, where the tumult and wickedness of this world intrude not; in quiet dells, where the sun pours a golden hue on the topmost leaves of aspen or beech; in hedge-side lanes, where

there is no sound save the chirp of the robin from the overhanging oak ; by solitary river-sides, where the stream flows gently among rushes and water lilies ;—we may well believe that in lonely seasons, days passed in solitude, and silent nights, good spirits have an influence over us, which, at other times, and in other places, they may not possess. This is one of the reasons why it is sometimes good to be alone : that the mind, set free from the solicitations of business, and the dissipations of frivolity, may be more open for the visitations of the departed Faithful, and, in a more especial manner, of the Saints of the Most High.

All this, I say, we own in common with the Church of other days ; but we do not, like her, carry out our more general belief into practical consolation. It was by many roads that the departed in CHRIST reached their home ; it was in differing trials that they were proved : it was after battles of varying character that they were crowned. The nearer that the road, the trial, the battle, approaches to our own, the more easily can we sympathize with it, and the greater consolation can we derive from it. The Priest, manfully bearing the burden and heat of the day, will recall with joy the memories of S. Lucian or S. Jerome, Presbyters like himself ; the Deacon will delight in the holy Diaconates and Martyrdoms of S. Laurence and S. Vincent ; the Bishop will bear a good witness in the face of worldly statesmen, and expediency-seeking rulers—speaking of GOD'S testimonies even before Kings, and not being ashamed, and will set his face like a rock, remembering the blessed examples of S. Ambrose and S. Chrysostom. The widow will rather recur to such holy women, as bereft of their earthly husband, have fixed all their thoughts on the Heavenly Bridegroom ; and the good deeds of S. Monica will be written in her heart. The Missionary will rejoice in the recollection of S. Francis Xavier, or S. Boniface of Mayence ; and stir himself up to imitate them in their holy chivalry.

And thus it comes to pass, that this method of contemplating some one Saint in particular, leads to effects far different from those which are produced by our cold, and formal, and lifeless manner of generalizing the Communion that we are privileged to hold with the Blessed.

II.

And there is another class—and it is for them that I write—whom parity of sex, of age, of circumstance, will cause to direct their thoughts to those Flowers of Purity, Celestial Gems, Brides of the Immaculate LAMB, the Virgin Saints. And a glorious and beautiful example have they set, for whom the Martyr's rose was entwined with the maiden's lily ; they, who sought and who knew no other love than that of Him Who is Love : they, in whose mouth was piety, in whose thoughts purity, in whose actions charity ; they, who by almsgiving and fasting, by daily rounds of mercy, and nightly watchings unto prayer, have, though *desolate* in the eyes of the world, *borne many more children* to Holy Church than such as were fettered by marriage ; they, who have obtained that special honour and reward enjoyed by the hundred and forty and four thousand, who follow the LAMB whithersoever He goeth, and who sing that New Song in which not even the rest of the Blessed Company of Heaven can join.

It may be said, that the case is widely different between our times and theirs. Then there were places of retirement, where a sisterhood could give themselves up to the fervency of monastick devotion ; now, there is no such port for the weary, no such refuge for the distressed. Be it so. What it may please GOD, in His own good time, to do for our Church, in restoring such retreats, He only knows ; to dwell on the sweetness of a life which is impracticable, on the blessedness of a state which is unattainable, were not only useless, but might cause discontent. If He has stripped our Church of much that is fair and venerable, He has yet left His Tabernacle among us ; but for our sins He might possibly now restore to us the losses which we have suffered. And this we may further say, GOD works by means ; and, as this is an age in which Satan and his ministers are more than ordinarily exerting themselves, so it is one in which all CHRIST'S servants are bound to be up and doing also. Not all with the same weapons ; not all in the same way. The arms by which man is bound to extend His Kingdom are forbidden to woman ; but she too has means, if she will but improve them, of advancing His

Glory. Some of those to whom I write will one day be wives and mothers ; some will remain in the higher and holier state—for it *is* a higher and a holier state—in which they now are. But there will yet be much in common for both classes ; much wherein both may take an example from the Saints of whom we are to tell.

III.

Influence is one of the greatest, one of the most fearful talents, that can be entrusted to any. The influence which women exert is notoriously great ; how is it that it is too seldom operative of permanent good ? It is the strongest of all ; because it is exerted over those who, and at the times when persons are most susceptible of influence.

Look now at that in early life. It may be a little brother or sister ; how incalculable a power over them has an elder sister ! It is in the first four years of a child's existence, that if it be learnt at all before the age of manhood, the most important lesson of all must be taught—the duties and privileges of baptismal innocence. If this were set constantly, and perseveringly, and unwearingly before young children, we should have more instances of its blessed preservation. If we taught them to pray, *PRESERVE Thou my soul, for I am holy*, we should not have so much occasion to teach them the more mournful prayer, *I have gone astray like a sheep that is lost ; O seek Thy servant*. But who is to teach them that they are fresh and strong from the Font, that they may do things that we cannot do, that they may obtain victories which we cannot obtain, that everything is in their favour, that their work is down hill, that they themselves are, emphatically, holy ; who is to teach them that the difference is incalculable between perseverance in the state in which they are, and return to it after repeated falls : between preserving the whiteness of their baptismal robes, and washing them in the bitter tears of repentance ; between a humble trust in GOD'S mercy to a son, and a trembling hope that He may, after all his wanderings, receive the poor penitent ? How can a Priest, how can even a father, teach all this, when only it can be learnt ? That is your place.

It is not to be done by asserting it once or twice, by bringing it formally forward, by dwelling on it as a lesson, but by constant and watchful seizing of opportunities, the unnoticed yet active instilling of well-timed remarks, the inference skilfully left to be drawn, the parable allowed to be interpreted ; it is in the nursery and in the parlour, in the game and in the walk, it is by gentleness and persuasiveness, by the mute eloquence of endearment and the sweet language of caress, that this great lesson is to be taught. This you can do ; this none but you can do. Done to the little ones of CHRIST, done for His sake Whose little ones they are, your pleasant labour shall in nowise lose its reward.

Again, take sickness. That you have the power of gentleness and tenderness and sympathy far beyond those of man, none denies. And these things are talents, and most precious talents, and as such, involve a most heavy responsibility. It is true, the highest sources of consolation are not yours to administer. The Power of the Keys, and the Communion of the Sick—these two great sources of comfort beyond that of earth, and of strength above that of mortality, are given to the Priests of GOD alone. But yet you may do much by suggestions, much by a whispered promise of support, much by reminding the sufferer of past mercies. To him who is tossing in the heat and restlessness of fever, you may call up the images of the hart that panteth after the water-brooks, of the shadow of a Great Rock in a weary land, of the streams that flowed from the stricken rock, of the thirsting of David for the water of Bethlehem, yea, and of Him Who, that Scripture might be fulfilled, said, *I thirst*. To him who is pining away by slow and weary disease, you may speak, as he can bear it, of the Land where *the inhabitant shall no more say, I am sick* ; of the long night watches that our Blessed LORD passed in prayer for us ; of the weariness that He deigned to know while He went about doing good. To him who is tried by severe pain, how often may you direct his thoughts, by one or two little words, to that adorable Passion, our best support under earthly, our deliverance from eternal, Agony !

So again, in affliction. And these are the offices of true Sisters

of Charity. These are works in which the Blessed Saints, whose lives we write, delighted ; for which Queens laid aside the Royal attire, Abbesses the Pastoral Staff, Princesses the pomp and luxury of a Court, and all, self.

IV.

It may be, indeed, that these opportunities of usefulness, and works of charity are not, at all times, put in the power of all. It would be well, then, if we learnt from one, who, if not taught the more perfect way of Catholick Truth, shamed, by his practice, most of those that are ; and of whom it may thus well be said, *I praised the dead more than the living*. Called to attend the death-bed of one under his charge, and thence to the active business of every-day life, he was struck with shame and sorrow for the contrast he felt in the two employments. "If," said he, "our ordinary pursuits were sanctified by the thought that they were done to, and in GOD, there would not now be the feeling of leaving a holy for an unholy scene." And, in consequence, by additional prayer, he endeavoured to attain that feeling of acting in the immediate Presence of GOD, which should attach itself to every the most trifling action of the Christian.

It is, therefore, by the quiet force of example in the family circle that you are more especially called to do GOD's work. There are a thousand little opportunities, in the course of every day, wherein you may, unnoticed by any, take up the Cross ; things so trifling in themselves, that unbelief may sometimes doubt as to the sacrifice being really acceptable to GOD : self-denials, the more useful, in that they can by no possibility obtain the praise of men. It is by the grace of obedience also, that you may do much. By obedience to earthly parents ; by obedience to your Holy Mother, the Church. It is for her daughters, as well as her sons, that she prescribes fasts and festivals : from the former she expects obedience equal in kind, though not perhaps the same in degree, as from the latter.

There are some of those to whom I write—and GOD grant that their number may increase tenfold—who have the privilege of having been educated in the obedience of the Church, as regards

this thing. To them, the observation of the Friday, of the Vigils, of Lent, is no new and untried exercise; is rather an accustomed, and a welcome discipline. There are others, who are convinced of the duty and necessity of observing such abstinence, that the flesh may be subdued to the spirit, whom the Providence of GOD has yet thrown among those who are careless about, or opposed to, the system of the Church. This is a situation which requires, in an especial manner, the assistance of the Grace of GOD: so as, neither, on the one hand, to neglect a known duty, nor, on the other, to perform it in an ostentatious manner. We all find the difficulty of the task, even where the greatest helps are afforded to us in its performance: how much more where family arrangements run counter, and our conscience is lulled by the thought, "Why have we more need for self-denial than those among whom we are? Why are the commands of the Church more binding on us than on them?"

If at any time, surely at this, is such self-denial useful, yea, and necessary. It is as S. Jerome complained of old, when writing to his friend Gaudentius, on the education of his little daughter Pacatula:—

"Our walls, and ceilings, and columns shine with gold; and CHRIST, in the poor man, is naked, and hungry, and dies without-side of our doors. We read that Aaron the Priest went to meet the raging flames; and, with lighted censer, stayed the wrath of GOD. The High Priest stood between the living and the dead; and the fire dared not to advance beyond the place where he stood. GOD spake to Moses: *Let Me alone, that I may destroy this people.* In that He saith, *I et Me alone,* He shews that He may be restrained from doing that which He hath threatened. For the power of GOD was fettered by the prayers of His servant. Who is there, think you, now living, who could stand in the way of GOD's wrath—meet the flames—say with the Apostle, *I could wish to be anathema for my brethren?* In these times has our Pacatula been born; among such things she passes her earliest years; she must be acquainted with tears before smiles, sorrow before joy; she must depart even as soon as she has entered; such let her always think the world to be."

V.

And there is, so to speak, a double reason why you, for whom I write, are bound to labour, to your utmost ability, for Holy Church. It is because you are, in a double degree, indebted to her. To woman she has given even more than to man;—more in a spiritual sense she could not; more in a temporal sense she could and did bestow. Before that Blessed above women had been privileged to reverse the curse of Eve, so that as death came by a woman, by a Woman also should life come, women were the slaves, not the companions, of men. That it is so in Pagan, and Mahometan countries we see to this day:—in the one she is the drudge, in the other the plaything, of her lord. And let us not say that this is caused by general want of refinement, and is the natural consequence of a savage state. The case was the same among the polished Athenians; and not very different among the Romans. Nay, the chosen people of GOD fared not much better.

The reason lies far deeper. It is the natural wish of man that his name should live after his own decease. It is one proof of the immortality within us that we cannot bear oblivion; that we desire after our departure into the unseen world to leave those that shall regret us, and think of us, and speak well of us. And this will be done by children as only children can do. By them a man may be represented centuries after he has mouldered into dust; inheriting his outward form (for family likeness continues through many generations), they will also inherit much of his disposition; they will speak as he would have spoken, they will counsel as he would have counselled, they will act as he would have acted. The desire of posterity, then, is natural to the human race.

Hence it follows that as it is man's to choose, and woman's to be chosen, the latter became—in a point of universal interest—dependent on the former. To go down to the grave without children was the height of unhappiness; in doing so, woman seemed to have lived in vain. So Jephtha's daughter felt the vow of her father; so, in Grecian tragedy, childlessness is often, by the heroine of the drama, lamented as the chief curse attendant

on an early death. Man and woman did not therefore stand on equal terms ; and bitterly was the woe fulfilled, *Thy desire shall be to thy husband, and he shall rule over thee.*

But Holy Church stepped in with a counteracting influence. Marriage she elevated, it is true, to the rank of a lesser Sacrament ; she pronounced it honourable in all ; she rendered it, under whatever circumstances, absolutely indissoluble ; she flung grace over its celebration, and pronounced blessing on its contraction.

Yet, for all this, she pronounced authoritatively that it was not the highest condition for her children. She led them to desire a more perfect way ; she pointed out to them a place and a name better than of sons and daughters, and she gave honour to that which had hitherto been held in contempt. The last was first, and the first last.

And lo ! the condition of her daughters was at once altered. They no longer looked forward to earthly love as their happiest state. They knew that the desolate should bear many more children than the married wife. They were no longer dependent ; a new and a holy freedom was bestowed on them. Man, that could formerly command, had now to sue. And more than this, those who were capable of being elected to so high an honour, as to be the Brides of CHRIST, henceforth ceased to be the slaves of human passions. They acquired a dignity which they had not before possessed : a dignity of which chivalry and romance were the true and living expressions. And chivalry therefore, was more or less co-extensive with the Church.

VI.

It will be fitting that we should listen to the words, before we read of the examples, of the Church. And let us attend to S. Jerome, writing to one, who had already dedicated herself to CHRIST ; and of whose history we shall hereafter have to tell. " As long as we are detained in this frail body, as long as we have this treasure in earthen vessels, and the flesh lusteth against the spirit, and the spirit against the flesh, there is no certain victory. Our adversary the devil, as a roaring lion, goeth about, seeking

whom he may devour. If the Apostle, a Vessel of Election, and set apart for the Gospel of CHRIST, kept under his body, and brought it into subjection, on account of the stings of the flesh, and the incentives of vices, lest, after preaching to others, he himself should be a cast-away ; and yet for all this, findeth another law in his members, warring against the law of his mind, and bringing him in captivity unto the law of sin :—after nakedness, fastings, hunger, imprisonments, stripes, punishments, he turns on himself and exclaims, *O wretched man that I am! who shall deliver me from the body of this death?*—do you think that you ought to be careless? Beware, I pray, lest GOD should say concerning you, *The Virgin of Israel hath fallen, and there is none to raise her up*

“The Bride of CHRIST is the Ark of the Covenant, that was gilded within and without, and held the Law of GOD. As in that there was nothing but the tables of the Law, so let it be in thee. Mary chose the good part which should never be taken away from her. Be you, too, a Mary ; prefer learning to tables. Let your sisters run hither and thither, and seek how they may entertain CHRIST as their guest. Do you cast off, once and for ever, the weight of worldly cares, and sit at the LORD’S feet, and say, *I have found Him Whom my soul sought ; I have found Him, and will not let Him go.* Are you praying? You are speaking to your Heavenly Bridegroom. Are you reading? He is speaking to you When you give alms, let GOD alone see. When you fast, be of a cheerful countenance. Let your dress be neither rich, nor untidy ; in short, let it be in no respect singular. Do not wish to appear religious, nor more humble than is necessary : lest, pretending to fly, you in reality seek for victory Neither affected poverty, nor exquisite ornament, is befitting the Christian. If you are ignorant on any point, if you doubt concerning the Scriptures, ask him whom his life commends, whose age may render it not improper, whose reputation is without a stain. Or if there is none who can explain it, it is better to be ignorant with safety than to discuss with danger. If you have any maidens who have agreed in the same resolution with yourself, do not behave haughtily towards them, nor be puffed up as

being their mistress. Ye have begun to have one Bridegroom, ye sing together, ye together receive the Body of CHRIST; why do ye not use the same diet? Let others be stirred up also to the same course; let the honour attaching itself to the Virgins of CHRIST be an invitation to others. If you find any weak in faith, take her in hand, console, speak kindly to her, and count her good thy gain.

“Avarice is to be avoided: not that of seeking what is another's, for that the publick laws forbid; but that of keeping what is your own, seeing that it is, in fact, others'. We have nothing to do with hoards of gold and silver: our possession is spiritual. *No man can serve two masters.* Anxieties for support are the thorns that choke faith. The root of avarice is the care for relations. It is when you despise sublunary things, and are united with CHRIST, that you will sing:—*The LORD is the portion of mine inheritance.* He that hath crucified the flesh, with its affections and lusts, will freely cry out—*Who shall separate us from the Love of CHRIST?* Which of the Saints hath been crowned without a conflict? Examine, and you will find that all endured adversities. Solomon only led a life of luxury: and on that account he was perhaps a cast-away. *For whom the LORD loveth, He chasteneth, and scourgeth every son whom He receiveth.* Is it not better for a short time to fight, to carry the palisade, to take arms, to be weary under the coat of mail, and afterwards to know the victor's joy, than, from impatience of enduring the toil of one hour, to be a slave for ever? Nothing is hard to him that loves; no labour is difficult to him that desires. Love we CHRIST, and ever seek we His embraces; and every hardship will seem easy; we shall think every long thing short. The Kingdom of Heaven suffereth violence, and the violent take it by force. Unless you use force, you will not take the Kingdom of Heaven. As often as the vain ambition of the world shall have delighted you, as often as you shall have seen some glorious earthly spectacle, pass in your mind into Paradise; begin to be what you will be; and strengthened alike in body and mind, you will cry out and say, *Many waters cannot quench love, nor rivers overwhelm it.*”

Such was the advice which this Holy Father thought necessary for a young Roman lady. Much of what he says is applicable to the present times ; some few expressions there are, which may not so strictly apply. Yet this is to be noticed—that they to whom S. Jerome wrote in this and similar epistles, though living under a vow, were living at home, were mixing more or less in the world (and what a sink of wickedness was even then the Roman world, in spite of the illumination which many in it had received !) and were, therefore, more in the situation of those who may read these pages, than such as in later times assumed the vows in a Religious House.

It is worth the observing, that the especial virtues which the Church most highly prizes, are just those which shine more beautifully in woman, than even in man. To suffer, as we all know, is for the former ; to do, for the latter : and the Church sets more store on sufferings than on actions. *I will shew him how great things he must suffer for My Name's sake* is as true now as ever. Man, in the present state of the world, must act more and bear less ; must oppose and be opposed more ; must be brought into more strife, than a true son of the Church would wish :—woman need not. It is her privilege, as well as her duty, to bear.

If you wish to know what is the Church's perfection of the feminine character, if you wish to see it in all its softness, its firmness, its repose, its loveliness, go into a quiet country Church at twilight, and stand before a female effigy of the thirteenth century. There should be just light enough to reveal the chiselled purity and heavenliness of the eye and mouth, the trustfulness and prayer of the clasped hands, the resignation and self-repose of the whole figure. It is an idea, which it would have been morally impossible for a Grecian sculptor to conceive ; and which only the exaltation of woman, by means of the Blessed among women, could have rendered possible.

And now I am going to lay before you the lives of some of the more illustrious among the glorious band of Virgin Martyrs and Confessors. It is a lovely task ; and yet, even as I begin it, I shrink from it. To write unworthily of them is not only to do

them dishonour, but to dishonour Him also Whose Brides they were. To paint ill their Heavenly Beauty, is to speak lightly of Him Who gave them that beauty, yea, Who is Himself Beauty, as well as Truth. He so teach me what to say, He so teach me how to say, that I neither dishonour Him, nor do wrong to the memory of His Saints!

And of you who may read these pages, I would earnestly entreat, that you would, in return for them, raise one prayer for the writer, that, himself undeserving to write of the Pure in Heart, he may yet, through the merits of our Saviour JESUS CHRIST, find mercy of the LORD in That Day!

S. THECLA.

VIRGIN AND PROTOMARTYR, IN THE FIRST PERSECUTION.

(About A.D. 68.)

IT is a mark of the age in which we live, that it refuses to believe in the truth of any historical account, unless time, place, persons, and circumstances are explicitly and accurately stated. The slightest anachronism, real or imagined, which in the course of years may have insinuated itself into an ancient story, throws it into disrepute, and exposes its believers to the charge of credulity. Hence popular traditions, which almost always contain much that is true, and are hardly ever free from something that is false, are disregarded and despised:—hence ecclesiastical legends, more especially when they involve the miraculous, are laid aside with a smile of pity and contempt. It was not so in bygone days. Our fathers were content to derive edification from the sum of a tale, sundry details of which were perhaps falsified or corrupted: they did not reject the whole because of its parts, but they gave honour to the parts because of the whole. The world has long since declared which is the wiser habit of thought:—true wisdom, more especially true historic wisdom, is now-a-days made to consist in doubting everything. An Apostle has taught us otherwise: love—and what is true love but true wisdom?—if she *beareth all things, believeth all things* also.

And these remarks are not unsuitable, when we are about to

write of her who is the first to come forward in the lovely chorus of the Virgin Saints. It is the constant tradition of the Church, that, in the middle of the first age, Asia was honoured by the sanctity and the good confession of the Holy Virgin, Thecla. But for detailed particulars of her life and sufferings we look in vain. It is recorded, that towards the end of the same century, a certain priest of Ephesus forged a volume, which he entitled "The Travels of S. Paul and S. Thecla ;" and that, having been convicted on his own confession, he was by S. John the Evangelist deposed from the priesthood. In the fifth age, Basil of Seleucia, a bishop of some note in Church history, wrote the life of the same saint ; but his work bears evident marks of having been derived from fabulous sources, and in particular from the condemned acts of the Ephesian priest.

The learned ecclesiastical historian, Tillemont, has, with great industry, amassed the scattered passages in which various Fathers have spoken of S. Thecla, and woven them into one continuous account. He has laboured reverently and usefully, and we may with thankful hearts enter into his labours.

S. Thecla was born in Isauria ; and, it would seem, not long subsequently to the Ascension of our Blessed LORD. Brought up in all the luxuries that rank and wealth could bestow—unable to form a wish that was not gratified—taught to look forward to the full delights of rank, and riches, and love—what wonder that she should adopt the Epicurean philosophy of her age and country, and say in her heart, *Let us eat and drink, for to-morrow we die?* The strictness of seclusion and education, which in earlier ages had been the lot of both Grecian and Roman maidens, was in the corrupt days of the Cæsars, much relaxed. But even then, when she knew Him not, GOD kept His servant from falling into open and scandalous sin. Far from Him, no doubt, she was ; but yet virtuous, so far as heathen virtue went. And her mind was stored with the polite literature of the time : not only with poetry and history, but with the abstruser studies of philosophy. She had heard, from Plato, of the immortality of the soul ; she had said, with Cicero, "If it be an error so to believe, the gods grant that I may die in that error ;" and, in process of time, she

was to learn a truer and a deeper philosophy than that of the Academy or the Porch.

One so richly endowed with fortune, and wisdom, and beauty, could not want suitors to contend for her smiles. And with the full approbation of her parents, she was ere long engaged to a young nobleman of the country, not more distinguished for his riches than for his generous and liberal spirit. The accustomed sacrifices had been offered—the wonted presents received—and now nothing was thought of save the preparations for the bridal, and the bridal joy. Iconium was full of the news, and a hundred voices were ready to join in the ancient wedding wish, “From home to home!”

While these things were in preparation, the city was thrown into excitement by the preaching of two Jewish strangers. The sect of the Jews was well known, and everywhere spoken against; but it sought not to make proselytes, and was content with the liberty of using its own rites in secret. The case was far different with these teachers. It was said that they affirmed doctrines of the most wonderful kind:—that they spoke of ONE Who had been crucified in Judæa some years before, as their LORD, and their GOD; that they asserted the resurrection of the body from the grave; and taught of a life to come, where every man would receive according to the works which he had done in this. It was further reported, that they had at Lystra restored to health a certain man impotent in his feet, a cripple from his mother's womb, who had never walked; that the multitude had been witnesses to the wonder, and had cried out in the speech of Lycaonia, *The gods are come down to us in the likeness of men*; that rumour held them to be, respectively, Jupiter and Mercurius; that the priest of Jupiter would have done sacrifice to them, had they not, in the strongest manner, entreated him to forbear, insisting that gods made with hands were no gods at all;—and finally, that they were preaching the same doctrines, and performing the like miracles in Iconium.

Thecla was eager to hear for herself; and her desire overcame her fears and her pride. She inquired for the Jewish synagogue; and, in the lowest and most miserable part of the city, she was

to be found in search of it. The strangers, she was told, were in the habit of preaching there every seventh day; and on the Sabbath, accordingly, she was among their listeners. From one who stood by she learned that the names of the teachers of these new doctrines were Paul and Barnabas;—and that Paul's energy was the more remarkable, he having in times past persecuted the faith that he now preached. At last he spoke. Then Thecla heard of righteousness, temperance, and the judgment to come;—of man's sin, and GOD's mercy;—of the worm that never dieth, and the fire that is never quenched, and of the inheritance incorruptible, undefiled, and that fadeth not away;—of the law of conscience inscribed in their hearts who had no written law of action; of the punishment that is justly due when this law is violated;—she heard also of the one Baptism for the remission of sins, of the Resurrection of the body, and the life of the world to come.

And the voice of GOD in her heart told her that this was true. She sought him in private whom she had heard in public; and from his hands, after due instruction, she received the illumination of Holy Baptism. That the Apostle, when consulted by her as to the future course of her life, counselled her to break off her engagement, and to dedicate herself wholly to GOD, is related with the strongest possible evidence. For Faustus, the Manichæan, pledged by his accursed heresy to maintain that marriage, instead of being an honourable and a holy estate, was the invention of the devil, brought forward the universal tradition of the Church as proof of this action of S. Paul, and based an argument on the Apostle's advice;—and S. Augustine, in his reply, does not deny the tradition nor question its authenticity, but explains the fact. But this is one of the instances—and there are many such in ecclesiastical, as well as in scriptural, history—where we are not to imitate the laudable actions of a saint. That S. Thecla, in obeying S. Paul, obeyed the will of GOD, none can doubt; as little can we doubt that a similar course under ordinary circumstances would be displeasing in His eyes. And S. Paul himself, writing to the Corinthians, expressly teaches, *Art thou bound to a wife? seek not to be loosed*, which words apply as strongly in this respect to an engagement as to marriage itself.

The teaching of Christianity was as yet unknown among the Pagans, and the honour attached to a single life was as yet unheard of among them. For the Jews (with whom they long confounded the Christian Church) regarded celibacy as a reproach and a curse ; and therein they agreed with all the polished nations of antiquity. The resolution, therefore, of S. Thecla to break off her engagement was totally unintelligible to her parents ; and, treating it is an idle whim, they used all their endeavours to subvert it. But the Holy Virgin was proof against the threats of her father, the lamentations of her mother, the endearments of her lover, and the tears, says S. Chrysostom, of her servants, by whom she was greatly beloved ; and the admonitions of the magistrates before whom the case was laid, were as ineffectually urged, and as constantly rejected.

No long time after, Thecla left her father's house, giving up all the comforts and the hopes of this world, for the purpose of avoiding the solicitations of her family, and accompanying and ministering to S. Paul. Doubtless, here also she was acting by the special direction of Providence, or the Apostle would have discouraged such a sacrifice, and refused such attendance. The nobleman to whom the Christian maiden had been promised, now felt his love converted into hatred. He assembled his slaves and dependants, pursued and overtook her ; and, on various false accusations, induced the magistrate to imprison her. And by him, after the short mockery of a trial, she was condemned to be exposed to the beasts.

For now, it should seem, though the point is not certain, Nero had stretched forth his hand to vex the Church. In that first persecution many glorious martyrs put off mortality. At Rome, SS. Peter and Paul, on the twenty-ninth day of June, A.D. 66, received that crown which the LORD hath promised unto them that love Him ; at Milan, GOD was glorified in the Confession of SS. Gervasius and Protasius, the same who, in after ages, by the virtue of their relicks, gloriously confounded the Arians ; at Alexandria, S. Mark bore witness with his blood to the Gospel that he had preached ; and at Ravenna, S. Apollinarius, Bishop of that see, attained the honour of Confession, though his earnest desires for Martyrdom were not accomplished.

Amidst such a noble band of fellow-sufferers, one with herself in heart, and faith, and love, and well-nigh in time, S. Thecla was called to the conflict: she stood in the midst of the amphitheatre—a defenceless maiden exposed to the fury of lions. But these wild beasts, far from attacking her, walked up to the servant of CHRIST, and laying themselves down at her feet, licked them in token of submission. The keepers in vain endeavoured to enrage and excite them;—towards the Confessor of the Truth their fury was turned into gentleness. And exposed then, or at another time, to the flames, she was invulnerable by them.

Released at length from the rage of her persecutors, she again followed the Apostle on his journeys; and, as S. Gregory of Nyssa says, took in hand the sacrifice of herself, by keeping under her body and bringing it into subjection, crucifying the flesh with its affections and lusts, and becoming dead to the world, as the world was to her. And so finally, in her native Lycaonia, she fell asleep in the LORD. Though she departed by a natural death, the Church accepting, like her Master, the will for the deed, honours her with the glorious title of the Virgin Protomartyr.

S. FLAVIA DOMITILLA.

VIRGIN AND MARTYR: CONFESSOR IN THE SECOND PERSECUTION.

(About A.D. 96.)

How *hardly shall they that have riches enter into the kingdom of GOD!* So spake our Blessed LORD and MASTER; and the whole history of the Church proves the ample truth of His words. But lest He should seem to close the door of Heaven against all but the poor, He was pleased to proceed—*With men this is impossible, but not with GOD; for with GOD all things are possible.* And He has, therefore, from time to time, raised up illustrious witnesses to this His own Almightyness;—He has made choice of some that were conspicuous for worldly rank, to attain the dignity of citizens of Heaven. *All the saints salute you,* says S. Paul, *chiefly they that are of Cæsar's household.* And again, in one short verse, what various characters does he include! *Eubulus greeteth thee, and Pudens, and Linus, and Claudia.* Eubulus, of whom

we know nothing further ; Linus, the first successor of S. Peter ; Pudens, a Roman senator of wealth and rank ; and Claudia, his wife, who was, in all probability, a British lady.

The first persecution had passed ; and the Church had come forth purified. *Surely there is a vein for silver, and a place for gold where they find it.* And since that time, the abomination of desolation had stood where it ought not, and Jerusalem was trodden under foot of the Gentiles ;—and by the accomplishment of prophecy, the faith of the Church was confirmed. Domitian mounted the throne of the Cæsars, and sought, like Nero, to blot out the name of Christianity. But yet, it would seem, he persecuted rather for the indulgence of his own natural caprice and cruelty, than with the settled purpose of crushing the new sect. Now it was that S. Antipas, whose praise is in the Apocalypse, became GOD'S faithful Martyr at Pergamus ; that S. Dionysius the Areopagite finished his course at Athens ; that S. Timothy resisted unto blood at Ephesus ; and that S. John confessed before the Latin Gate, when the boiling oil had no power to hurt him whom JESUS had loved.

There dwelt in Rome, during the time of this persecution, a man of high rank, named Flavius Clemens. He was nephew to the deceased Emperor Vespasian, and consequently cousin to Domitian ; and he was doubly connected with that prince, having married his niece, Flavia Domitilla. By her he had two sons, whom Domitian destined to be his successors ;—and, changing their original names, on one of them he bestowed his own—on the other that of his father Vespasian. Their education was entrusted to the famous grammarian and most excellent orator, Quintilian ; and they were brought up with all the care and attention that their high prospects seemed to demand. But Flavius Clemens, meanwhile, had heard of the truth of CHRIST, and had embraced it with all his heart. It may be that he had first been led to study it from some of those who were of his own rank : for more than thirty years before the bonds of S. Paul were manifest in all the palace, as well as in all other places. And his new manner of life exposed him to the charge of slothfulness. Suetonius, the Latin biographer and historian, assures us that he

incurred open contempt by his idle life. His want of ambition, probably, and the little store that he set by worldly honours, led those to entertain this opinion who could imagine no other motive for the conduct of Clemens. He was, however, raised to the Consulate in the year 95; and hardly had he laid down his dignity, when, by the Emperor's command, he was ordered to prepare for death. The accusation which ended his life was, says Suetonius, of a very trifling character: and it may well be, that it was only a pretext to punish him for his suspected, if not openly professed, Christianity. And this is rendered the more probable, because Dio, in mentioning his death, attributes it to his atheism—the well-known reproach levelled against the Christians of those ages. His execution must, to use a modern phrase, have caused a great sensation in the city; for he was the first Martyr of illustrious birth. It is somewhat surprising that we have no detailed acts, or, at least, well authenticated traditions of him: but the destruction of so many ecclesiastical records under Dioclesian may account for the loss of the first; and the superior fame of Pope S. Clement, *whose name is in the Book of Life*, has perhaps attracted to itself some of the legends which were really handed down of the Martyr-Consul. And we can thus explain a tradition which asserts the Bishop of Rome to have been of the Emperor's kin.

Flavia Domitilla was involved in the same accusation with her husband; but, unlike him, was permitted to live. Three or four days, however, after his death, she was commanded by the Emperor to give her hand to another; and, on her refusal, was banished to the Island of Pandataria, in the Gulf of Puzzoli.

But this was not the Flavia Domitilla to whom we now more particularly refer. She was a niece of the Consul Clemens; and at the time of his death was banished to the Island Pontia. S. Jerome calls her the most illustrious of women, and says that the island was made famous by her imprisonment. At the end of the fourth century, the cells where she had dwelt were still shown, and still the object of veneration. How long she was confined in that little island is uncertain; but, if we believe S. Jerome, it was for a long time. Domitian, indeed, did not survive her banishment

many months, and the death of Flavius Clemens hastened his own. For Stephen, the steward of Domitilla, having, unhappily, not received her faith, and anxious to avenge the murder of his late master, cut off the tyrant in the midst of his cruelties.

It is true that Nerva, who succeeded, recalled those who had been unjustly banished by his predecessor ; but he may have had his reasons for making an exception in the case of the relations of Domitian. It would appear, therefore, that Flavia, in company with her chamberlains, S. Nereus and S. Achilles, made the place of her imprisonment the portal and the antepast of heaven. It is certain that these good servants were crowned with Martyrdom ; and it would appear, though their acts are not authentic, at Terracina. But whether S. Flavia was honoured in like manner is not certain. If she suffered, it must have been in the persecution of Trajan ; but the title of Martyr may have been applied to her, as it was to so many in the first and second ages, only as a valiant Confessor of CHRIST.

Her body was long believed to repose in the Church of S. Adrian, at Rome. But in the year 1597, Baronius, the celebrated ecclesiastical historian, who was Cardinal Priest of the title of SS. Nereus and Achilles, removed part of her remains into that Church, and her feast is celebrated on the seventh day of May.

S. SERAPHIA.

VIRGIN AND MARTYR IN THE FOURTH PERSECUTION.

(A.D. 121.)

ECCLESIASTICAL historians are not agreed on the subject of Hadrian's persecution ; whether to make it a mere sequel to that of Trajan, or to reckon it as the fourth among the ten attacks which Pagan rulers made upon the Church. Its Martyrs were less numerous and less illustrious than those of other persecutions. S. Sixtus, Bishop of Rome, was the most celebrated among them. But it raged throughout the whole of the Roman Empire, and more especially was its violence felt in Italy.

Will my readers be wearied—in this the first part of my Annals—by what may seem the sameness of succeeding histories ? Is it

tedious to hear of the same tortures, of the same temptations, of the same constancy, of the same struggle, of the same triumph? What else can be expected? What else is going on every day among ourselves? *There hath no temptation taken us, but such as is common to all men.* There is no new way of getting to Heaven. If we believe this, we may well be willing to hear how bravely others have gone forward in the old paths; how safely, after patient endurance, they entered into the heavenly Canaan.

Seraphia, of whom we write, was born at Antioch; but had, from whatever reason, become a sojourner and a slave in Italy. She was purchased by Sabina, wife of Valentine, a man, it would seem, in a respectable situation—and the daughter of Herod, a goldsmith; who, under Vespasian, had thrice confessed the truth in Rome. Notwithstanding her father's sufferings, Sabina was a Pagan; but, on receiving Seraphia under her roof, she thereby received an angel unawares. For the eastern maiden had learned the folly of idol worship; and, under the blessing of GOD, led the Italian matron to the knowledge of the true faith. The different mode of life practised, and the different principles professed, in this Christian house, seem to have attracted the attention of the little neighbourhood of the borough, where they lived;—and Verillus, a magistrate resident there, sent to command their attendance at his tribunal. Sabina, who would appear to have been, by this time, a widow, had thoughts of assembling her numerous household, and resisting the execution of the mandate; but Seraphia said, “My mother, let me go. Only believe and be earnest in prayer to our LORD. For I believe that, though I am unworthy and a sinner, the LORD JESUS CHRIST will make me His worthy handmaid.” “My daughter,” replied Sabina, “I am determined to live or die with you; and you shall not, therefore, leave me.” The *basterna* was ordered, and in it the two friends went forth to their trial.

The magistrate, on hearing of their approach, went forth to meet them in the portico. After paying the usual compliments, he expostulated in a friendly manner with Sabina: “How can you allow yourself,” said he, “to be persuaded by one who is evidently crazed? How can you disgrace the memory of your husband,

and your own rank, and incur the anger of the gods, by the adoption of this new religion? Return to your house—forget your folly—and dismiss this enchantress.” But the matron paid no attention to his words, and for that time the two Christians were permitted to retire from the tribunal.

On the third day, Seraphia was summoned alone ; but her mistress accompanied her as before. The usual demands were made by the Præfect, the usual answers returned by the Confessor, and the Acts thus proceed :—

VERILLUS. If, then, you refuse to sacrifice to our gods, draw near, and sacrifice to CHRIST.

SERAPHIA. I do so daily ; I adore and I call upon Him by day and by night.

VERILLUS. And where is the temple of your CHRIST, or what sacrifice do you offer to Him ?

SERAPHIA. The exhibition of myself pure by a chaste conversation, and the bringing of others, by His mercy, to the same profession.

VERILLUS. Is this the temple of GOD, and the sacrifice acceptable to your CHRIST ?

SERAPHIA. There is nothing more acceptable to Him than to acknowledge the true GOD, and to live purely in His service.

VERILLUS. Then you, according to your own account, are the temple of GOD ?

SERAPHIA. While by His assistance I remain pure, I am His temple. For thus saith Holy Scripture : *Ye are the temple of the living GOD, and the HOLY GHOST dwelleth in you.*

Henceforth it is the same tale that we shall have occasion so often to repeat : how the Martyr was exposed to the insults of Roman youths—how they could do no harm to her with whom the LORD was—how they were struck with dumbness—how, at the request of the judges, Seraphia restored them to the use of their speech—and how, finally, she was beaten to death with clubs, remaining firm to the end. Sabina was, for the time, left unmolested ; but in the course of the succeeding year was arrested and beheaded ; and thus these two Martyrs of CHRIST, widely separated in circumstances and rank in this life, reign together with Him in that which is to come, for ever and ever.

S. CECILIA.

VIRGIN AND MARTYR IN THE FIFTH PERSECUTION.

(About A.D. 176.) [? 230.]

IT has ever been the end and aim of Holy Church to symbolize the Heavenly by the Earthly : to use the beauty and majesty of this world in leading on her children to the yet unseen glory of the many mansions prepared for them in the next. She has pressed into her service the precious things of land and sea ; she has hallowed that which had otherwise been abused to worldly pomp ; "she has dared to *inherit the earth.*" She leaves not the snowdrop, in its spotless loveliness, to return with a smile from its laurel hedge shelter the faint caresses of a February sun ; it must deck the High Altar of the gray chancel, when we commemorate her Purification who was herself pure beyond the daughters of Eve. She will not allow the budding softness of the palm to give life and joy to the April hedge ; it must be for the solemn procession of those who go forth with the *Gloria, laus, et honor*, to celebrate the last entrance of our LORD into Jerusalem. The lily may not hide itself in the modest garden bed ; we need it when we hold High Festival on S. Margaret's Day ; it is the flower of virgins, the symbol of the pure in heart. The rose, that at morning peeped from the rustic trellice, ere noon helps to deck the choir, wherein the deeds of the Prince of Apostles are chanted by the full band of priests.

So with gold and silver, and the gems of the mine : they blaze in the Chalice and the Paten, they are curiously wrought in the mitre and the clasped cope ; they glitter in the pastoral staff and processional Cross. So with the work of the needle : the hanging, the frontal, the corporal, and the veil, all exercise the patient skill of the artist, all occupy the quiet hours of the convent. The deep forest gladly gives up its treasures ; the oak, that might have battled with the waves, or carried some royal armament to conquest and worldly glory, receives a more peaceful and more happy lot in the high roof of the minster. The cedar and the pine, the chesnut and the beech, the beauty of Lebanon and the pride of Carmel, all come up to the sanctuary, and make glorious the resting place

of the LORD'S Feet. The mountain delights to yield block after block for the rising wall ; the spice-tree its sweetness for the lighted censer ; the silkworm its labours to deck the altar ; for that the elephant gives up his ivory spoils ; for that the bee toils all day long in the recesses of summer flowers, well deserving thereby the care bestowed on it by the inhabitants of the Western Ocean's loveliest island, who will not destroy the insect that labours for Holy Church.

Thus, then, the spoils of nature come to her ; thus her children gladly offer for her service the best and the brightest of GOD'S gifts. Why? but in some faint degree to set forth that land which eye hath not seen, nor ear heard ; to allure the wanderer from the riches of earth, by means of those very riches ; to impress on the enemy's gold the stamp of the KING of kings. Faint, indeed, are these efforts ; in spite of them all it hath not entered into the heart of man to conceive the good things which GOD hath prepared for them that love Him.

Faint indeed they may be, and yet useful. Some of the wise and the holy sons of the Church have called out the principle still further, and have made a covenant with their eyes, that in beholding the pleasant things of creation each should be, as it were, to them a Sacrament of the New Heavens and the New Earth. For a sacramental life is the proper life of a Catholic : he delights in multiplying to himself these holy signs, knowing that, of a surety, the antitype will exceed the type, as much as a substance does its shadow. It may be, indeed, incomprehensible to us, as we gaze on some mountain prospect, where the glorious form is heightened by the majestic light and shade, how there can be a world which will render such scenes unworthy of a thought ; or how, such an one existing, our soul, already filled to the full with the influx of beauty, could endure more. And yet what earthly river but becomes more beautiful, when it typifies to us the River of the water of life, clear as crystal? What jutting peak, when it calls to the mind the True Rock? What mountain range, when it pictures to the eye of faith the utmost bound of the everlasting hills? The traveller, as he gazes on these things, thanks GOD for such earnestness of heavenly beauty ; they are lighted

for him with a ray far exceeding that of the noonday sun, though the man of the world has no share in his delight : a ray from that eternal glory, which gives splendour to the abodes of the Blessed.

Nor is it to the eye alone that these emblems speak ; they appeal, as powerfully and as sweetly, to the ear. Nay, and perhaps more powerfully, because more really ; because there is not only a likeness, but a sameness, in the thing signifying and the thing signified. All that we hear of the harpers harping with their harps, of the new song, of the voices, like the sound of many waters, seems to bring Heaven, in this respect, nearer earth, than in any other. For, as a poet of our own has not ill said—

“ All that we know they do above,
Is that they sing and that they love.”

And doubtless, music has always been privileged by GOD to have a power over the soul that no other material influence ever claimed ; whether, as in the case of Saul, by expelling unclean spirits from the breast, or by inviting, as in that of Elisha, more blessed tenants to be its inhabitants.

Therefore I know not whether, to those for whom I write, it ought to be a sweeter or a more solemn thought, that there is so wide a difference between the study of music, and that of all the other feminine arts and accomplishments in which they are engaged. The needle and the pencil may indeed be devoted to the service of the earthly Church : by the one may the shrine be adorned, or the poor of CHRIST clothed : by the other may the buildings of more Catholic ages be held out for the imitation or reverence of our own. But these things, which are of the earth, earthly, cannot be carried beyond the grave. It is not so with music. In learning that, you are learning an art which will endure as long as love, and that is for ever. That study which is everlasting is surely to be treated with all awe. Debased it may be, and prostituted to earthly passions, and social frivolity ; it was not made for such things. Its fountain is still pure ; it is where Cherubim and Seraphim are ; it is one of the delights of Heaven, it is one of the sciences of the “ Well-adventured.” To its fountain it of necessity must tend : it is a miserable force

which enchains it to earth : this is not its home, this can never be its rest. We may link it, in unholy marriage, to secular or sensual ideas : but GOD made it for Himself, and that which He hath joined together, let no man put asunder. I will not now speak of those recondite mysteries which wise men have found, or have imagined they found, in the dispositions of notes, in the components of tones, in the harmonies of chords. That such things should be, is more than likely : that a branch of heavenly beauty cannot be without heavenly truth, is certain : but the consent of all ages teaches us how, practically, as faith is that which binds the spirit of man, so is music that which links his soul to the unseen world.

And perhaps the heavenly strains, which are the voice of the Church Triumphant, may not differ so widely in kind, however much in degree, from those of the Church Militant. Celestial may be but the transfiguration and glorification of terrestrial, music. From the former, the latter may have acquired more than we know. It is certain that the antiphonal system of chanting was of no earthly devising : S. Ignatius had it immediately by inspiration. Palestrina constantly affirmed that his compositions were only his memories of that which, during sleep, he heard the angels sing. It may well be, also, that on those whom He has raised up to shew what music is, He bestowed only a portion of that harmony which is the endowment of His glorified servants ; even as the four Living Creatures in Ezekiel each contain the four attributes which are apportioned, one by one, to those of the Apocalyptick Vision. It may well be, that there the golden sweetness of Handel, the dark sublimity of Beethoven, the passionate pathos of Mozart, the rich variety of Haydn, may co-exist with the Catholick majesty of Palestrina.

Is it to debase our ideas of that Blessed World, the comparing it thus with this ? I trow not. Rather it is to exalt our appreciation of that in which we dwell, and with which we are engaged. Our Blessed LORD, Who knew what was in man, ever by the seen led him on to the unseen ; not judging that the former would detract from the latter ; rather that this would ennoble that.

And there is yet another reason why in Musick it may be sup-

posed that we make a nearer approach to the joys of Heaven than in any other art ; namely, that in it we rise higher above the natural charms of the world in which we live. In form and colour we sink far below that which we see around us : in both, daily and hourly, we see effects inimitable by the pencil of man. But in music it is not so. Infinitely varied, it is true, is the melody of this earth. The trees, talking with the wind, have each a separate sound : there is, as has been well said, the dash of the oak, the rustle of the aspen, the roar of the fir grove, the whisper of the cypress, the dull roll of the beech. The lazy ripple of the sea on a sunny beach, the laugh of the streamlet, running, like a child, down the mountain side, the whistle of the long grass to the wind, the howl of the tempest round shapeless rock, or withered trunk, these are each, in their turn, sweet to hear. And morning and evening, whether man speak or be silent, the choir of birds chant matins and vespers to their Creator. Thus we have melody, which is the form, but we lack harmony, which is the colour, of music. This it was left to man to discover and call into being, thus elevated far above the natural music of the earth, and made a little lower than the angels.

And we may well imagine that Holy Church, when she seized the treasures of Form and Colour, would not leave those of Sound untouched. She taught that most lovely of instruments, the human voice, to utter melodiously her LORD'S praises : she bade wind and stringed instruments to bear their part with him ; she invented the majestic organ, that should, like an ocean of harmony, pour out its billows of sound, dashing on roof and window, shattering itself on pier and clerestory, rolling along the pavement, and shaking, like an earthquake, the great cathedral. She hung, half-way between earth and heaven, her musical bells ; she taught how to welcome in the festival by modulated chime : how to ask a prayer for her departing child ; how to ring out a peal of victory as his corpse, convoyed with cross and banners, entered the resting-place of Christian soldiers ; how to ward off thunder and lightning and the spirits of the air ; how to rejoice over the Bridal, how to solemnize the Baptism ; how, in the sweet Angelus, to call the thoughts of lord and peasant, of labourer and merchant, for a few

short moments from the cares of this world to the repose of the next ; how, finally, by a silence more eloquent than musick, to hallow the solemn hours that our LORD was in the earth.

These thoughts are not unmeet when we would commemorate her whom Holy Church honours as the patron of Sacred Musick. For of her life and passion we know but little ; the Acts of her Martyrdom being supposititious. Nor is it certain in what year she glorified GOD. Some will have it, that she received the Crown of Martyrdom under Alexander Severus : it is true that this prince was favourably disposed to the Christians, but local persecutions were numerous. Others suppose her to have suffered in the persecutions of Marcus Aurelius (variously reckoned as the fourth or fifth), and between the years 176 and 180. The most illustrious Martyr who during its course put on immortality was S. Polycarp : the Martyrs of Lyons, also, are the perpetual glory of the Church of France.

She was of a noble Roman family, and her parents were Christians. She early consecrated herself to GOD ; and, though they compelled her to marry Valerian, a young patrician, she not only brought him to the knowledge of the True Faith, but lived with him in perfect continence. His example and her words influenced his brother Tiburcius, and a friend named Maximus, to embrace Christianity. The three converts were arrested, condemned, and suffered as Christian heroes in the middle of November (though celebrated on the fourteenth of April) ; and on the twenty-second of the same month, S. Cecilia triumphed gloriously in the same conflict. She was buried in the cemetery of S. Calixtus.

In the siege of Rome by the Lombards, it was imagined that they had possessed themselves of the relicks of the Saint. But Pope Paschal I., rebuilding the ancient Church under her invocation, which had been erected before the year 500, and grieved that he could not enrich it with the precious remains of the Martyr, was informed in a dream that they still remained where they had been interred. There, accordingly, they were discovered ; the body of the Saint was perfect, as was that also of S. Valerian, who reposed by her. Rolls of linen, dipped in their blood, were, after the custom of the early Church, laid at her feet. The

remains of the Saints were translated into the new Church, in the year 821; and Pope Paschal founded a monastery close to it. To the Church of S. Cecilia he gave silver vessels to the weight of more than nine hundred pounds; as also a shrine, weighing five hundred. This Church was afterwards rebuilt with great magnificence by Cardinal Sfrondati.

(To be continued.)



Ceylon.

I.

A SKETCH.

ON entering the harbour of Colombo the eye is struck with the beauty of the scene. The whole city seems enveloped in verdure, graceful palms grow close to the water's edge, and in the distance the beautiful form of Adam's Peak may be distinctly discerned.

Among the crowd of boats seen to be approaching the steamer, the Sinhalese canoes—full of oranges, pines, and plantains, and other fruits strange to the newcomer—are the most noticeable. These dart rapidly among the shipping; the brown figures stand up in them screaming, and offer their fruits for sale. At last we descend into one of the many boats waiting to take passengers ashore. The Tamil boatmen, as they row us to land, sing in not unpleasing, but somewhat monotonous style.

The groups gathered about the landing-place are most picturesque; the stranger is bewildered by the variety of native costume. Merchants from Bombay are perhaps the first to engage our attention, with their good English and soft speech; they are clothed in Indian muslin, with hard white caps of the same material, twisted into a fantastic shape. Very fascinating are their silver trinkets to the stranger who sees them for the first time. Next presses forward the Sinhalese dealer in articles of Ceylon manufacture, such as tortoiseshell combs and ebony elephants; he wears the national dress—a combay, which consists of a few yards of calico or cloth twisted round his waist, and reaching to his ankles, and a white calico jacket; his hair is allowed to grow long (a natural protection from the sun) and twisted into a knot behind; a round tortoiseshell comb (such as children wear sometimes to keep their hair from falling over the forehead) is worn on the top of the head as an ornament. Then appears that indefatigable trader the Moorman, of tall and powerful build; he talks English invariably; the indispensable necessities of life, rolls

of calico from Manchester, and haberdashery of various kinds, are the things he offers for sale.

At length we contrive to thread our way through these groups of trader and to reach a carriage. Let us go first to the Cathedral. The Cathedral is a well-built, pretty Church of pure stone, the only one in the island, and so known as the Stone Church, capable of accommodating about 500 persons. It stands grandly on a hill, close to the welcome shade of some magnificent banyans. Attached to the Cathedral is St. Thomas' College, the most important seat of education in the island. The Warden, the Rev. E. F. Miller, now Archdeacon, has brought the College to a high state of efficiency.

St. Margaret's, Polwatte, lying in quite another direction, is our next object of interest. As we approach the picturesque-looking house, already in great part covered with creepers, what a pretty picture arrests our attention. There stands Sister Joanna, a parrot of gorgeous plumage perched on one finger of her left hand, while by the other she leads a most engaging little brown baby girl of two years old. Sister Joanna is surveying a party of some forty children, who—all clad in neat blue frocks, and white pinafores relieved with scarlet, white straw hats trimmed with the same colour—are just in marching order for evensong at St. Michael's, which is only two or three minutes off. The bright, confiding expression of those children would strike the most casual passer-by, and no wonder they look happy. Here they are, gathered for the most part out of miserable, godless homes, in some cases out of heathen homes, under the loving care of the dear Sisters of St. Margaret's. We sit down, and hear more about the work from the Sisters. "Do no good, and thou shalt find no evil." This proverb is brought forcibly home to us as we hear of all the sad cases of distress and misery that the Sisters would give anything to relieve if they had it in their power, and of all the little children they would like to gather under their wings. But they must refuse them for lack of funds.

We long to get more offers of help, both in the shape of money and of workers. Women workers are sorely needed. We cannot say many posts are *vacant*, because the Bishop has not yet had

the opportunity of making these posts for women, owing to a lack of women workers. If only some ladies with missionary zeal would offer their services, what a joy it would be !

They must be ready to take up work in out stations, patient house to house visiting, with a school, if possible, however small, as a nucleus for work. As George Eliot says, "There must be room in their minds for luxuries to look small ;" but, after all, the hardships of a climate like Ceylon are not great—many would say they were certainly less than those of an English climate. But the society of old friends, the enjoyment of magnificent services such as are within reach in London, good music, etc., etc., all these things must be cheerfully foregone.

How happy two sisters or two friends might be, working together at Matara, living "laborious days." Matara is 100 miles from Colombo, beautifully situated on the sea coast, with a noble river running through it. The able Sinhalese Priest-in-charge has 1300 children in his schools, chiefly Buddhists. The Matara district is still, alas! a stronghold of Buddhism. Last January he had 100 Catechumens under instruction. Two or three visits a year to the Church centre at Colombo would refresh the out-station workers in spirit, and once a year a change to some cooler mountain air would probably suffice to keep them in good health.

About £120 a year for each would supply the necessities of civilized life, if two ladies could live together ; one lady alone would probably require £150.

If two such ladies would offer themselves, single-hearted, and full of zeal for the glory of God, how sad it would be that anything so paltry as money (or the want of it rather) should stop them. Could not two rich congregations be persuaded to provide the needful sum? This has been done in some instances, and with a most encouraging result. Among the contributors a deep interest has been awakened in the missionary work of the district to which the workers have gone.

But I must not run on. You asked me for a sketch of the history of Ceylon. You are puzzled to account for the great variety of the native inhabitants—how the Tamils and Moormen have rooted themselves so firmly in the island, and whether the

Sinhalese are the earliest known inhabitants, or only colonists, like the above-mentioned races.

Some centuries before Christ the Sinhalese—a tribe who came from North India, from the valley of the Ganges—invaded Ceylon. The aborigines were, of course, for a long time forced to labour for their conquerors, but, as always happens, their numbers diminished rapidly before the dominant race, and they gradually withdrew into the forests and hunting grounds on the eastern and southern coasts, and there subsisted by means of the bow and the chase. The Sinhalese, Aryan by race, went on settling in the island until two centuries before Christ.

This race of people (the Sinhalese)—akin to the Bengalis, who had taken possession of the island—were devoted to agricultural pursuits, and, busy with such employments, they had no leisure or inclination for fighting. They therefore hired Malabars, or Tamils, from the neighbouring coast of South India, for the protection of the coast and of the interior. These powerful and energetic Malabars soon began to devise the means of taking possession of the island for themselves.

The first real invasion of the island took place B.C. 227; 240 B.C. the preacher Mahindo ventured to visit the island, and induced the king to abstain from Brahmanical rites, and to profess faith in the doctrines of Buddha. The second great invasion found place a century later. A.D. 433 the capital was again taken by the Malabars. From the seventh to the eleventh century the Malabars simply infested the country. The feeble Sinhalese monarchs found it impossible to keep them from invading their regal city, Anaradhapura, and in the eighth century the kings transferred their residence to Pollanarua, which eventually became the capital of the kingdom. The new city soon bid fair to outstrip the old one in architectural magnificence; but alas! these splendid buildings were all defaced and most of them laid in ruins as soon as the Tamil conqueror set foot within the gates of the city. It is very noteworthy that notwithstanding their vigour and strength the Tamils never originated any scheme which had for its object the embellishing of any place in Ceylon, or for the permanent improvement of the island. On the contrary, the aim

of this race from Southern India seemed to be to deface and impoverish the island. Nothing proves more clearly the immense superiority of the earliest colonists over the Tamils.

At the close of the tenth century the misery of the people was extreme, on account of the constant influx of foreigners from the Malabar Coast, but in the midst of their despair arose a new dynasty, which delivered the island from the sway of the Malabars, and for a century diffused peace and tranquillity around. The founder of this race was Wijayo Bahu. At his death he was succeeded by Prakrurno Bahu, a prince possessed of very remarkable gifts and accomplishments ; there is, in short, no name which holds the same rank in the admiration of the people. His labours in the cause of religion and agriculture were stupendous, and his generosity carried him so far that he even built a Hindoo temple for the comfort of his Tamil enemies. Anarchy followed on his decease, and in 1211 the Tamil invaders seized the opportunity of returning to the island with an army of 24,000 men. They soon recovered those parts of the island which they had formerly held, and more than this, established themselves both in the south and the north of the island, which parts had until now been comparatively free from the presence of the enemy. The ancient chronicles record terrible acts of cruelty and ruthless overthrow of Buddhist temples, ruin of *dágabas*, and expulsion of priests, as marking this time. Twenty years later Wijayo Bahu III., 1235, recovered a portion of his kingdom, and having learned by experience the insecurity of the successive capitals in the low country, this king founded the city of Kandy, to which he removed the treasures of the crown ; but, unhappily, the power of the Tamils was already firmly rooted in the northern part of the kingdom—they held their court at Taffna, and retained their hold of the ancient capitals, Anaradhapura and Pollanarrua.

The Sinhalese, it appears, were doomed never to enjoy quiet possession of this beautiful and fertile island. Ceylon had next to suffer an invasion from the Malay Peninsula.

However, it was not till the beginning of the sixteenth century, when the Sinhalese monarchy was in a state of great exhaustion, that the Portuguese, who had lately established themselves in

India, appeared in Ceylon. The chief of the Sinhalese kings was then living at Cotta. One of the ancient chronicles speaks of them thus :—

“ And now it came to pass that in the Christian year 1522 A.D. in the month of April, a ship from Portugal arrived at Colombo, and information was brought to the king that there was in the harbour a very white and beautiful people, who wear boots and hats of iron, and never stop in one place. They eat a sort of white stone, and drink blood. Besides, they have guns with a noise louder than thunder, and a ball shot from one of them, after traversing a league, will break a castle of marble.”

The Portuguese by degrees effected settlements on the coast, and it was not till now that Christianity was seriously offered to the inhabitants. To the Tamils of the North it was brought a few years later by the Apostle of India, St. Francis Xavier. He was invited from Madura by the Fisher Caste at Manaar, of whom he baptized from 600 to 700. Soon after the greater number of them were massacred by the Rajah of Taffna, who was furious with them for apostatizing from Hinduism. His efforts, however, to extirpate Christianity from his dominions were utterly futile. During the hundred and fifty years that the Portuguese held sway on the coasts of Ceylon, either by policy or by force, a large number were converted to Roman Christianity.

Then came the Dutch in the middle of the seventeenth century, and they, like the Portuguese, obtained possession of large parts of the maritime coasts, and when the colony was ceded to the English in 1802 there were something like a quarter of a million of Protestants.

The English first landed in the island in 1796, but our tenure of the island was uncertain, until by the Treaty of Amiens in 1802 Ceylon was definitely attached to the dominions of Great Britain. For some years after the British occupation, the Presbyterian religion according to the Church of Holland was regarded practically as the ecclesiastical establishment of the Colony. But we now come to see how unsubstantial was all that the Dutch had done in the way of propagating Christianity, because as soon as the Sinhalese and Tamils discovered that they were not to be

paid for adopting Christianity, and that a monopoly of public employment was not to be kept for outward professors of Christianity, they returned to idolatry in large numbers.

Also vast numbers openly joined the Roman Catholic Communion, to which they had long been secretly attached. Some remained Protestants, real or nominal. Meanwhile there had arisen, by the inter-marriage of Portuguese and of Dutch with the natives, a considerable and influential population whose descendants are called the Burghers. Some of these are in high position, *e.g.*, the attorney-general; others belong to the Civil Service, etc., and are highly esteemed and popular.

The poorer Burghers, or *Mechanics* as they are called by the people of the country, some of whom are descended from the slaves of the Portuguese, mostly speak English—some few still speak only Portuguese—and it is amongst these that English ladies who visit the poor in Colombo are chiefly working.

District visiting amongst the poor Burghers in Colombo differs very little from the same work in any large town in England. I should say that the Burghers are far gentler, and more easily influenced by religion, and much fonder of Church-going, than the poor in England. They resemble the lower classes in Ireland, though without their humour, far more than the English. They have great virtues, perhaps not exactly those virtues which an Englishman most admires, but still they have distinctly great virtues. I have sometimes been asked if I do not grow weary of their pretentiousness, their timid, prevaricating ways, their lack of courage in undertaking work. "Yes," I say, "I know all that, but have you ever observed their patience, their power of enduring severe pain, their cheerfulness when besieged with trouble?" Here, as all the world over, the rich cannot visit the poor without learning many a lesson.

Burgher girls do not go out to service much; they generally live at home till they are married. Some few go, and we try to persuade more to do so, as they are often most highly valued by their mistresses, but they are less likely to marry than those that remain at home. The Burgher poor look upon domestic service

as degrading, and have, to our English notions, most ridiculous notions concerning it.

And now I should like to say a few words more, first about the Tamils, and secondly about the Moors.

The Tamils.—They are, of course, Hindoo by religion ; they may be divided into two classes : first, those whose forefathers have lived in Ceylon for centuries, and who still people Taffna and the surrounding district and the northern coasts on both sides ; secondly, those who come over in large numbers each year to work on the tea and coffee estates of European planters (as “coolies”) ; these make only a short stay, and return to “their coast” at the end of a few years to enjoy their earnings, frequently coming back to work again under the same master. They are most kindly treated. A small proportion of them are Christians (perhaps 1,000), and we have several clergy labouring amongst these Tamil coolies.

The Tamil is much darker in colour than the Sinhalese, and of a more powerful make. In figure and in carriage the Tamil woman is much superior to the Sinhalese ; her costume is singularly graceful—it consists of a long fold of cloth enveloping the body below the waist and brought over the left shoulder, leaving the right arm quite free. This, together with her habit of carrying vessels on her head, gives her a remarkably erect carriage.

The Moors.—This active and enterprising race are to be found in every province of Ceylon, wherever the locality presents an opening for trade ; they travel constantly in the remote and secluded districts to sell goods. Strange to say, they possess no record of their own origin, and historians cannot decide whether they came from Persia or Arabia. They have no points of likeness to the Sinhalese, they are Mahometans by religion, and their language is that of the Tamils of South India. In Colombo alone there are 20,000, and mission work among them has as yet scarcely been attempted. Lady Havelock, the wife of our present Governor, is interesting herself in the bodily welfare of the women. We hear there is a grievous need of medical women to assist them, and she hopes to obtain one certificated nurse from India to work among these poor Moor women.

II.

ASH WEDNESDAY IN A CEYLON CHRISTIAN VILLAGE.

The Village of Dandugama, situated about fourteen miles from Colombo on the coast road to the north of the island, forms part of what is known, for Church of England purposes, as the "Negombo District." The district comprises, besides this village, three others—Kurana, nine miles higher up the road; Negombo, three miles beyond that; and Tuârârla, fourteen miles still farther up the road. About each of these places there is a great deal to be said, but for the present the first-named—Dandugama—claims our attention. It should be said that the District is called the "Negombo District" from the fact that that village is the seat of the Government of the northern part of the Western Province, and boasts of an Assistant Government Agent, a District Judge, and various other officials, a court-house, and a prison. There is a small Church for English Church Christians—small, because the bulk of the inhabitants, some 20,000, are Roman Catholics.

But now for Dandugama. It is uncertain when the people of the village first became Christians, but the nearness of the village to the cinnamon estates, which were a monopoly of the Dutch, and the fact that a Registrar of Baptisms was appointed by Government till quite recent times, and this as a succession from the Dutch, make it probable that the grandfathers of the people submitted to baptism under compulsion in order to get work on the cinnamon estates. This, however, is only a theory, and may possibly be a wrong one; it may account for the fact that most of the villagers are members of the Church of England, but it will not account for the fact that the people of the villages on each side belong to the Roman Church. However, the fact remains that with very few exceptions everyone in Dandugama is baptized. And there, as in every other instance, their Christianity begins, and alas! it there frequently ends; unless, of course, they should feel inclined to come to Church for their marriages, which also, alas! till quite lately they were inclined to think quite an unnecessary proceeding. Of this more anon. But whether they came to Church for marriage or not, they fully

expected to be brought to Church, and that with great solemnity and pomp, for their burial. And if this was refused them their friends and relations regarded themselves as very hardly dealt with. Their dead relative was a Christian—he had been baptized, he had come to Church. “How often?” “Once a year or so; he was a Church-going man. He wasn’t a bad man, he had never been to prison.” “But hadn’t he sometimes gone to the Dêwâle, or heathen temple?” “Yes; who hadn’t?” “But then, he wasn’t married, was he?” “No, Father, but then he had only one wife: he hadn’t left her and gone off and married someone else.” “But he used to drink?” “Yes, perhaps so.” “And is this sort of man a good Christian?” “But he wasn’t as bad as the man in the next compound.” And so on. This sort of thing went on at every burial. There was always trouble connected with the burial of every man, woman, and child. For they think more of burial than of anything else in the whole range of Christian faith and practice. This was in the past, and is so now to a very large extent.

Now it will have been seen that the two mortal sins of the villagers were those of going to the Dêwâle and of refusing or neglecting to get their marriages either registered at the Registrar’s office or blessed in Church. As regards the going to the Dêwâle. This was a thing of tradition; their grandfathers had done so before, and why shouldn’t they? Christianity was all very well for Sunday, and in times of happiness; but the gods of the Dêwâle must be propitiated in times of sickness, children must be offered to the gods before they were brought to Church, and so on. This was, and still is, the idea among the people, and goes far to support the theory of the Dutch origin of their Christianity. They were forced to become Christians if they wanted to work in the cinnamon estates, and so they were baptized, but retained all their old heathen ideas, and in secret practised all the old heathen rites. The writer can find no history of the Dêwâle; no one knows anything about it, except that it was always there, and people always would go there, and it was no good trying, for no one would ever prevent them. As regards the other great sin, that against the marriage law of God, it was

the custom of the village for the couple to run off, during the night as a rule, either with or without the consent of the parents ; if with, so much the better : if without, so much the worse for the parents. Whether this was done out of pure wickedness, or for the sake of escaping the expense of a marriage feast, one could never find out. Anyhow, when one remonstrated he was met with the reply, " You can never stop it, it is the custom of the place ; people will not change."

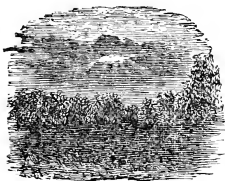
Things had gone on like this for many a year. One man after another had tried to effect a change in both these matters, but with little or no success. Owing to various circumstances there had been no resident Priest ; the village had been in charge of a Catechist, and a Priest only paid occasional visits. But in 1887, when the present Priest-in-charge was appointed to the district, he determined to live in Dandugama, and see whether it was not possible to make the people Christian, not only in name, but in reality. And God has been pleased to use him for this purpose to a very great extent. There has been a decided improvement in village morals (though there is room for more), and a higher tone of public opinion has been created. At first the people seemed to resent any interference ; they were willing to own that things were not as they ought to be, but that it was impossible to improve them. However, not so did the Priest and his helper think. Slowly, very slowly, did the marriage question begin to right itself. There were less runaway marriages than before ; now they have almost ceased. But still there were a number of people whose marriages had neither been registered or blessed in Church, and these had to be induced to get the affair put straight. For a long time they kept back and made excuses. And the same with the Dêwâle ; people would go and make offerings as before. After this had been going on for about two years and a half, it was thought good that the Church should threaten punishment to those who would not keep her rules, and live as Christians. And in the middle of last year some rather strict rules were framed regulating the burial of the dead, with special rules for those who had sinned in the matter of marriage and Dêwâle worship ; six months' grace being given, so that all might have an opportunity

of getting their marriage blessed by the Church : this six months being extended to the Ash Wednesday of this year, to give a few who had not had time for this a further opportunity. At first the people did not know what to do, and rather thought the Priest was joking with them, but when, burial after burial, they found their dead buried in unconsecrated ground without burial rites, for disregarding the rules, they began to think that after all perhaps there was something in these rules, and that they had better look after their marriage affair. And so just before Christmas there was a great rush of people to get married ; and this went on till Lent, when it was found that there were only about fifteen who refused to obtain Christian marriage. And they were plainly told that on Ash Wednesday the Bishop was coming to cut them off from the Church. No pains were spared to make the people understand that if they still refused to do as they had been told they would certainly be punished—the punishment being exclusion from the Church. A last opportunity was given them on Shrove Tuesday, and one or two availed themselves of it.

On Ash Wednesday, after the Celebration, the Bishop arrived, and the Service began ; the Church being fairly full at the beginning, and getting quite crowded as the Service went on. The Litany was said, followed by the Commination Service to the end of the Exhortation. Then the Priest-in-charge went up to the Bishop's throne, and presented to him a list of those who were to be dealt with. The Bishop then went to the middle of the altar steps, attended by the incumbent as his chaplain, holding his pastoral staff, and explained what he was going to do, viz., to exercise his office of judge, and pronounce sentence on those who obstinately refused to do what God and His Church required of them. He then explained in some detail the wickedness of the sin of which the village had been guilty, and then, without reading out any names, definitely pronounced sentence—that those whose names had been given to him must now be considered as separated from the Church, that they could receive no Christian burial, nor in any way enjoy Christian privileges. After this address the Commination Service was proceeded with ; but just before the final blessing, the officiant, the Priest-in-charge, turning to the

people, told them that confession would now be made, in the name of all the Christians in the village, of the sins of going to the Dêwâle, and pardon asked from God, the absolution to be pronounced by the Bishop. This was done, and as soon as the confession was made the officiant went up to the Bishop's throne, and preceding him to the Altar with his staff, there handed it to him, and his Lordship, as Bishop, absolved the whole village from all part in connection with heathen worship, and then gave the Blessing.

The whole Service was a remarkably solemn one, and the people seemed very much impressed. It certainly has had a considerable effect on them, though whether that effect will be lasting remains to be seen. It seems extraordinary, but still it is true to the meaning of the Apostle's words, that it is more difficult, comparatively, to reclaim a relapsed Christian village than it is to make a Buddhist one Christian. The village of Dandugama, though not wholly relapsed, is relapsed so far that to the mass of the people their Christianity has little or no effect on the outward life. But things are improving gradually, and there is good hope that Dandugama, which in the past has not earned for itself a very good name in the annals of crime or civilization, will so far improve that its proverbial lawlessness may be a thing of the past, and its well-nigh lifeless Christianity be the forerunner of a strong and vigorous Christian existence.



The Children's Country Home,

NEAR WASHINGTON, U.S.A.

ALTHOUGH under the charge of the Sisters of St. Margaret's, Boston, this house is more than five hundred miles distant from their headquarters, and is, in fact, the most Southern of their many Mission works. Washington is quite different from the large towns "in the East," as we call the Atlantic sea-board; it is a very beautiful city, with its fine public buildings and handsome residences, its wide streets, many parks, and abundant trees. There are no closely-built courts as in Boston, nor crowded tenement houses as in New York; neither have we here the lowest class of the poor, those who have never known anything but squalor and filth. There are no children in Washington who have never seen grass or flowers, and few who cannot sometimes get a breath of fresh (or salt!) air on the noble river; so that a Country Home in this neighbourhood is perhaps not so sorely needed as elsewhere. Nevertheless, there are many poor children to whom a fortnight in the country is of great benefit—pale, half-fed little creatures, fading under the fierce heat of summer. And in cases of delicacy or convalescence, pure country air is of course the best tonic.

The Home is situated about four miles north-west of Washington, on the borders of Rock Creek Park, an extensive public park just laid out, with the promise of being, in time, very beautiful. The drive out from town is most delightful, the road winding through the picturesque woodlands of Rock Creek and its tributary Broad Branch, both of which modestly-named streamlets you would call *rivers* in England! The house stands on a hill, and would command an extensive view if it were not so closely shut in by trees. In fact, it is in the midst of the "forest primeval," the trees having only been cleared to make room for house and road, so it is a very *ferny* place, as the wild things have not had time to retire and hide in their usual shy manner. Such lovely bunches of ferns and flowers the children gather every day—the

best always "for Chapel"—and then the Sisters' and children's rooms are decorated.

The house is of wood, with a spacious piazza in front. On entering the wide hall, we find the Sisters' sitting room (also used as Refectory) on the right, with the kitchen behind it ; on the left is the children's dining room, a small bed room, and a store room. Upstairs, one large dormitory accommodating twenty children runs the whole length of one side. It is a very pretty room, with five large windows and white beds. Many of the latter are gifts or memorials of departed children ; they are painted white, with brass knobs and rods, and please the childish taste exceedingly. The dormitory is quite the show place of the house ; the children always gaze in at the door with eager delight on their first arrival. One little boy exclaimed, "Oh, what grand beds ! They must be made of gold !" The "gold beds" have ever since been one of the sayings of the Home.

On the other side of the hall is the Chapel, then the children's wash room, with a row of basins, and shelves, and hooks for clothes ; next, the Sisters' bed room. There is a piazza upstairs also, and both this and the one below are delightful resting places in the afternoons, when the sun has retired from the front of the house. The upper one commands a view of the whole hill, so that "Sister" can survey her family as she sits at work or with a book. The piazza downstairs is the favourite resort of the whole household in the evening, and here visitors who drive out from town are received, as it is the only parlour the house affords !

At 7 a.m. the rising bell rings, though it is an exceptionally lucky morning when some restless spirits have not been abroad much earlier, and been quelled by the Sister on duty. Toilets are rapidly performed, and at 7.30 all are ready for morning prayers in Chapel. Then all march down to breakfast, which usually consists of oatmeal porridge, hominy or "mush," bread and butter, and milk ; sometimes they have corn bread or griddle-cakes for a treat. Last summer each set of children learned to sing a metrical grace before and after meals, the same which is familiar to visitors at St. Margaret's Orphanage. It was delightful from its novelty, and they fairly shouted it after a day or two's

practice! One small person remarked, "We don't sing that at home, or say any grace when we eat!" Of course, the reply was, "But you will, now that you have learned, won't you? Say it to yourself if no one else does." Who can tell what good seed may be sown in the impressionable little hearts by the regular daily prayers joined in during the two weeks' stay? These children come from all parts of the city, and many of them belong to no Parish or Sunday School, so that we hope that the Home is not without effect as a Missionary agency.

After breakfast, some of the older girls wash the dishes; others make the beds, sweep the dormitory, attend to the wash room, etc. Some favoured ones are allowed to help Adèle, the coloured cook. Even the little ones can sweep the piazzas. When everything is in order they go out to play. The swings are always in demand, and for the quiet ones there are dolls and dolls' dishes, furniture, and all kinds of "play toys," as well as picture and story books. The dining room is turned into a play room on rainy days. Sometimes a craze for sewing seizes the household, and the store of pieces, needles, and thread rapidly diminishes, while wonderful bags, dusters, and doll clothes are displayed as triumphs of skill. Once, when the pieces had all been given out, the Sister in charge of the clothes was struck by a brilliant idea—to utilize the sewing fever to mend some of the dilapidated garments! This had all the charm of novelty, and patching, darning, sewing on buttons were entered into with zest; but it cannot be said that all the results were remarkable for neatness.

A little before 12.30 the bell rings for the children to go in and make themselves tidy for dinner. This is the most interesting meal, as it gives scope for variety, and "I wonder what we are going to have to-day?" is often whispered. They have meat or soup, potatoes, and one other vegetable, and sometimes fruit or pudding. Quiet and order are insisted upon at meal times, and it is found that even the most rough and unruly learn some "manners" during their stay. The afternoons are usually devoted to walks or drives. The Home possesses a roomy country wagon, and about half the usual number of inmates, that is, eight or ten, can be packed in for a drive through the country. Sometimes

there is a blackberrying expedition, sometimes a grand digging-up of ferns or collecting of flowers to take home. One great delight, perhaps the most popular amusement with the girls, is paddling in the Branch. A very short walk down the hillside leads to the pretty stream overhung with trees, and there a Sister takes the army of children. Shoes and stockings are pulled off, dresses securely pinned up, and with shouts of delight they wade up or down the stream, which just here is not deep enough for danger. The boys (who come out during August) scorn such a pitiful amusement as wading; they have a nice swimming place higher up the Branch, where they can enjoy themselves under the care of Hebron, the coloured man, who drives the wagon, and is general factotum about the place. The children call him "Mr. Heben," and evidently think there is something *heavenly* about him, as he is always kind to them and takes them such delightful drives. It must be admitted that he sometimes puts a limit to the number of old tin cans, containing such precious treasures as ferns and flowers, turtles, crawfish, etc., with which his chariot is crowded, when, attired in his Sunday best, he is about to drive "to the city." His wife is the cook, and they live in a little house adjoining the stable, and take care of the place during the winter.

The children come out in sets of twenty at a time, remain two weeks, and then give way to another set. Last summer, June and July were devoted to girls, August to boys, and the first fortnight in September to "big girls," that is, girls of fifteen and upwards. It is said that the boys are the most satisfactory visitors, as they have so many resources, and give no trouble in the way of needing to be amused. They enjoy themselves thoroughly, and often beg to stay longer, even if they have been homesick at first.

To return to the day's routine—tea is at six. Bread and butter, milk and fruit, compose the bill of fare, and full justice is done to it. Seldom is a crumb left on the table at tea-time! After tea come games, stories, or an "entertainment," consisting of the recital of pieces learned at school, and songs, either solos, duets, or choruses. Sometimes on a rainy or chilly evening a more elaborate entertainment is devised. Chairs are placed in the hall facing the dining-room door, and there the audience take their

places, while an impromptu play, tableaux or charades, entrance them for an hour or two. At eight the Chapel bell rings, and the children go upstairs for the very brief evening prayers and the hymn, "Jesus, tender Shepherd," then to bed; and soon the restless feet and hands are still and the bright eyes closed, and silence settles down on the house, broken only by the numberless sounds of birds and insects that fill the air in these Southern nights. Sometimes the "hard shell beetles," as the children call them, come in through the windows, attracted by the light in the upper hall, and knock themselves against the walls and ceilings with such force that the little ones are awakened by the din.

I must not forget to mention the pic-nic, which is one of the institutions of the Home; it is a regularly recurring treat given to each set of children, and looked forward to from the moment of their arrival. A short walk along the road beside the Branch brought us to the site of our favourite pic-nic ground, not discovered and appropriated for some time after the pic-nic season began, but thoroughly appreciated by the later sets of children. A plateau, wooded like a grove and quite free of underbush, crowned the lofty bank; a good climb above the rippling, rocky-bedded stream, with its deep bathing pool and shallow wading places. No one could see us from the road, while we commanded the situation and overlooked the approach. The last fête champêtre of the season was for the big girls, and took the form of a birthday party for Bessie H., a damsel of sixteen. It was an afternoon affair. The young people climbed the banks and explored the woods, or paddled in the Branch below, while their elders made preparations for the banquet on the hill top. Dainty posies were tied up and brought to "Sister" for table decoration, stories were told and games played under the trees, but the birthday Queen was not allowed a glimpse of the table until the bell rang summoning all to the feast. A great quantity of green leaves had been gathered and strewed over the flat space where the white cloth was spread, and a border of lovely ferns decorated the edge. On one side an improvised banana tree upbore its great bunch of yellow fruit with pretty effect. A magnificent cake, frosted, and decorated with many-coloured sugar plums bearing Bessie's

name and the date, graced the centre, and sixteen candles blazed away to the delight of all. Platters heaped with sandwiches, plates of cheese, apple turnovers, and fancy cakes looked most appetizing, while dishes of candy flanked the birthday cake. A bucket of lemonade and a can of country milk stood close by, and, at a little distance, a most interesting *tub* discreetly covered with bagging. This was the crowning attraction of the feast, for though there was a slight mystery about it, all guessed its contents; and what American child would think a feast complete without *ice cream*? All stood around the charmingly-arranged banquet, and grace was sung; then the guests were seated in order on leaves, and shawls, and rugs, a posy at each place, while Queen Bess was crowned with a wreath. She had the first helping; everyone drank her health, and she cut the cake at the proper time. Everyone was in a good humour, and enjoyment was at its height; no one had noticed the gathering clouds, when a few warning drops pattered down through the trees, and the happy party realized that all woodland joys must have an end. We were not many minutes in packing up and piling baskets and dishes into Hebron's wagon at the foot of the hill, and home was reached in safety before the September storm set in. We only left some crumbs for the birds and squirrels, for we had called in the assistance of some big-eyed, grinning little darkeys from a cabin on the opposite hill to dispose of the remnants of the feast. It was a pretty sight under the great trees that golden September afternoon. The bright young faces gathered round the picturesque board, golden haired Bessie, crowned with flowers, cutting her cake, the eager attitudes of the lookers on, the dark faces of Hebron and Mrs. Hebron, and their nephews and nieces, the background of ragged Topseys and Sambos gathered in from highways and hedges: a picture worth storing in one's memory album of pleasant by-gones.

"Well," said Bessie with emphasis when she came to say good night, "I shall never, never forget my sixteenth birthday, if I live to be a hundred!"

These special treats for the different sets of children are provided by the kindness of individual friends of the Home. The regular

expenses are defrayed by contributions from the general public, and the finances are in charge of a committee of ladies, mostly, if not all, Churchwomen. There is no restriction as to the religious status of the little visitors, but of course the influence and teaching of the Home is distinctively Churchly. On Sundays and Festivals there is our early Celebration at St. Alban's, a pretty little country Church about two miles distant, and a later service at eleven o'clock which the children attend. In the afternoon there is Sunday School at the Home; the children usually assemble in the lower hall, as the organ stands there, but during the intensely hot summer of 1890, "Sister" used often to adjourn her class to the shade of the woods across the road, and dispense with accompaniment to the many hymns which were sung at intervals of her instructions. "Onward, Christian soldiers," "There is a green hill," "Jesu, meek and gentle," and "Sun of my soul," were the favourites; nearly all the children were familiar with these. Every Thursday the Rector of St. Alban's gives the Sisters a Celebration in their little Chapel at the Home, so that they are not as much cut off from spiritual privileges as some of our Mission Sisters.

The nearest Post Office is a mile and a half distant, at the village of Tenleytown, where Hebron goes daily to take and bring the mail. Occasionally a letter takes *six days* to traverse the three miles between Washington and Tenleytown, almost as long as to go to England! But country post offices are mysterious institutions. When there is a hurry about it the letter is usually sent in by a friendly neighbour, or by the butcher's cart.

One might say a great deal more about this pleasant summer home where many little ones are made happy, and, if not *good*, at least a little more civilized and Christianized than when they came; but I fear this account is already far too long.

AN AMERICAN ASSOCIATE.

St. Margaret's of Scotland.

BY A RECENT VISITOR.

A SHORT time since, the curators of the Bodleian Library bought an illuminated book described in the auction catalogue as of the fourteenth century. On examination, it was found to be of the *eleventh* century; and further investigations proved it to be none other than the very missal of St. Margaret of Scotland herself, containing the passages of Scripture used in the Services at the Abbey of Dunfermline, of which she was the foundress.

This is a curious and interesting fact; but we may venture to say that it finds its antitype. Had the prayers which that very true Saint offered for her adopted country nothing to do with the grace which has been given to the Sisters who bear her name, and who have been patiently working now nearly thirty years among the wynds of Aberdeen? nothing to do with the crowds of children and young people who cluster about these their faithful friends and guides?

Yes; if the prayer book is in the Bodleian, some, at least, of the fruit of the prayers is to be found in the Gallowgate and Spital of Aberdeen.

The work has always been very unobtrusive. Visiting the poor and sick was the first duty; then, gradually, large schools were formed, and work increased after the usual manner.

But what is odd about the matter is, that a little pig laid the foundation of the Mission School, Boys' Sunday Bible Class, and Football Club. The story has been told before, and is briefly this. A grateful woman brought the Sisters a little pig. When the ragged urchins in the neighbourhood found this out, they immediately constituted themselves purveyors of provisions for the creature. Begging potato parings of their mothers, saving remnants of porridge from their own breakfast, up the brae they would come with old tin cans, or basins almost too big for them to carry, bringing food for the pig, and, in time, for many pigs, for pig-keeping turned out a profitable affair.

The Sister who received these contributions, herself a Highland woman, was full of pity for the poor little half-starved, shock-

headed, ill-clad, wholly ignorant, laddies and lassies. Wholly ignorant of Catholic doctrine, that is. So she gradually got them together in the laundry on Sunday afternoons, and thus began a work which has turned out to be of great importance. Still the children climb the hill; still with unceasing perseverance they bring their contributions. But not the same children who were mentioned before. O no! another generation. *Those* children are now fine lads of fourteen and sixteen, and girls grown old enough to go out into the world: faithful attendants at St. Margaret's Church, and at the Sisters' Bible and Guild Classes.

The little pig-feeders named themselves Pigs: no inappropriate name. It has stuck to them ever since: only, when they have regularly joined the school, the name is altered to Pilgrims. This is why one hears so much of Pigs and Pilgrims at Aberdeen.

The Sisters have for their residence two houses thrown into one, at Bay View, Aberdeen. On one side they have built St. Martha's House for factory girls; on the other they hope soon to erect a Chapel for their community. Meanwhile, the Mission School is carried on in the laundry, or rather ironing-room, a place about twelve feet square. This does not allow much space for the hundred and sixty pilgrims who have been gathered from the highways: though, to be sure, a class-room has lately been added—a doubtful benefit, since the biped and quadruped Pigs seem to share it with each other.

The Sisters have *leased* a plot of ground within five minutes' walk from their House. On this they hope to build at once a temporary Mission Hall, with two class-rooms. It will be used as mission-room, reading-room, and recreation-room for the Pilgrims of different ages. The site is splendid, and it is hoped that a Church may eventually be built upon it.

But for the purposes immediately needed—the ground is *leased*, the plans are made,—and there is no money. There is plenty of energy, however; and the Sisters are endeavouring to raise funds by every available means. By “jumble sales,” for instance, at which every kind of scraps and odds and ends can be made profitable, and all sorts of clothes, old and new, find ready purchasers. And collecting cards—penny cards—concerning which, a true little story.

One of the Sisters produced a penny card in a shop one day, asking a contribution from the shopkeeper. A little girl was there with a penny to buy herself some sweets. She silently slipped the penny into the Sister's hand, and went out without making her purchase. Compare this simple act of self-denial with *our* offerings to the Treasury of GOD.

I think Scotch children have a way of improving every advantage offered to them more than we realize in England; and I am sure if any of my readers will help the Sisters in this venture they will be doing a real good work. If you could see the true, loving, genial single-heartedness which pervades that little community, and their exceedingly laborious life, you would feel, with the writer, that it is a privilege to be allowed to help them.

Do look at those bare-legged little beings coming up the steep path with their pans and crocks, and baskets full of messes for the pigs. See how warmly they are welcomed by that kind Sister, who very soon manages to win all their hearts, praising their labours, and occasionally rewarding them with sweets—more rarely with picture-books, not often to be had, but preferred by the little Scotch children to sweets.

Then look at those well-dressed lads, who come up to Bible Class every Sunday in the Sacristy. It is difficult to believe that they began their connection with St. Margaret's by means of potato-parings, as the little ones are doing now.

One proof of the good Mother's popularity among these boys I must tell you. It happened when she was returning from her holiday in England last year. The police were on the point of interfering with a large mob of boys surrounding a cab which contained two Sisters and some luggage—a good deal of luggage, as Southern friends had sent contributions for the Aberdeen poor. But it turned out that these were only enthusiastic Pilgrims welcoming back their Mother and the Mission School Sister, and insisting on carrying their luggage up the brae.

Contributions in money or kind, and application for collecting cards, to be made to Sister ISA KATHERINE, St. Margaret's of Scotland, Bay View, Aberdeen, N.B.

The Half-Yearly Chronicle

FOR OUR FRIENDS AND ASSOCIATES.

As we begin this letter to you, good and faithful friends, a Bill is passing through Parliament, fraught with gravest consequences to the Church schools of England. We rejoice the more, therefore, that it is in our power to begin this Chronicle with the news of the completion and opening of new schools at Cardiff.

CARDIFF. Perhaps we cannot do better than quote from the already printed reports, and if rather lengthy, they yet possess a special interest at this juncture.

“An important step in the direction of extending the voluntary system of education in Cardiff has been made in St. Mary’s Parish. Strongly opposed to the secular education given in Board schools, the Rev. G. Arthur Jones, Vicar of St. Mary’s Church, has succeeded in getting the schools erected which were opened on Monday by the Bishop of Llandaff, and which are intended to take the place of the present Bute Lane and Gladstone Street schools. The accommodation in these two places had become quite inadequate, and on this and other grounds it was felt necessary, if the Church system of education was to be maintained, that suitable buildings should be erected.

“The proceedings commenced with a procession of the Bishop and Clergy, headed by a cross-bearer, from the Church to the schools, where a short service of benediction was held, after which some speeches were made by the Vicar of St. Mary’s (the Rev. G. A. Jones), the Bishop, and the Vicars of Roath and St. German’s. The Vicar of St. Mary’s mentioned how these new schoolrooms had been built to take the place of hired rooms in an adjoining lane, where the Sisters of Charity working in the Parish (a branch of the Sisterhood of St. Margaret, East Grinstead) had carried on the work of teaching the children in that part of the Parish situate among the docks for over sixteen years. These rooms had been objected to by the Education Department, and they had been forced to erect new rooms, and for this he was greatly indebted to the generosity of the Marquis

of Bute. Lord Bute had not only given the freehold of the site, but also subscribed most largely to the building fund. There was, however, still a debt to be met."

"The Lord Bishop of Llandaff, after expressing the pleasure it gave him to open the Schools, said he desired his first words to be those of hearty congratulation to the Vicar of St. Mary's and his parishioners on the good work, the completion of which they now celebrated. To him it was a cause for deep thankfulness that during the eight years he had presided over the diocese not a single Church School had been closed or transferred to the School Board. In several parishes of the diocese they had extended that system of teaching, the benefit of which they so well recognized. They had had the accommodation of many schools increased, but he believed that was the first occasion upon which they had had the privilege of celebrating the opening of a new Church Elementary School. He was glad to say there was the prospect in the near future of their having the opportunity of being present to celebrate a similar event in another parish in the town of Cardiff. He might add that there was also a fair prospect of new Church Elementary Schools in a country parish being shortly opened. These were most cheering and encouraging signs in this particular time of great anxiety for those who desired to see that class of teaching maintained and extended in the land. If Church people were generally aware of the incalculable blessings which these Church Elementary Schools had been to the country in the past, they would regard no sacrifice as too great to make in order to maintain and as far as possible extend them. With regard to the past, what had they done? They had provided Catholic teaching for 2,300,000 children, and had prevented a purely secular and godless system of education being the national system of the country; because if in 1870 the Church party had not occupied a large space in the educational area, they would have had a School Board system and with it a secular system generally. Having forced religious education, more or less definitely distinct, into the Board Schools in England—he wished he could add into Wales—by the higher moral tone which was visible in the children who attended the National Schools as

compared with those who attended the Board Schools, parents had been really forced to give up the predilections they entertained in 1879 and say they must have religious education for their children. If they consulted the religious section of their Nonconformist brethren they would find they would say they made a grievous mistake in 1870 in going in for secularism as they did. If they could they would reverse it. That he (the Bishop) believed to be the real sentiment prevalent amongst the religious Nonconformists in the land. The burdens of the Church Schools had thus been enormously increased, but, notwithstanding all their difficulties, they had increased the accommodation in Church Schools from 1,300,000 seats in 1870 to 2,600,000 at the present time. In order to obtain that increase they had spent something like £18,000,000. The question he wanted to put before them was this: Were they going to allow those enormous sacrifices which had been made to preserve the glorious system of education to be forgotten, and the system itself to collapse and pass out of sight? That was a question every Churchman ought to put to himself, because unless they were prepared for greater sacrifices, unless they were prepared to give more money than before, that result would come about. A higher state of efficiency would be required, and, consequently, a more expensive staff of teachers would be necessary. Unless, therefore, they were prepared to make very much larger sacrifices in order to support, maintain, and extend those Schools, he was afraid the day was not far distant when they would see them pass out of sight and a secular system take their place. This would be one of the greatest disasters that could fall upon the country. 'May God,' concluded the Bishop, 'protect us from such an evil.'

"Besides these new Schools, which are under the care of the Sisters of St. Margaret's, East Grinstead (who have two branch houses in Cardiff, besides a home for girls in Roath), there are in the Parish of St. Mary seven other National Schools, under the management of the Vicar and a Committee consisting of the parochial clergy, the churchwardens, and six other managers."

But the managers are responsible for a debt of £500 on the new building, and appeal earnestly for help to pay it off as soon

as possible. The usual works at Cardiff continue much as usual ; the class for boys, one of the latest ventures, is well attended, and the general conduct of the members is decidedly improving. A Lantern Service was held for them in Holy Week, and it was satisfactory to see how quietly and reverently they behaved. Will some kind friend send them a few table games to encourage them ?

Some of the Sisters who had long been working at Cardiff having been transferred to another Mission, it has been proposed by their Cardiff friends to place in St. Mary's Church a memorial of their labours and of the affection with which they were regarded. With this intention, the figures of St. Margaret and St. Winifred are to be painted one on each side of the Choir Arch. The work was to have been put in hand at once by Mr. J. D. Sedding, but his Great Master called him suddenly away from this and many another labour of love. In him we part from a faithful friend of more than thirty years' standing.

Ceylon has occupied a large share of this number of the Magazine, but we must give you this interesting account of the Bishop's visit to the lepers from the *Ceylon Diocesan Gazette*.

CEYLON. "Of the 208 patients now in the Leper Asylum at Hendella hardly one-third are Christians, and of these only fifteen attend the services held in the pretty little Chapel which Mrs. Copleston built for them ; the others, Roman Catholics, have a Chapel of their own.

"On the 22nd of January his Lordship the Bishop confirmed four more of the patients, and afterwards celebrated the Holy Communion. Since the time of the Dedication of the Chapel (Christmas Eve, 1887) the Bishop has always (except last year) celebrated at their Christmas Communion on the eve of the Great Festival. But this year, as he had to leave Colombo on the 23rd, he offered to come for the Celebration before he went away ; and so the congregation of St. Stephen's Chapel observed their Christmas on the 22nd of December. The lepers, who are always glad to see any one who comes to see them, not out of curiosity, but for sympathy, are never so happy as when the

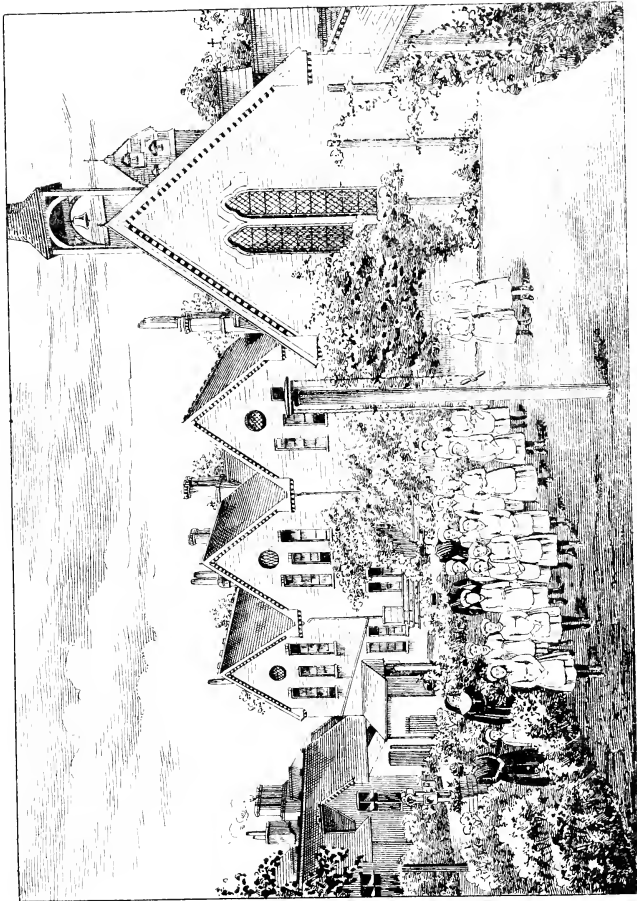
Bishop visits them. Long before the day fixed for the Bishop's coming, therefore, they began to prepare to welcome him. The beautiful Chapel was made still more beautiful by their tasteful decorations. Appropriate Christmas texts (the handiwork of one of the patients) and ferns and mosses and palm leaves made the Chapel indeed "a thing of beauty." But a special mark of welcome was the really nice pandal erected just outside the Chapel, which was much admired by the Bishop; the inscription it bore, being the earnest prayer of the poor sufferers for the Bishop who has done and is still doing very much for them, must have touched his Lordship's heart: 'May God bless our Bishop.'

"The candidates for Confirmation were Joseph R., John G., Siman and Bastian; the two former are about sixteen years of age, and the two latter, old men of fifty-five or sixty. One of them, Bastian, excited the sympathy of the outsiders in Church by the pain he was evidently suffering; he had to be carried into the Church, and afterwards was led by two persons to the Bishop's chair to receive the laying on of hands. He has kept to his bed for some weeks, painfully and patiently waiting for the dropping off of the affected limb, which only will give relief.

"At the close of the Confirmation Service the hymn 'Thine for ever' was sung, and then the Bishop began the Holy Communion Service. He delivered a short address on the opening words of the Epistle for Christmas Day, after which the well-known Christmas hymn, 'Hark, the herald angels sing,' was very heartily sung. The newly-confirmed made their first Communion together with eleven others, six of whom were their fellow sufferers. After the service the Bishop returned to the chapel and wished the patients assembled there a very happy Christmas, taking the hand of each one—an act of kindly feeling which, as it is very seldom done, at once wins the heart of the leper. One of them, a new arrival, at first withheld his hand when the Bishop was bidding him 'good morning.'

"'Won't you shake hands with me?' said the Bishop kindly, when he saw the man hesitate to take his hand.

"'My Lord, I am a leper,' was the sad reply.



S SAVICURS ORPHANAGE, HITCHIN

“ ‘ I don't mind that,' said the Bishop, ‘ if I don't hurt your hand ; ’ and grasping his hand the Bishop wished him ‘ A happy Christmas.’

“ His Lordship arrived at about eight o'clock and left at a little after ten. Sister Joanna accompanied him, and took a sympathetic interest in everything she saw there. She brought some Christmas cards with her, which she distributed to all the Christian patients after service.”

The Sisters, having built a new wing to their home for their own use, have converted the original building into a Middle-class School for Girls, which had been very much needed, and appears to be correspondingly appreciated. It was opened the first week in May, and receives both boarders and day scholars. The boarders, at present, are Sinhalese and Tamil girls; most, if not all, of the day scholars are burghers. Bishop's College, the High School for Girls, under the Sisters' charge, has been moved from its former quarters to a new building on the Bishop's land, close to St. Margaret's, and a few minutes' walk from St. Michael's Church. The Sisters who suffered so seriously from the bull-cart accident mentioned last Christmas, have recovered surprisingly, and the work is being carried on very energetically.

HITCHIN.

The Orphanage at Hitchin has been quietly carried on since 1873, worked by one of our Sisters under the Vicar of St. Saviour's Parish, the Rev. G. Gainsford. It contains about twenty children, and here is a view of their home.

NURSING.

Our nursing Sisters have been busy, as usual. This is the list of places where they have worked during the last year :—

Aberdeenshire	Beckenham (<i>twice</i>)	Clumber
Altrincham	Brentwood	Colchester
Ardingly	Cambridge	Crawley
Arundel	Castle Headingham	Crawley Down (<i>twice</i>)
Ash	Chailey	Crewkerne
Ashurst Wood	Chichester	Crowborough (<i>twice</i>)
Balsham	Clevedon	Croydon

Danehurst (<i>twice</i>)	Hever	St. Ives
Dartford	Horsham (<i>six times</i>)	St. Leonard's
Durham	Kensington (<i>three times</i>)	Seaford
East Grinstead (<i>twenty-seven times</i>)	London (<i>six times</i>)	Shuckburgh
	Nottingham	Turner's Hill (<i>twice</i>)
Folkestone	Penshurst	Ventnor (<i>three times</i>)
Fonthill (<i>twice</i>)	Plymouth	Wallington (<i>twice</i>)
Forest Row	Reigate	Warlingham (<i>twice</i>)
Frome	Rougheyhurst	Worcester

But how much more could be done, if we had more Sisters !

ST. KATHERINE'S.

On Friday morning, June 12th, a sudden calamity befel St. Katherine's, 32 and 33, Queen Square—the School of Church Embroidery. While the celebration of Holy Communion was taking place in the Chapel behind the house, a fire broke out in the basement of No. 33, and spread with tremendous rapidity, completely gutting that house, though by great exertions on the part of the firemen, No. 32 and the Chapel were saved. The house was insured, but the loss has been great, and the shock very severe, especially to the Sister-in-charge, who was ill in bed when the alarm was given. Nothing can exceed the kindness that has been shewn by the Vicar and Churchwardens, though the work is not parochial. They have helped in offertories and in kind. The doctors and matron of the Homœopathic Hospital also shewed the utmost kindness in taking in and feeding the invalids and other inmates while the fire was going on.

The insurance, however, does not seem to cover all the injury occasioned by the fire (several of the young work-room girls lost everything they possessed), and the cramped accommodation while the house is re-building will, of course, be a hindrance to the ordinary work. But we gladly and gratefully acknowledge the many acts of kindness which this misfortune has elicited from the inhabitants of Queen Square, both private residents and heads of hospitals, and especially from the Homœopathic Hospital in Great Ormond Street.

Perhaps the languor induced by influenza has deterred the Sisters from all efforts to record their work. They send no responses to the applications we have made to that effect. But it

is matter of general experience, that this epidemic leaves its victims without more than enough strength (if even that!) to perform the most urgent duties with great difficulty.

We have reason, however, to be very thankful that the health of our many children has, on the whole, been excellent, in spite of the general prevalence of illness ; and our schools are very full, as usual.

We need more Sisters very much. It is distressing to have sphere after sphere of work offered to us, and refused for want of workers. So many parts of our LORD'S fields waiting for labourers ; fields white to harvest, yet no labourers to gather in the golden grain.

As the readers of this Magazine need hardly be reminded, though our Community was founded for the purpose of nursing the sick poor, it had not been established many months before entering on mission work and teaching ; and its scope has continued to extend since that time, narrowed indeed by the insufficiency of the staff, but otherwise ready to undertake very varied occupations. And it was one principle of our founder's that every natural talent should be brought out and supernaturalized in the Religious Life, not thrown aside or wrapped in a napkin.

Nursing, yes ; but also the care of girls and children of all ages, down to little infants ; teaching of upper and lower grades, in schools and classes ; mission work at home and abroad, both parochial and penitentiary ; needlework of all sorts, from the finest Church embroidery to the knitting of comforters ; painting, music ; charge of Convalescent and Preventive Homes, and Houses of Mercy.

Is there not enough variety here ? May it please GOD to give us further help of hand and heart and head to carry on the work He has laid before us. You, our faithful friends, will certainly help us with your sympathy and your prayers ; and do send us some good earnest Sisters, if you can.

The Associates' Retreat, in the last week of July, is to be taken by the Rev. J. Dixon, of St. Peter's, Kilburn, and we hope to welcome many of you on that occasion, as also on our commemoration day, which is fixed this year for Tuesday, July 21st.

*St. Margaret's, East Grinstead,
July, 1891.*



